# THE BOOKMAN

*A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE*

DECEMBER, 1914

## CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

**War and the Magazines**

THE varied and opposing attitude of different editors in relation to neutrality and the war must cause considerable bewilderment on the part of many a well-intentioned would-be contributor. In some of our current magazines the table of contents fairly bristles with armament, like a well-equipped arsenal; while lying beside them on the same counter are others apparently as unaware of existing hostilities as Jane Austen's novels were of Napoleon and Waterloo. At least one all-fiction periodical has adopted as its slogan, "A magazine to make you forget the war!" while another of the most widely circulated monthlies in cancelling an order for a series of art papers, offered the curt excuse: "the only illustrations we shall run for the next six months will be war maps." One editor when asked what sort of fiction he was now accepting replied, "Nothing but stories made and laid in America," while another was equally sure that he wanted "anything dealing with the lives of crowned heads." One of the best known American woman novelists, who has never before written a short story, broke her rule the other day, and her agent realising the occurrence to be something of a literary event, hastened to offer the story by telephone to an editor known to be a particular admirer of the work of the author in question. "Send it over at once," answered the editor, "we will pay almost any sum within reason for the first chance at it." But the manuscript came back by the next mail, with the brief lamentation, "Oh, why did she do it? It is a war story, and of course we cannot use it." One peculiarly irritating experience is related by a well-known poet who painstakingly translated from the French a war sonnet written by an author of international reputation. The translation was offered to six different periodicals, all of which refused it on the ground of their neutrality policy. At last he found a more courageous editor, but found him just a little too late, since he had already accepted another version of the same sonnet by a different translator. Lastly, here is the amusingly paradoxical attitude of one well-known organ of literary criticism. A newly-published volume on the war, written by one of the best known apologists for Germany, was assigned to a certain reviewer for criticism. "I am afraid I am not the man that you want to review that book," suggested the reviewer, "for I am diametrically opposed to the author in all respects." "So am I," replied the editor. "But I thought," insisted the reviewer, "that your policy was a certain careful neutrality——" "So it is," rejoined the editor with an enigmatic smile, "Be neutral, by all means; merely express your amazement and distress at seeing a supposedly sane and intelligent human being write anything so futile and idiotic!"



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THE MOST CONSPICUOUS AUTHOR IN THE WORLD TO-DAY, GENERAL VON BERNHARDI

**Patrice Mahon and Hans Pommer**

But where the effects of current events upon literature are most strikingly conspicuous is in the foreign magazines and reviews, or rather in the dearth of them. Go in to the periodical room of any of our big libraries, glance over the shelves or tables where the latest issues are kept, and the dates on the much-fingered covers bear mute testimony to the fate that has befallen them. July 25th and August 1st, according to their respective dates of issue, represent the latest numbers of practically all the well-known French and Belgian and German reviews. Here and there some rare and crippled survivor has somehow struggled along, like the wounded in a battlefield of the slain. We search in vain for the *Revue de Paris,* the *Mercure de France,* the *Revue Blanche,* the *Revue Bleue,*— the list might be prolonged indefinitely. The *Annales Politiques et Littéraires* still survives, but literature has given place wholly to politics, the grim politics of war. *La Revue* (formerly *La Revue des Revues*) has managed by a herculean effort to get out one number, five articles out of the seven that make up its contents being written by one intrepid editor, who explains in a foreword that since the rest of the staff are all on the firing line, the readers must be indulgent toward the shortcomings of this heroic effort not to let the *Revue* be quite forgotten. The veteran *Revue des Deux Mondes* alone shows a certain degree of dauntless vitality, and although shrunken to barely half its volume, lives up to its traditional standards and includes in its table of contents such long familiar names as René Doumic and Théodor de Wyzéwa. But the universal theme of every issue is War, with a capital W: The Invasion of Belgium, the Destruction of the Rheims Cathedral, the Preparedness of the British Navy, the Tak-

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ing of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453,—war present or past, and nothing else. In all the issues since the outbreak of hostilities there have been just two articles that in any way touch upon literature; and these two exceptions offer such an interesting contrast and touch upon questions of such vital and timely interest that it seems worth while to recapitulate them. The first of these is an extended appreciation of the late Patrice Mahon, Lieutenant-colonel of artillery, better known to the world at large under his pseudonym of "Art Roë," author of just a few slim volumes of inimitable studies of French army life, the frank and intimate confessions of a French officer. The other volume above referred to is, by a curious coincidence, a parallel study of conditions in the Prussian army, from the pen of a certain Hans Pommer, a retired infantry captain, who had seen twenty years of service with the First Infantry Regiment of the Upper Rhine. This book, *Zwanzig Jahre als Infanterie-offizier in den Reichslandern,* issued last spring or early summer at Frankfort, is apparently inaccessible in this country, a fact that is not at all surprising, since from its nature one could easily imagine that it was not a volume that Germany would willingly suffer to enjoy a wide circulation. But in the absence of the book itself, we can easily form a good idea of its spirit and scope from the salient extracts contained in the *Revue*. In regard to his experience and his motives, Captain Pommer writes as follows:

When a retired officer publishes a work in which he freely criticises the military organisations of his country, it is only natural that there should be a desire to know first of all what degree of credence should be given to his criticisms, as well as the motives which inspired him. In the present case, the documentary value of my book rests upon a professional experience of nearly a quarter of a century. Nothing will be found in this book except my personal recollections, incidents which I myself witnessed and the absolute authenticity of which I can vouch for. As for the motives which have led me to reveal these facts,—or rather the general conclusions which seem to me to result from them,—they are of a wholly disinterested character. My leaving the army was accomplished under the most honourable circumstances, at my own request and without the slightest shadow of pressure from my superior officers,—in short there cannot be the least suggestion of any personal grudge on my part. My passionate attachment to the career of arms, and the success with which I have always fulfilled the noble function of an educator of soldiers, may be highly attested by two thousand men formerly under my command. . . . Indeed, it is precisely this enthusiasm of mine for the military career that, since my retirement, has awakened the desire to place before the public the results of my long experience, in the hope that fathers who destine their sons to the profession of officers may find herein some useful advice, and the representatives of our nation in the Reichstag may become aware of many peculiar features of our military life of to-day which call for a profound and urgent reform.

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Of the "peculiar features of the military life of to-day" to which Captain Pommer has reference, the following is one of the frankest and most striking presentments:

I myself have repeatedly been present at scenes of vandalism which defy description. During a farewell dinner given by the staff officers of the corps stationed at Elsenborn to a cavalry division, I witnessed a mad orgy of destruction which spent itself not alone upon the dinner service, but also on the stoves, the statues, the pictures, the chairs and tables, both in the banquet hall and the adjoining rooms. If one wished to apply the aphorism *in vino veritas,* to the conduct of these officers,—who supposably represented the élite of Germany, since the highest nobility and even a prince of the imperial blood were present,—it would be necessary to recognise the sad fact that the veneer of civilisation is laid very thinly upon the highest ranks in our society. A chance excess of alcoholic beverages suffices to transform into veritable barbarians the

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chosen representatives of that division of the human race that especially prides itself upon its conscious superiority,—and, what is more, into barbarians who, far from forgetting their sad exploits after the wine has spent its force, are on the contrary quite proud of them! Imagine the disastrous impression which cannot fail to be produced upon the officers' orderlies by the spectacle of this lawless horde freely abandoning itself to such a burst of *furor teutonicus!* Undoubtedly these witnesses must have related the entire scene to their comrades, so that this drama enacted by civilised men relapsing into savagery cannot possibly have remained buried within the walls of an officers' club. In point of fact, it is high time that the passion for drinking which permeates the entire staff of German officers be brought to an end, and above all, that the indulgence in it shall cease to be honoured in an officer as the noblest of manly virtues!

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A perverted sense of honour that sees no degradation in drunken revels, immorality, extravagance and debts, sums up the chief charges that Captain Pommer makes against his fellow-officers. But the most disastrous effects of the system are seen, he thinks, not in the officers themselves but in the rank and file of the army. Why, he asks, do German soldiers curse and loathe their term of military service? And he answers: "The cause is not to be found in any irresistible aversion for the career of arms, but in the horror inspired in the soldier by the brutal treatment accorded him by his superior officers. . . . The only way, at once easy and effective, to keep discipline, is for the officer to convince the soldier of the usefulness of obedience. That captain alone can rely upon his men on a battlefield who in times of peace has won their hearts. Obedience which rests on fear alone is worthless the moment that the soldiers' lives are in jeopardy. . . . The great number of punishments inflicted to-day for the crime of insubordination proves too surely that there still exist a multitude of officers who either cannot or will not win the hearts of their men."

No contrast could be sharper than that offered to Captain Pommer's book by the relation between French officers and men, as set forth in the writings of Art Roë, who fell in the early days of the present war, and to whom the *Revue des Deux Mondes* pays eloquent tribute:

He died a hero's death. He had asked as a favour to be assigned to the most perilous post. During the fighting around Wissenbach he was charged with a mission of peculiar difficulty. He did not return. . . . Such a death on the battlefield he had many times foreshadowed in his writings, proclaiming its incomparable beauty. He regarded it as the worthiest end for a soldier. He was one of those who tolerated with difficulty the long years through which France, broken and humiliated, remained at peace. When he brought his men back to quarters, after some manœuvres, he was irritated by the thought that they were always engaged in sham battles, never in a genuine war. All he asked was to be spared the slow agony of the hospital. "Better the unexpected end on the field of battle, better the stinging bullet, better the chance sabre stroke at full gallop; better the shell which takes us off in a glory of dust. In death in war there is a violence and a suddenness which accord well with the absurdity of the phenomenon. Besides, since at such a time it is our duty to let ourselves be mown down, the mourning will be less bitter for those who love us."

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Art Roë was first brought into notice as a writer by the publication of *Pingot et Moi,* which in the form of a journal kept by a young lieutenant, pictures quite inimitably the relations existing between this officer and his men, incidentally setting up a high ideal standard for such relations. "The dominant note of the book is the deliberate intention of the officer to throw aside the formula of passive obedience that is now antiquated and ill accords with modern ways, and replace it with voluntary obedience. The more the officer excels in what we may call the persuasive rôle, the greater the effort that he will be able to demand of his men in

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A NORMALLY PEACEFUL FRENCH LITERARY JOURNAL IN WAR TIME. FACSIMILE OF THE COVER OF A RECENT ISSUE OF "LES ANNALES" OF PARIS

a crisis. How can confidence be inspired unless by example? Hence it follows that an officer is required, far more than other men, to be irreproachable in conduct. He lives, in a sense, under the eye of those who depend upon him and who need to esteem their commander. Furthermore, it is his duty to penetrate into the very souls of these simple men, study their motives, treat them not as obedient machines, but as human beings, consider himself as their elder brother, and fulfil toward them the duty implied in this seniority." Art Roë even goes so far as to suggest that an officer is responsible for the welfare of the very souls of his men. In a humourous vision he evokes the spectacle of the Day of Judgment, when he will be called upon to answer for all the men over whom he had at one time or another held command. "There will be fifteen hundred in the Valley of

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"SMOKING IS FORBIDDEN, BUT YOU MAY SIT DOWN." RAFFET, 1804-1860

Courtesy of Frederick A. Keppel and Company

"THE ENEMY WILL KNOW WE ARE THERE. WE SHALL SURPRISE THEM AT SEVEN IN THE MORNING." RAFFET, 1804-1860

"From Battle, Murder and Sudden Death, Good Lord, Deliver Us!" These pictures, and those on the two following pages, which appeared in THE BOOKMAN a few years ago, have a renewed interest at present. They are the best of anti-war arguments.

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GRIM WAR IN THE NAPOLEONIC ERA. SARAGOSSA. GOYA Y LUCIENTES, 1746-1828

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GRIM WAR IN THE NAPOLEONIC ERA. A SPANISH MOLL PITCHER IN THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN. GOYA Y LUCIENTES, 1746-1828

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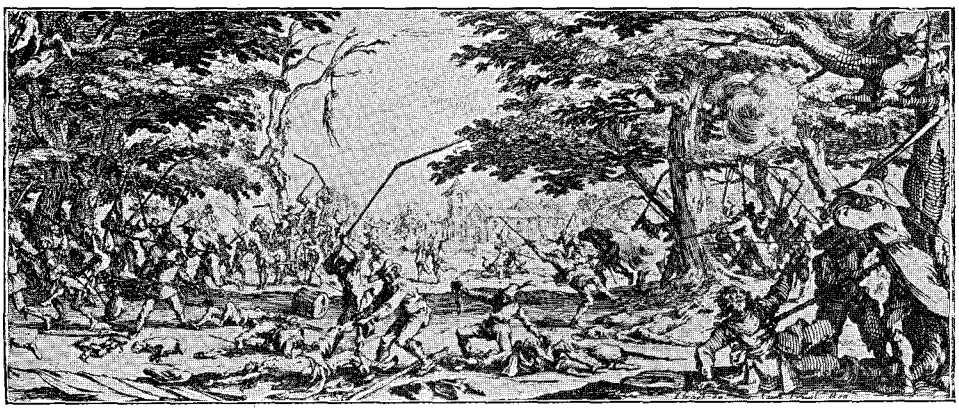

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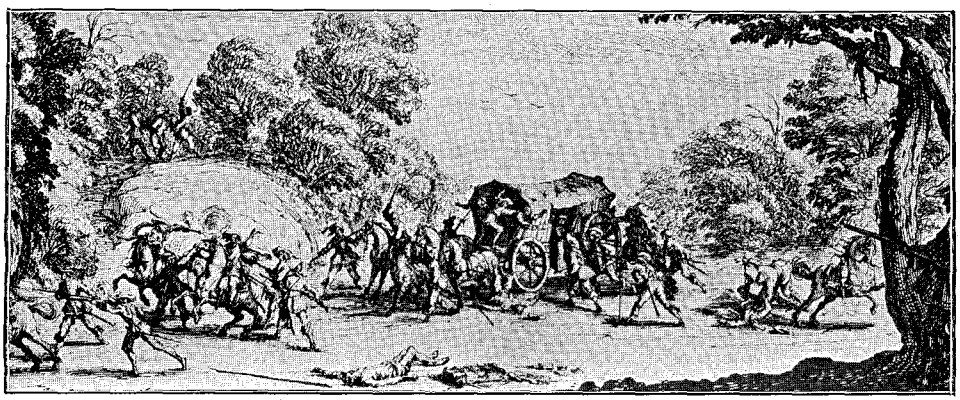
GRIM WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. AFTER THE INVADING ARMY HAS PASSED THE PEASANTS TAKE REVENGE ON THE STRAGGLERS. JACQUES CALLOT, 1592-1635



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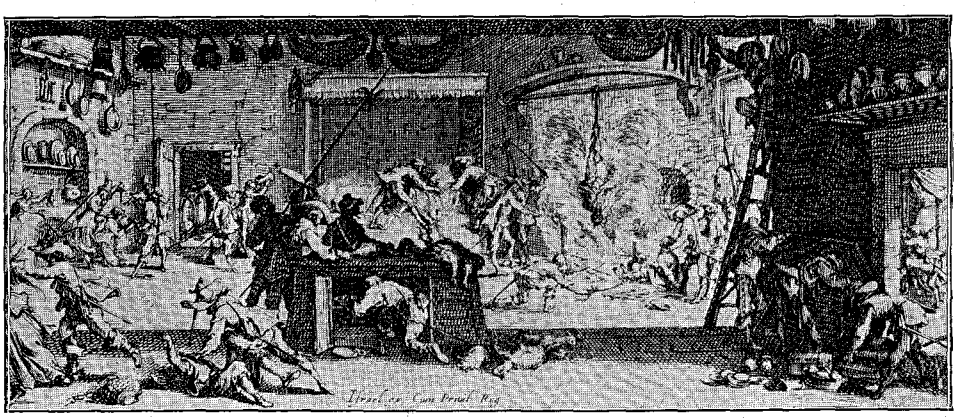
GRIM WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. A MILITARY HOLD-UP ON THE HIGHWAY. JACQUES CALLOT, 1592-1635



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GRIM WAR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. A PARTY OF MARAUDERS ENTER A ROADSIDE TAVERN BENT ON MURDER AND PILLAGE. JACQUES CALLOT, 1592-1635

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Jehoshaphat who will say: It is the fault of the lieutenant. He did not punish us at the right moment; he was too severe, he was too lenient, he did not give us good advice, and he did not set us a good example."

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In addition to *Pingot et Moi,* Art Roë's literary fame rests upon another volume of military scenes, *Sous l'Etendard,* personal experiences while military attaché in Russia, under the title of *Mon Regiment Russe,* and just one long novel, *Racheté,* which first of all impresses one as a sheer *tour de force* in technique, an attempt, in the words of one French critic, "to paint a picture in white on white." The scene is in Napoleonic times, the hero an officer of the Grande Armée, and the battle that he wages single handed is against the most redoubtable of enemies, the snows of Russia and the ice of the Beresina. Jacques Vergy is entrusted with an order from Maréchal Ney which he is to carry to General d'Hénin; he loses his way in the midst of the monotonous desolation, yet continues his futile wanderings until he is wounded by a Cossack and taken into a Russian household, where he is nursed back to health. This is the sum and substance of the story, and it seems little less than miraculous that an author could write upward of three hundred pages with no other elements than solitude and cold. Yet gradually it dawns upon the reader that, though it may be a *tour de force,* it is something a good deal more besides. And that bigger thing is embodied in just one sentence, which sums up conveniently the central idea of the story: "The important thing is a determination to live, and the dangerous thing is to let melancholy undermine that determination."

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**History Repeats**

The present shrunken bulk of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* suggests the casual question whether that veteran periodical ever suffered a similar curtailment at any other period of its career. A glance over the shelves of the complete set with its hundred of portly volumes marshalled in even ranks gives a prompt answer to the question: for, standing out so conspicuously from their neighbours as almost to strike one in the face are four slim, dejected-looking volumes bearing a date which premonition tells us even before we look,—the tragic year of 1870. And if we take down a certain one of these volumes we may find without much trouble what Ernest Renan thought of the siege of Metz and what that veteran historian and critic, M. Mézières thought of the bombardment of Strasbourg. From the latter it seems worth while to cull just one brief paragraph:

EMILE VERHAEREN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES BERNIER. VERHAEREN IS THE POETIC VOICE OF BELGIUM. THE FACT THAT HE IS THE SUBJECT OF A STUDY BY STEPHEN ZWEIG, AN AUSTRIAN POET, IS AT THE PRESENT TIME OF UNUSUAL INTEREST

Let us cease to feel so proud of our modern civilisation; let us cease to talk in our

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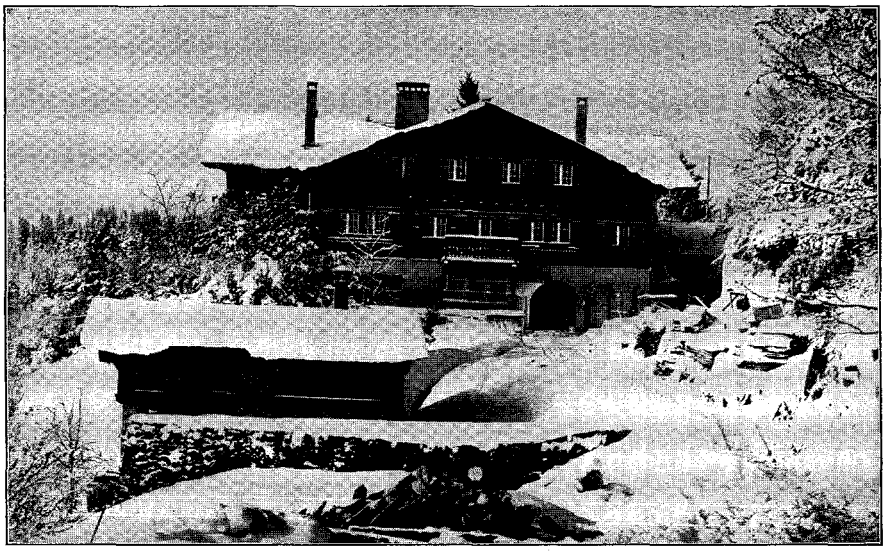

THE WINTER HOME IN SWITZERLAND OF THE COUNTESS ARNIM, AUTHOR OF "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN," WHOSE NEW BOOK, "THE PASTOR'S WIFE," HAS JUST BEEN ISSUED

schools of the barbarism of the Arabs, who burn libraries. Barbarism has returned into our very midst, and the nation which has brought it back is the most learned and cultured of all Europe. . . . The Germans will seek in vain for an excuse, they will in vain plead an error on the part of the artillery, to account for a work of destruction accomplished in cold blood, deliberately, of set purpose. We know the minute exactitude of German military maps. Their shots were not fired at haphazard. They know marvellously well, quite as well as we ourselves, that no barracks, no arsenal, no muniment of war was situated in the neighbourhood of the library of Strasbourg. They burned knowingly, intentionally, an edifice that they were aware was situated between the New Temple and the Protestant College that had been converted into a hospital and was protected by the international flag. At one and the same time their shells set fire to a religious edifice, a scientific edifice and a hospital!

Does not the above passage have a distinctly contemporary and up-to-date tone? It makes one feel the futility of all that is now being written of Liège and Rheims, since the subject was so adequately and exhaustively treated forty-four years ago.

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**Secret Service**

The publication in this country of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *Great Britain and the Next War,* a reply to the much discussed Bernhardi book, written in 1913, leads very naturally to a question about the present whereabouts and activities of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. Mulvaney, Otheris, and Lleroyd were certainly in action at Mons and are now, we hope, fairly comfortable in the trenches in the neighbourhood of Soissons; the Mavericks have been fighting without thought of mutiny under the flag of the hated Sassenach; the Fore and Aft flanked, as on a previous occasion, by the belligerent Ghurkas and the imperturbable Highlanders have redeemed nobly the panicky retreat that brought about the death of the little drummer boys Jakin and Lew; some of the subalterns whose conversation so astonished Mr. Eustace Cheever in "A Conference of the Powers," must have found glory or the grave in the hell of German shrapnel; and those of us who take our fiction seriously are convinced

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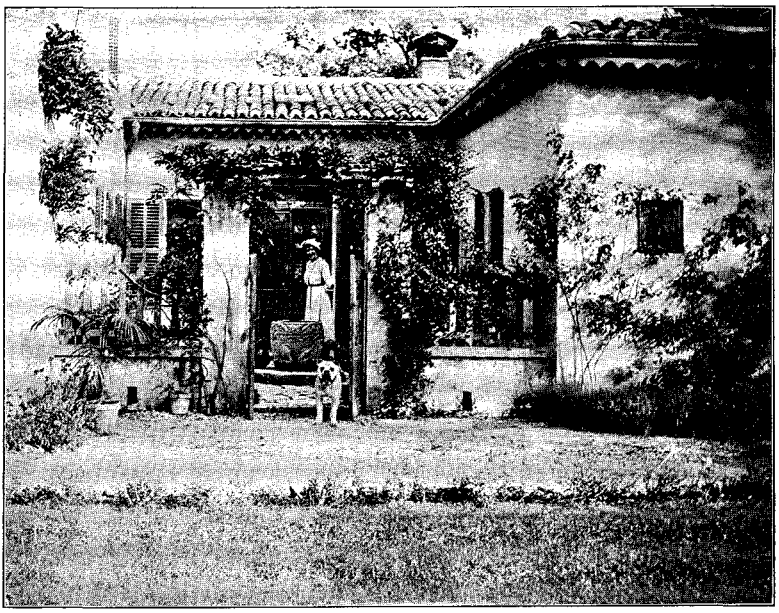

MRS. WILLIAMSON AT "LA PAUSA," NEAR CAP MARTIN, ON THE RIVIERA. MR. AND MRS. WILLIAMSON'S "A SOLDIER OF THE LEGION" IS REVIEWED ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE

that the conqueror of Professor Moriarty has not been idle, that in some way his splendid resourcefulness has been at the service of his King and Country. There stand Kitchener for the army, and Fisher for the navy. The logical imaginary idea places Sherlock Holmes as chief of the Secret Service of the British Empire.

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Leadership in the British Secret Service is a distinction which Holmes has earned by his achievements in the past. For all of his cases were not confined to recovering missing race horses, establishing identities, or frustrating cleverly planned bank robberies. There were adventures of international flavour, in which world-wide interests were at stake. One of the earliest of them all involved the King of Bohemia and the adventurous Irene Adler, to whom Holmes always afterward referred as "the woman." The world war raging to-day might have come earlier had the papers outlining the terms of the Naval Treaty, purloined by Joseph Harrison, and recovered by Holmes, found their way to a certain Continental capital. Problems of espionages, of which we have been hearing so much of late, were outlined in the story "The Adventure of the Second Stain," which involved a blazing indiscretion put on paper by an exalted monarch, who though not specifically named, was obviously he whose ears should be burning the hottest in the world to-day. In addition to the tales of international aspect in which Holmes figured that have been told, there are the yet unwritten stories to which mere allusions have been made. We know that on one occasion he served the interests of the King of Scandinavia, and on another earned the gratitude of the president of the French Republic; that there was an "Adventure of the Reigning Family of Holland"; and we strongly suspect that world politics were connected with the unwritten adventure of the Gryce-Pattersons in the Island of

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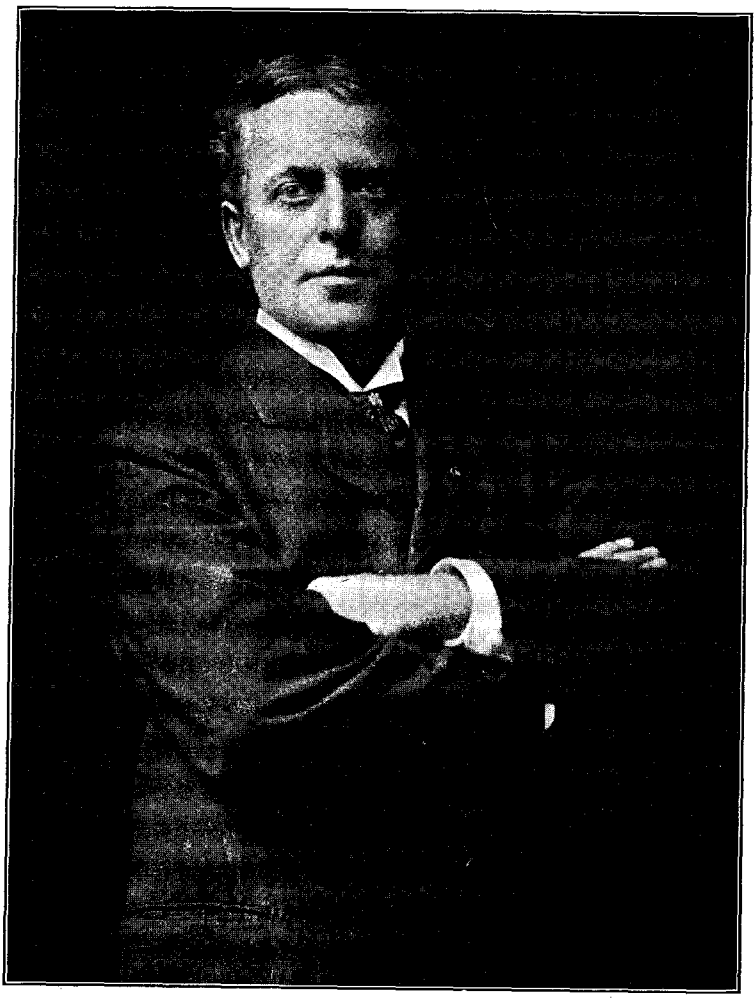

EUGÈNE BRIEUX

Uffa, as they certainly were in the case of the Trepof murder. In another age D'Artagnan was made to change the face of history and to restore Charles II to the throne of England by his device of kidnapping General Monk in the midst of the camp at Newcastle and taking him across the Channel to the Netherlands in a box. Sherlock Holmes is of to-day and we feel sure that he has long since answered the call to the colours and is serving in that high capacity for which he is so admirably fitted.

**Eugène Brieux**

Eugène Brieux—*who has been described by Mr. Bernard Shaw as "incomparably the greatest writer France has produced since Molière in that kind of comedy which is so true to life that we have to call it tragi-comedy, and which is not only an entertainment but a history and a criticism of contemporary morals"*—is paying his first visit to America. When he landed in New York on November 9th, the ship-news reporters naturally asked him

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THE BENSON BROTHERS. FROM RIGHT TO LEFT: A. C., HUGH, AND E. F. BENSON. THE RECENT DEATH OF MONSIGNOR (HUGH) BENSON IS A DECIDED LOSS TO ENGLISH LETTERS. ALTHOUGH MONSIGNOR BENSON HAS BEEN FOR SOME YEARS A CONVERT TO ROMAN CATHOLICISM, THE BROTHERS WERE SONS OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOF OF CANTERBURY

for some expression of opinion concerning the great European war. The reply was characteristic of the man. "I am visiting a neutral country as a guest," he said, "and I have too much respect for its freedom and its independence of judgment to venture to say a word about the war." For several weeks, since the outbreak of hostilities, M. Brieux has been serving as an aid to the Red Cross hospital at Chartres. Only his age—for he is fifty-seven years old—has prevented

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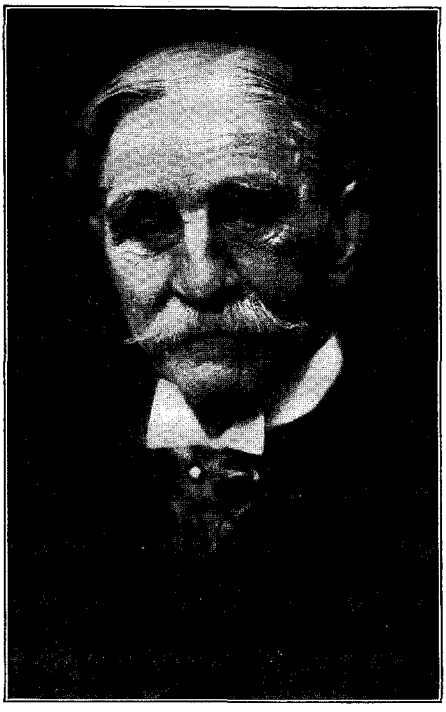
him from joining the French army in the field. Under the circumstances, the sweet reasonableness of his reply to his first American interviewers assumes an almost unexampled dignity. M. Brieux came as an emissary from the French Academy to attend the sixth annual joint meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which was held in New York, at Æolian Hall, on November 19th and 20th. At the opening session, after presenting the salutation of the French Academy, M. Brieux delivered an address on "The Theatre as an Instrument of Social Amelioration." M. Brieux intends to look about him in America and to visit our chief universities before returning to resume his work in France. There should be much to interest him in our social conditions at the present time. In one of his comedies, *La Française,* M. Brieux has satirised an American visitor to France who persistently misunderstands the manners of the country he is visiting. There is no danger that M. Brieux will surrender to an error that he has so gallantly attacked.



HENRY HOLT, AUTHOR OF "ON THE COSMIC RELATIONS"

YOI POLOWSKA, AUTHOR OF "A CHILD WENT FORTH"

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**Indiscretion**

A delightful and characteristically American indiscretion is recorded in *The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life,* by Madame L. de Hegermann - Lindencrone (*née* Miss Lillie Greenough, of Cambridge, Massachusetts), a sequel to the same author's *In the Courts of Memory,* which was discussed in THE BOOKMAN two years ago. A certain Mrs. Z having met the German Emperor in Norway, where their yachts

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were stationed, and feeling that she was on familiar enough terms, said to him: "Is it not lovely in Paris? Have you been there lately?" "No, I have not," answered the surprised Kaiser. "Oh, how queer! You ought to go there. The French people would just love to see you." "Do you think so?" said the Emperor with a smile. Thus encouraged, she enlarged on her theme, and speaking for the whole French nation, continued, gushingly, "And if you would give them back Alsace and Lorraine they would simply adore you." The Kaiser, looking at her gravely, as if she had solved a mighty problem, said: "I never thought of that, madam." Madame Hegermann-Lindencrone records that the same American lady went to Berlin intending (so she said) to *"paint Berlin red."* She took the list of court people and sent out invitations right and left for her five o'clock teas, but aristocracy did not respond. Berlin refused to be painted.

MADAME HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

MARIE SUKLOFF, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE STORY OF A RUSSIAN EXILE"

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**Street Impressions**

At a certain point in *Abroad at Home* Mr. Julian Street informs us that once, being curious about the exact age of Henry Ford, he took down his *Who's Who in America,* only to find out that Ford's name was not contained therein. There was a Henry Ford mentioned in the volume, but he was a professor at Princeton and wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly.* All of which inspired Mr. Street to say blasphemous things about his own craft; to make unkind allusions to the "minor poets who squeak," and the "illustrators who make candy-looking girls for magazine covers." The fact of the matter is, he thinks, that writers are taken too seriously, not merely by *Who's Who,* but by all kinds of publications—especially by newspapers. Only opera singers and actors can vie with them in the amount of undeserved

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publicity which they receive. In strict justice to *Who's Who* it must be pointed out here that Mr. Street's copy must be of an earlier edition, for in Volume VIII the name of Henry Ford, automobile manufacturer of Detroit, is certainly not missing.

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There is a general article to be written, and we hope to present it some day soon in THE BOOKMAN, under the title "The Mantle of Eugene Field," telling of the various "Columns" which have been so successful in American newspapers of recent years, and of the men who conduct them. Mr. Street touches lightly on the subject in one of his chapters about Chicago. First of all, of course, was Field's column in the Chicago *Daily News* known as "Sharps and

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Flats," in which appeared his free translations of the Odes of Horace and of much of his best known verse. In 1890 George Ade came from Indiana, and after having been a reporter on the Chicago *Record* for one year, started his famous "Stories of the Street and Town," under which heading much of his best early work appeared. This department was illustrated by John T. McCutcheon, another Indiana boy. And about this time Roswell Field, a brother of Eugene, was conducting a column called "Lights and Shadows," in the Chicago *Evening Post,* in which paper Finley Peter Dunne was also beginning his "Dooleys." After some years Dunne left the *Post* and became editor of the Chicago *Journal,* to which paper came Bert Leston Taylor. Taylor ran a department on the *Journal* which was called "A Little About Everything," and one of his "contribs" was a young insurance man, Franklin P. Adams. Later, when Taylor left the *Journal* to take the position on the *Tribune,* Adams left the insurance business and went at "columning" in earnest, replacing Taylor on the *Journal.* Some years since Adams migrated to New York, where he first conducted "Always in Good Humour" for the *Evening Mail,* and later "The Conning Tower" for the *Tribune.*

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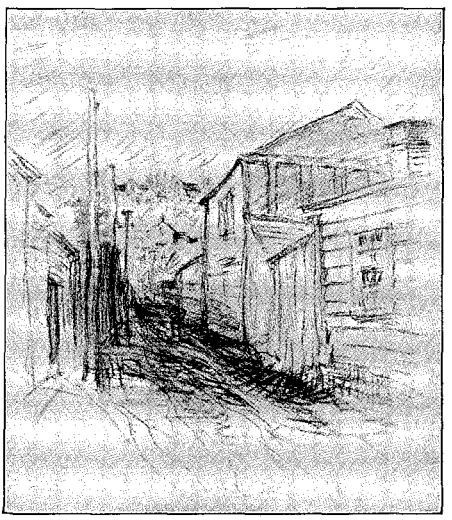
Mr. Street partially atones for his earlier slap at men of the writing craft by the reverence with which he describes his pilgrimage to Hannibal and the shrines associated with Mark Twain, and Twain's inimitable Tom Sawyer. He recalls Arnold Bennett's tribute to *Life on the Mississippi:* "I would sacrifice for it the entire works of Thackeray and George Eliot." Described by Street and pictured by the illustrator, Wallace Morgan, is the "Mark Twain House," "a tiny box of a cottage, its sagging front so taken up with five windows and a door that there is barely room for the little bronze plaque which marks the place." At one side is an alley running back to the house of Huckleberry Finn, and in that alley stood the historic fence which young Sam Clemens cajoled the other boys into whitewashing for him as related in *Tom Sawyer.* The town of Hannibal, according to Mr. Street, cherishes its literary associations, but also it is canny.

*I have said that the Commercial Club* honoured Mark Twain's memory. That is true. But the Commercial Club would not be a Commercial Club if it did not also wish the visitor to take into consideration certain other matters. In effect it says to him: "Yes,



THE ALLEY RUNNING BACK TO HUCKLEBERRY FINN'S HOUSE

indeed, Mark Twain spent the most important part of his boyhood here. But we wish you to understand that Hannibal is a busy, growing town. We have the cheapest electric power in the Mississippi Valley. We offer free factory sites. We——"

"Yes," you say, "but where is the Mark Twain house?"

"Oh——" says Hannibal, catching his breath. "Go right on up Main to Hill Street; you'll find it just around the corner. Any one will point it out to you. There's a bronze tablet in the wall. But put this little pamphlet in your pocket. It tells all about our city. You can read it at your leisure."

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**"Like Thackeray"**

We have rather a high opinion of the work of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson, the author of *Once Aboard the Lugger, The Happy Warrior,* and *The Clean Heart.* But that esteem did not modify our amusement when we read, some time ago, a publisher's note to the effect that "Like Thackeray, he was born in India, like Keats, studied medicine, and, like

SIMEON STRUNSKY

Coleridge, there was a period when he had soldier ambitions." The humourous absurdity of the note was hit off by Mr. Franklin P. Adams in the following lines which are incorporated in Mr. Adams's recently published *By and Large.*

Like Finley Peter Dunne, I lamped the light
  Of morning in Chicago, Illinois;
And yet the spanless distance from his height
  Is just as great as when I was a boy.

Like H. G. Wells, I once engaged in trade;
  Like him I went and married me a wife;
A parsnip for the difference that made!
  I never wrote a novel in my life.

Like T. Carlyle, I find it hard to sleep;
  I'm no misogynist—neither was Moore;
Like Hood, I suffer sailing o'er the deep—
  Yet nil the dent I make in Litrachoor.

Like Chesterton, I'm tardy with my stuff;
  Like Poe, I hate to labour very long;
Yet all I do is this Façade of Fluff.
  *  *  *  *  *
There must be something radically wrong.

• • •

**Simeon Strunsky**

We are not among those who charge the newspapers with the debasement of American humour. To our way of thinking even the comic supplement has its place. It plays the part of the clown and claims to be nothing else. In the various "columns" to which allusion has already been made, such as those of Bert Leston Taylor, Don Marquis and F. P. A., we recognise manifestations of a very genuine talent. Trivial they may be, but dull they are not, and behind them is a good bit of sound scholarship. Of a somewhat different nature is the work of Mr. Simeon Strunsky, whose "Post Impressions" have, during the past two or three years, been a decided feature of the New York *Evening Post.* Mr. Strunsky is a Russian by birth, but came to this country at a very early age, and was educated in the public schools of New York City and at Columbia. Leaving the University in 1900 he worked for five years in the office of the New International Encyclopædia. Then he went to the *Evening Post* first as an editorial writer and later as the literary editor. His published books include *The Patient Observer, Post Impressions,* and *Belshazzar's Court* (or, Village Life in New York City), which has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Henry Holt and Company.

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**The New Art of Stagecraft**

We have heard a great deal in America of the new art of scenic design and stage production that, first advocated by visionary theorists like Gordon Craig, has been put to practical uses, in recent years, in Germany

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A SETTING FOR THE POETIC DRAMA. BY S. HUME. PHOTOGRAPH BY ROPER CAMBRIDGE

and Russia; but we have seen very little of this art in our own theatres. The success of Reinhardt's *Sumurûn* at the Casino Theatre in the spring of 1912 inspired an abortive hope that other American managers besides Mr. Winthrop Ames might be led to increase our acquaintance with the decorative treatment of the stage; but, except for Mr. J. C. Huffman's production of *A Thousand Years Ago* and Mr. Frank Vernon's current production of *My Lady's Dress,* the New York theatres have remained almost entirely obtuse to the new incentive. For this reason, an especial importance must be felt in the first exhibition of the new art of stagecraft that has been made in America. This exhibition was arranged by Mr. Sam Hume, an American disciple of Gordon Craig and an artist of clear imagination and judicious taste, and was first shown by Mr. Hume at his studio in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Subsequently it was imported to New York, and disclosed at 714 Fifth Avenue under the auspices of the Stage Society.

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Owing to the European war, this exhibition was not as complete as it might otherwise have been made; but it was extremely interesting and in many ways illuminative. The most interesting feature was a series of about twenty models representing stage sets by such artists as Joseph Urban, Livingston Platt, Joseph Linden Smith, and Mr. Hume himself. The finest of these was a setting devised by Mr. Hume for the service of poetic drama of the Elizabethan type. A photograph of this particular model is reproduced herewith; and any one who is acquainted with the technical requirements of the Shakespearian drama will perceive at once its practicability as well as its artistic dignity. The delicate art of Mr. Platt, whose scenic investiture of Miss Anglin's Shakespearian productions was disclosed in New York last spring, and the rich art of Mr. Urban, as applied to the productions of the Boston Opera Company, were also admirably represented by a series of beautiful models.

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The new art of illuminating the stage by the diffusion of light reflected from a concrete dome was illustrated daily by a series of demonstrations. The exhibition was completed with an ample collection of designs for scenery and costumes

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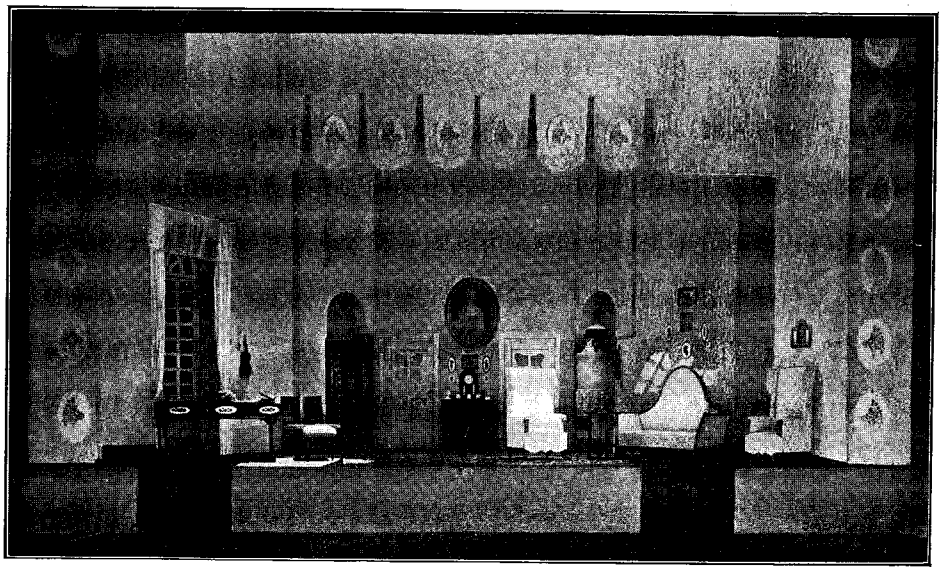
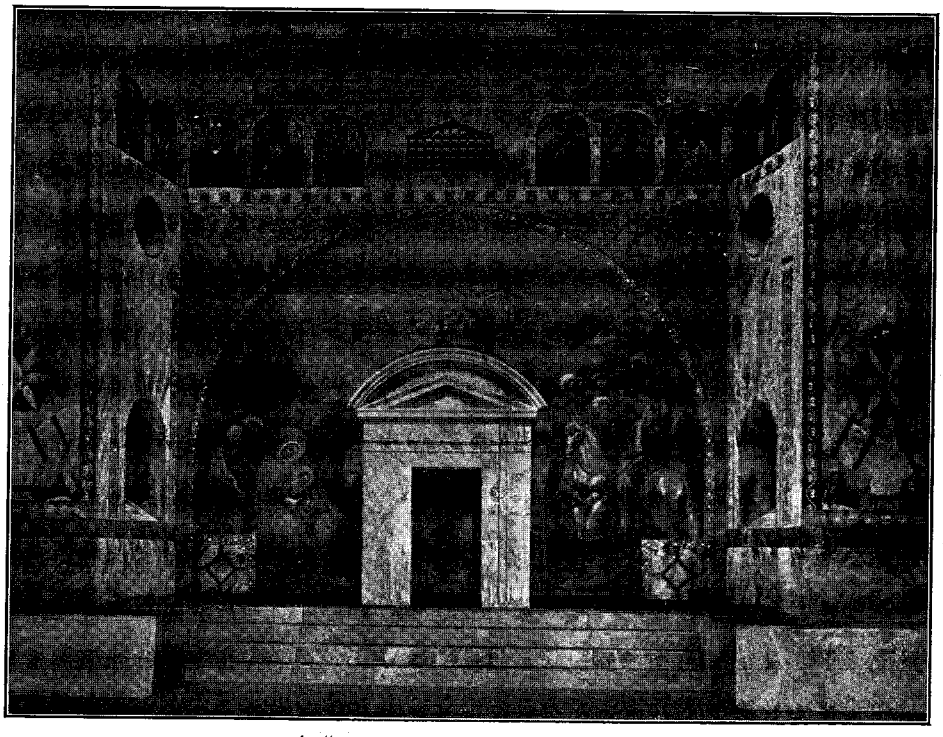


"TALES OF HOFFMAN." ACT III. DESIGNED BY JOSEPH URBAN. SHOWING THE FRAMED STAGE PICTURE AND CONVENTIONAL PROSCENIUM



MAETERLINCK'S "MONNA VANNA." ACT I. BY JOSEPH URBAN

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by such artists as Léon Bakst, Mrs. O'Kane Conwell, Helen Dryden, Witold Gordon, Stuart Benson, and Clifford F. Pember. A present interest was derivable from the drawings made by Mr. Urban for the current production of *The Garden of Paradise*. It is to be hoped that this initial exhibition of the new art of the theatre may be followed by others. We should like to see the work of Gordon Craig, Max Reinhardt, Granville Barker, and many other European pioneers, represented by miniature models deftly lighted and set up for our inspection. Meanwhile, it may fairly be asserted that, if only a small fraction of the artistic feeling for the decoration of the drama that was revealed in the exhibition assembled by Mr. Hume were disclosed in our own theatres, our current theatrical productions would be more generally patronised by people of culture and taste.

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**Le Corbeau**

Two months ago we quoted a French translation of Rudyard Kipling's "Hymn Before Action," which was perhaps not especially remarkable in itself, but which had a very definite timely interest. Since then our attention has been called to a French poetical version of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," which has never been printed but which is in many ways a very unusual production. "Le Corbeau" is the work of a M. Louis Mounier. In it he has succeeded in reproducing the sound and the rhythm of Poe's famous poem to an extent that one would have thought hardly possible. Apparently he began the work in November, 1883, when he made the translation of the first five stanzas. The sixth stanza was done in November, 1885; the seventh on the 12th of August, 1887; the eighth five days later; and the ninth a week after that. Then, on account of the difficulty of finding corresponding rhymes in French to convey something of the same quality of sound, he gave up the latter part in despair, turning, however, all the latter stanzas into a prose version which is exceedingly close. We understand that M. Mounier's method at the beginning was to try his verses on Americans who had no knowledge of French, but who were, of course, perfectly familiar with "The Raven." The similarity of sound was such that they could follow it without the slightest difficulty. Here are the first four verses of "Le Corbeau":

I

Un soir, sur le minuit, lassé,
Triste et méditant, affaissé
Sur d'antiques bouquins qu'aujourd'hui l'on ignore,
Cédant presque au sommeil, soudain
J'entendis un bruit incertain,
Comme lorsqu'un pauvre être humain
Frappe pour l'abri qu'il implore;
C'est bien cela, pensai-je: un abri qu'on implore;
Rien que ça, pensai-je encore.

II

C'était en dècembre glacé;
Chaque tison presque passé
Formait sur le foyer son fantôme incolore.
J'attendais le jour ardemment,
En vain dans mes livres cherchant
L'oubli de ma douleur; pleurant
La vierge morte, ma Lénore.
(Ici sans nom, les anges, la nomment Lénore)
Que radieuse j'adore!

III

Et le frôlement des rideaux
Me causait des frissons nouveaux
Et d'étranges terreurs, non ressentis encore.
Pour calmer mon coeur plein d'effroi
Je répétais avec émoi,
Oh, c'est un visiteur pour moi,
Qui vient si tôt avant l'aurore.
Sans doute, un visiteur qui vient avant l'aurore.
Courage! Il faut que j'explore.

IV

Plus courageux, moins indécis
Et sans plus hésiter, je dis;
"Votre pardon, Monsieur, ou Madame, j'implore,
J'étais presque assoupi, vraiment,
Et vous frappiez si faiblement

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Que je ne distinguai du vent
Votre plainte, je le déplore;"
Puis ouvrant, je repris: "vraiment, je le déplore..."
Mais je ne vis rien encore.

• • •

**Opinions of Yesterday**

Recently we have received several letters asking us about a list of the six or ten best novels or short stories that THE BOOKMAN is believed to have printed some time in the past. As a matter of fact there never was a list of just that nature. But there have been at various times lists which the writers of these letters unquestionably have had in mind. For example, in the autumn of 1902, in response to a query from Stuttgart, as to the best novels in the English language the following list was printed:

1. Robinson Crusoe (Defoe)
2. Quentin Durward (Scott)
3. Kidnapped (Stevenson)
4. The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard (Doyle)
5. The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (Doyle)
6. Kim (Kipling)

• • •

A little more than a year later a correspondent from Ohio, professing to be tired of the lists of "ten best books," asked, as a change, for a list of the ten worst books—meaning by that the dullest and the feeblest written in the English language. Confining itself to books whose authors might have been expected to do better, THE BOOKMAN offered the following:

1. Philip (Thackeray)
2. Joan of Arc (Mark Twain)
3. Alton Locke (Kingsley)
4. Scottish Chiefs (Porter)
5. Aylwin (Watts-Dunton)
6. Daniel Deronda (Eliot)
7. Lothair (Disraeli)
8. Clarissa Harlowe (Richardson)
9. The Blythedale Romance (Hawthorne)
10. Hyperion (Longfellow)

Some eighteen months later there came a request from a librarian in Milwaukee for a list of the best six short stories of mystery and horror not necesarily involving the element of the supernatural. The writer further said that he meant stories written in English, and asked that they be arranged in accordance with THE BOOKMAN'S idea of the order of merit. In giving the list the point was made that if Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was considered too long to be classified as a short story, "The Brown Hand," by Conan Doyle, might be substituted.

1. The Speckled Band (Conan Doyle)
2. The Tapestried Chamber (Walter Scott)
3. The House and the Brain (Bulwer-Lytton)
4. The Murders in the Rue Morgue (E. A. Poe)
5. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (R. L. Stevenson)
6. The Turn of the Screw (Henry James)

• • •

**Thanks**

We feel a sense of profound gratitude toward Mr. George Birmingham because in his *From Dublin to Chicago* he has made occasion to contradict the tiresome impression that the invariable first question asked by the newspaper reporters of any distinguished visitor to our shores is as to what he thinks of America. There may have been a certain amount of justice in the legend at the time when Dickens first visited us, and even in the days when we were first discovered by Rudyard Kipling and Max O'Rell. But that the old tradition has endured, despite its obvious absurdity, is indicated by the fact that Mr. Birmingham before leaving Ireland was assured that that would certainly be the first question. He was even advised that he could save trouble by jotting down during the voyage all the things that he thought about America, and have them ready on slips of paper to hand to the interviewers on his arrival. As a matter of fact all the excellent remarks about America that he had ready were of no use when he landed. Not one single interviewer asked him that question. On the contrary, when they quizzed him, it was on the subject of Ulster and Home Rule, or what he thought of Sygne's *Playboy of the Western World.*

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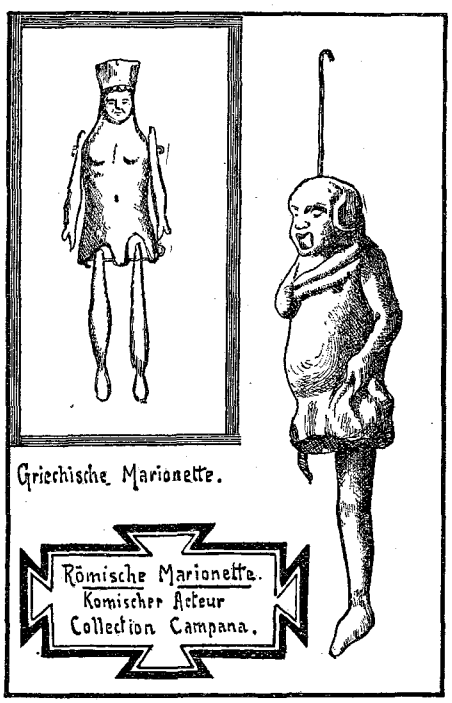
# PUPPET SHOWS, OLD AND NEW

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IN HER charming and instructive account of the ingenious puppet-shows with which her son Maurice used to amuse himself and her guests at Nahant half a century ago, George Sand records the fact that the erudite scholar, Magnin, who wrote a learned history of the puppet-show from the remotest antiquity, did not discriminate sharply between the two entirely different kinds of little figures, both of which are carelessly called puppets in English and marionettes in French. One of these classes comprises these empty and flexible figures which are animated by the thumb and two fingers of the performer who exhibits them by holding his hands above his head, as in Punch-and-Judy shows familiar to some of us in childhood and well known to all readers of Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*. The other of these two classes contains the larger dolls, suspended on wires (which are supposed to be invisible) and manipulated by one or more performers overhead, who give life to these puppets by pulling the various strings as the action of the play may require. These last are the true marionettes; and for the first we have unfortunately no distinctive name. It is greatly to be regretted that the two very different types of puppets are not set apart from each other satisfactorily by the contributor of the article on marionettes in the latest edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Each of these two sorts of puppets has an interest of its own; and each of them has its special and peculiar relation to the drama. Both of them have a long and honourable history and can be traced back in the scanty records of a remote antiquity; although it seems more likely that the true marionette—the little figure moved by wires from overhead—is the older of the two, antedating by many centuries the Punch-and-Judy figure which owes its abrupt and awkward movements to the human thumb and fingers. Both classes are to be found today all over the world, not only in the cities of civilisation but in unsuspected nooks and corners on all the shores of all the seven seas. In Turkey, for example, under the name of Karaguez, there is a Punch-and-Judy of enormous popularity and of doubtful decency, while in Siam there are marionettes which perform religious plays of traditional appeal. Apparently the puppet-show of one type or the other satisfies in its fashion that dramatic instinct which every people possesses in greater or less intensity.




GREEK AND ROMAN PUPPETS

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Both kinds of puppet-shows flourish in France and have there been lifted to a more elevated plane of art; and both kinds retain their popularity in Italy although in an humbler form. The French are inveterate artists; and they are like the Greeks in desiring to do all things decently and in order. The Italians have perhaps a stronger native gift for the drama and they are ready to enjoy a simpler and more primitive puppet-play. It is from Italy that we who speak English have derived our Punch-and-Judy. Mr. Punch is a direct descendant of that favourite figure of robust Neapolitan farce, Pulcinella; and so is the French Polichinelle. And in Italy to-day the true marionettes have an even broader popularity than the Punch-and-Judy figures. The Italians who have lately flocked to America in their thousands until New York now contains more of them than Venice, have imported in the original package the legendary puppet-show setting forth

ROMAN PUPPETS

the romantic stories of the middle ages and of early renaissance. We look upon Mr. Punch as a comic character only, even though the play which he appears in has been humourously termed "a lamentable tragedy"; but the Italians take their pleasure seriously and the marionettes in their puppet-shows to be seen in New York are truly heroic, and not infrequently highly tragic.

In the interesting discussion of *Medieval Story* in which Professor W. W. Lawrence of Columbia University has traced the influence of various ideals of the middle ages upon our modern social organisation, he has a striking description of the marionette performances which the exiles of Italy have brought with them to America. "Anyone who walks through the Italian quarter of New York City in the evening may notice over a doorway an illuminated sign, 'Theatre of Marionettes.' If his curiosity tempts him inside, into the low room crowded with enthusiastic spectators, he will see, on a rude stage, a group of puppets almost as large as life, representing knights and ladies, acting out a little drama in response to the jerking of strings fastened to their arms and of iron rods firmly fixed in their heads. The warriors are gorgeously attired in shining armour and plumed helmets; and the ladies have wonderful costumes of bright colours, with a great deal of embroidery and decoration. An Italian in shirt-sleeves in the wings at the side of the stage speaks their lines for them, with all the elocutionary flourishes which he can command. Fiercely immobile as to expression, but most active as to arms and legs, these manikins march about, soliloquise, make love and debate in council. But it is their battles which arouse the greatest enthusiasm among the audience; and, indeed, these are fought in a way that is a joy to see. Then it is that heroic deeds are done,—tin swords resound upon tin armour, helmets are battered about and knocked off, dust rises from the field, the valiant dead fall in staring heaps. At such moments the spectators can hardly restrain

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themselves from emotion, yet the story is well known to them,—perhaps some one sitting near by will volunteer to explain it, asserting that he has known it ever since he was a boy and that he has read it all in a book which he has at home called *Reali di Franci.* It is a version of the old tale of Charlemagne and his knights, which, after travelling far from its native home in France, was taken up by the Italian people many centuries ago, and made so much their own that few heroes have been closer to their hearts than Roland, or as they call him, Orlando. Even in their homes in the New World they still celebrate him, so that the very newsboys in the streets of modern America are keeping alive the heroic traditions of the age of Charlemagne."

When we compare the account which Professor Lawrence has here given of the Italian puppet-shows in New York with the description of these same performances in their native land half a century ago which we find in the *Roba di Roma,* of W. W. Story, the American sculptor-poet, we perceive that there has been little modification of method in the past three score years. Story studied all sides of the Roman populace and he maintained that nothing was more characteristically Italian than the marionette theatre. He tells us that the love for the acting of *burattini* (or puppets) is universal among the lower classes throughout Italy, and in some cities, especially in Genoa, no pains are spared "in their costume, construction and movement, to render them life-like. They are made of wood, generally from two to three feet in height, with very large heads, and supernatural glaring eyes that never wink, and are clad in all the splendour of tinsel, velvet and steel. Their joints are so flexible that the least weight or strain upon them effects a dislocation, and they are moved by wires attached to their heads and extremities. The largest are only about half the height of a man, yet as the stage and all the appointments and scenery are upon the same scale of proportion, the eye is soon deceived and accepts them as of life size. But if by accident a hand or arm of one of the wirepullers appears from behind the scenes or descends below the hangings it startles you by its portentous size; and the audience in the stage boxes instead of reducing the *burattini* to Lilliputians by contrast, as they lean forward, become themselves Brobdingnagians, with elephantine hands and heads."

Story insisted that there is nothing ludicrous to an Italian audience in the performances of these diminutive men and women. On the contrary, nothing is more serious both to the spectators and to the unforeseen operators. In fact he declared, no human being could be so serious as these tiny performers. "Their countenances are as solemn as death and more unchanging than the face of a clock. Their terrible gravity when, with drooping heads and collapsed arms, they fix on you their great goggle eyes is at times ghastly. The plays they perform

PUPPET OF JAVA

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are mostly heroic, romantic and historical. They stoop to nothing which is not startling in incident, imposing in style and grandiose in movement. And the Italian audience listens with a grave and profound interest, as though the performers were not mere puppets but actually the heroes they are supposed to be. The inflated and extravagant discourse of the characters is accepted at its face value; to the spectators it is grand and noble." And the foreign visitor must control any desire he may feel to smile at the extraordinary spectacle he is witnessing and at the marvellous rodomontade he is hearing. To laugh out loud at one of these heroic puppet-plays would be as indecorous as to indulge in laughter during a church-service.

Incidental to the heroic dramas which the puppets play are interludes of ballet-dancing like those which are intercalated, more or less adroitly, into the grand opera performed by full-grown men and

THE PUPPET PLAY OF MASTER PETER (ITALIAN)

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women. The Italians are born pantomimists and they are accomplished dancers. Therefore there is no reason for surprise that human pantomime and human dancing are imitated in the marionette theatres. There is reason for surprise, however, that Story did not perceive clearly the advantages possessed by the dancing puppets over the dancers of more solid flesh-and-blood. He finds

PUPPETS IN BURMA

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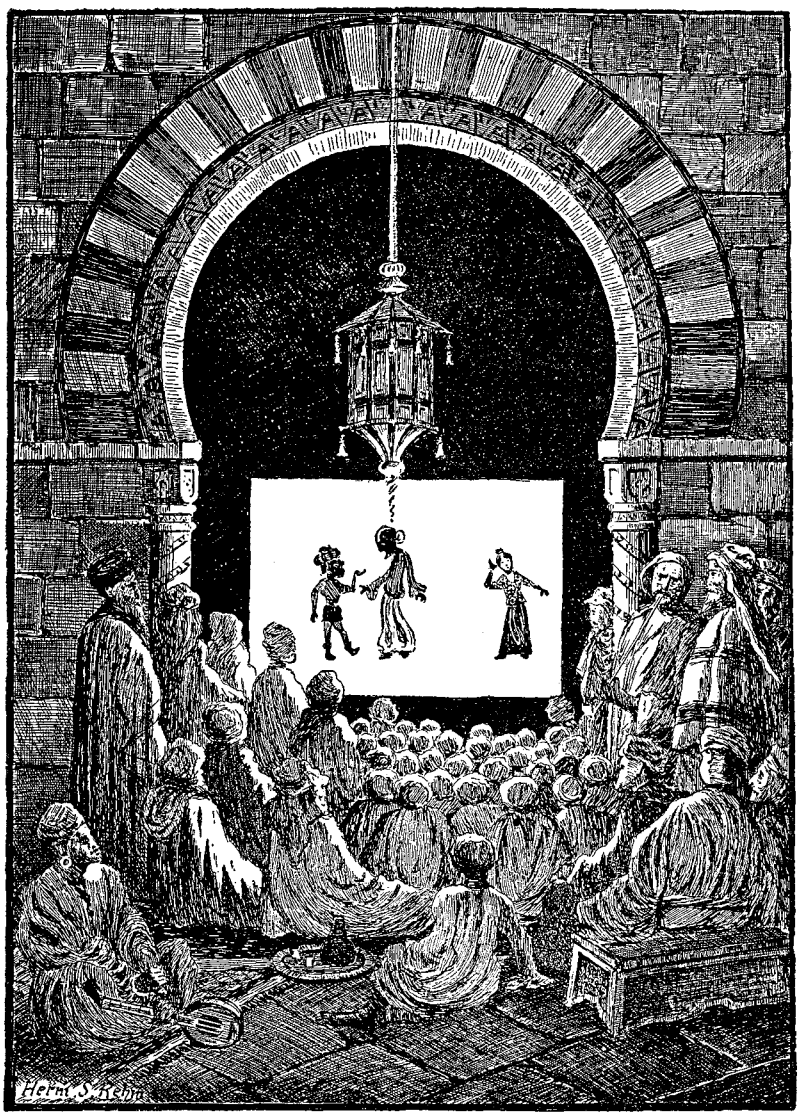
something comic in the pantomime of the puppets, "whose every motion is effected by wires, who imitate the gestures of despair with hands that cannot shut, and with a wooden gravity of countenance, throw their bodies into terrible contortions to make up for the lack of expression in the face." In mere pantomime it is probable that the puppets would labour under a serious disability, for if a performer cannot use his voice, he needs facial expression to assist the gestures by which only can he convey his meaning to the other performers and to the spectators. Perhaps it is not too much to assert that the puppet-show is not the proper place for pantomime.

We need not wonder that Story admitted their dancing to be superior to their pantomime. Yet he failed to ap-



AN ARABIAN PUPPET THEATRE

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preciate the true cause of this superiority and he is inclined to comment upon the dancing of the *burattini* in a somewhat satiric fashion. He tells us how the principal dancer suddenly appears, "knocks her wooden knees together and jerking her head about, salutes the audience with a smile quite as artificial as we could see in the best trained of her fleshly rivals." But this artificial smile must have been fixed and permanent on the features of this diminutive dancer,—or else the Roman-American essayist merely imagined its presence. "Then, with a masterly ease, after describing air-circles with her toes far higher than her head and poising herself in impossible positions, she bounds or rather flies forward with superhuman lightness, performs feats of choreography to awaken envy in Cerito and drive Ellsler to despair, and poising on her pointed toe, that disdains to touch the floor, turns never-ending pirouettes on nothing at all, till at last, throwing both her wooden hands forward, she suddenly comes to a swift stop to receive your applause."

This description is unsympathetic; and it induces the surmise that the operator of the *burattini* at the performance described was not a master of his art and did not know how to profit by the possibilities of that art. Yet one of Story's phrases serves to explain why the suspended puppet is superbly qualified to excel in ballet-dancing; that phrase is the one which credits the dancing doll with "supernatural lightness." A skilful operator of the wires which bestow life and movement and grace, is able to imitate easily and exquisitely the most difficult feats of the human dancer. If he is sufficiently adroit he robs his suspended figure of all awkwardness and he gives her a floating ethereality surpassing that attainable by any living performer. Now, this floating ethereality is precisely the quality which gives us most pleasure when we are spectators at the performance of a really fine ballet. It is the supreme art of the great dancer to soar lightly aloft, seeming to spurn the stage and to abide in the air. Only very rarely is this illusion possible to the merely human dancer; and when achieved it is but fleeting. Yet this illusion is absolutely within the control of the manipulator of the puppet-dancers. He can make them execute feats of levitation, achievable only by the most marvellously gifted and by the most arduously trained of human ballerines.

Of course, the skilful performer must carefully avoid swinging his tiny figures aimlessly through the air. He must limit the feats that he permits them to accomplish to those which can be actually accomplished by human beings, al-

THE BELGIAN PUPPET

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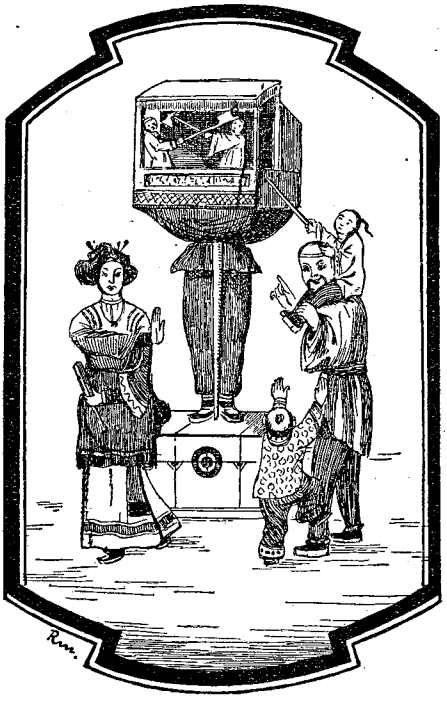
though he can do easily what the human beings can achieve only with more or less obvious effort and he can impart a volatile elasticity a little beyond the power of any human being however favoured by Terpsichore. When *Salome* was for a season the sensation of the hour, it was produced by Holden's Marionettes; and it afforded a pleasant spectacle long to be remembered by all who had the felicity of beholding it. Whatever of vulgarity or of grossness there might be in the play itself or in the Dance of the Seven Veils was purged away by the single fact that all the performers were puppets. So dextrous was the manipulation of the unseen operator who controlled the wires and strings which gave life to the seductive Salome as she circled around the stage in most bewitching fashion and so precise and accurate was the imitation of a human dancer, that the receptive spectator could not but feel that here at last the play of doubtful propriety had found its only fit stage and its only proper performer. The memory of that exhibition is a perennial delight to all who possess it. A thing of beauty it was; and it abides in remembrance as a joy forever. It revealed the art of the puppet-show at its summit. And the art itself was eternally justified by that one performance of the highest techincal skill and of the utmost delicacy of taste.



A CHINESE PUPPET THEATRE

If the most marvellous exploits of terpsichorean art, almost inexecutable by the human toes and the human legs of living dancers, are capable of reproduction by puppets skilfully manipulated by the puller of the wires and strings whereby the little figures are suspended, so also are the dextrous feats of the juggler. One of the specialties of the sole surviving puppet show of this sort in the Champs Elysées is the performance of a juggler who tosses aloft and catches in turn a number of glittering balls. The delicate balancing of the tight-rope walker, with her pirouettes on her toes and with her surprising somersaults, is also one of the exhibitions in which the puppet can defy the rivalry of any living executant however skilful in the art. At the circus we feel that the tight-rope dancer might fall, whereas at the puppet-show we know with certainty that any fatal mishap is impossible. In Holden's marionette programme the miniature mimicry of humanity was carried to the utmost edge of the possible; and no item on their bill of fare was more delectable than the series of scenes in which the traditional clown and pantaloon played tricks on the policeman and in which they joined forces in belabouring an inoffensive donkey. As the unfortunate quadruped was also a puppet there was no painful strain on our sympathy.

If a performance by puppets deprived *Salome* of its vulgar grossness by removing outside the arena of humanity, so to speak, and by relegating it to an unreal world beyond the strict diocese of the conscience, so a performance by puppets of a passion play or of any other drama in which the deity has perforce to

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appear as a character, is thereby relieved of any tincture of irreverence. We no longer see a divine being interpreted by a human being. We cannot help feeling that all the persons in the play whether they dwell in heaven or on earth are equally remote from our common humanity. And therefore we need not be surprised when we discover that the marionette has long been allowed to appear in religious drama. Indeed, it appears probable that the very name *marionette* is directly derived from the Virgin Mary.

Very early in the history of the Christian Church were the puppets permitted to perform passion-plays and little dramas derived from the stories contained both in the New and the Old Testament. In England under Elizabeth and James religious puppet-shows of this kind went wandering about the kingdom, taking into the smallest villages an entertainment which would afford to the rural inhabitants the same kind of pleasant instruction which the dwellers in the larger towns had in the more elaborate and long-drawn mysteries performed by the trade-guilds on the Corpus Christi day. That masterly rogue, Autolycus, in the *Winter's Tale* tells us that in his time he had been on the road with "a motion of the Prodigal Son,"—and a *motion* was the Elizabethan term for a marionette-exhibition. In like manner one of the characters in Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of His Humour* speaks of "a new motion of the city of Nineveh, with Jonas and the whale." Of course, the puppet performer, like the grown-up actors, did not long confine themselves to sacred themes; they ventured also into contemporary history. A puppet showman who appears in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* tells us that a certain motion setting forth the mysterious Gunpowder Plot was "a get-penny."

Story has told us also about a puppet-play which he saw in a little village on the main road from Rome to Naples and which had for its central figure Judas Iscariot. But here again his attitude is unsympathetic perhaps because the performance was clumsy. "The kiss of Judas, when after sliding along the stage, he suddenly turned with a side-long jerk, and rapped the other wooden puppet's head with his own, as well as the subsequent scene in which he goes out and hangs himself, beggar description." Yet the expatriated American spectator honestly recorded that the Italian spectators "looked and listened with great gravity, seemed to be highly edified, and certainly showed no signs of seeing anything ludicrous in the performance." One may venture the suggestion that even the sophisticated sculptor-poet would have seen nothing ludicrous in it, if the operator of this *Judas* had been as skilful as the operator of *Salome* in Holden's marionettes.

A few years ago in Paris one of the younger poets wrote a passion play which

PUPPET FIGURE REPRESENTING THE YOUNGER COQUELIN

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PUPPETS AT THE CHAT NOIR OF PARIS. PROBABLY DESIGNED BY THE LATE CARAN D'ACHE

was performed during Lent by a company of dolls designed and dressed in fit and appropriate costumes by an artist friend familiar with the manners and customs of the Holy Land. While the wires were managed by expert hands the words of the dialogue were spoken by the poet himself and by two or three other poets who came to his aid. This must have been a seemly spectacle; and it won careful consideration from more than one of the most eminent dramatic critics of France. Here we may find a useful suggestion for those who wish to see certain plays by modern dramatic poets in which the deity is a necessary character,—Rostand's *La Samaritaine,* for one, and Hauptmann's *Hannele,* for another. Many of the devout have a natural repugnance to any performance on the stage (with its materialistic environment and its often sordid conditions) which calls for the impersonation of a divine being by an actor of ordinary flesh and blood. Yet if these same plays were reverently performed by marionettes the aroma of irreverence would be removed. It might even be possible to reproduce in the puppet show not a little of the solemn religious effect which is felt by all visitors to the passion play at Oberammergau.

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# CHRISTMAS IN FICTION

BY CALVIN WINTER

IN ONE of her most recent Friendship Village stories, Miss Zona Gale tells of "A Great Tree," a tree that really is a Christmas tree in the biggest, broadest, most generous sense of the term,—and the impulse that gave it birth originates with her favourite character, Calliope Marsh, a shrewd, quick-witted spinster, with a caustic tongue and a heart of gold. Calliope, having no tree of her own, might have a share in any one of the family trees at the homes of her various friends, but she does not care to, it doesn't seem right that Christmas should be shut up in any one family; she might attend any one of the four Sunday-school trees, but that does not seem quite right either; Christmas ought not to be confined to any one church. And then, suddenly, she remembers a veteran evergreen standing at the crossing of the two main streets of Friendship village, and the big idea springs to life. And that is why that for once in its life that giant tree blossoms forth with countless thousands of coloured electric lights, under the quiet stars and in the midst of the Christmas blanket of snow, while all the families and all the churches and every man, woman or child, church-goer or not, is free to gather together in one great swelling tidal wave of peace on earth and good will to men.

Now, this little story not only deserves a special word of praise in any discussion of Christmas in fiction, but it furnishes an apt and vivid text from which to explain the apparent anomaly that we have so much fiction about Christmas and so comparatively little of Christmas in fiction,—such hordes of stories in which Christmas is the central theme, the protagonist, so to speak; and such very scanty use by the novelists of Christmas festivities as merely a background, a stage setting for the personal interests of their characters. Of course, Calliope Marsh has given the answer: Christmas is too big to be shut up within the limits of any one family or group of individuals, it insists upon taking the centre of the stage, upon carrying our thoughts out and away, and not centring them on the personal concerns of just one or two men and women. It is like any other attempt to use a stage setting that is too flamboyant, too assertive, too momentous; you cannot sing a love duet against the roar of Niagara Falls; you cannot enact the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet* against a background of Paine's fireworks; you cannot picture an old-fashioned Christmas revel, with holly and mistletoe, dancing and romping and endless good cheer, without sadly interrupting the structure of your story, and momentarily losing sight of your hero and heroine unless,—and the exception is of the first importance,—you invoke the weighty principle of contrast, and use the jollities of the season simply to emphasise the private heartache of just one or two human beings.

There would be no point in cataloging the Christmas stories from more or less famous pens, which are frankly stories written for the occasion. From Dickens downward there are comparatively few eminent writers of fiction who have not sooner or later yielded to this popular demand. Bret Harte, Thomas Nelson Page, Hopkinson Smith, Marion Crawford,—these are just a few of the names that occur at random,—but it requires somewhat more of an effort to recall the names of the stories themselves, *The Christmas Peace, Colonel Carter's Christmas, The Little City of Hope,*—and the reason is quite apparent, from what has already been said: namely, as Christmas tales, pure and simple, they are too curtailed, too shut in, too much

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confined to a single tree, a single family yule-log. They are the absolute antithesis to the greatest of all Christmas tales in the English language, Dickens's *Christmas Carol,* deservedly greatest, because of its extraordinary, all-embracing quality, including no one person, nor one family nor one class, but all families, all classes, all Christmases, past, present and future in its vast bond of universal charity and brotherhood.

But when we come to fiction other than the Christmas tale, the mention of that favourite season of merry-making seems to be extremely rare. Probably a careful re-reading of the standard novels would bring to light a number of forgotten incidents; yet the very fact that they are forgotten goes to prove, either that the fact that certain events happened on a Christmas was of no structural importance to the story, or else that the tree and the mistletoe and the rest of it simply put the specific incidents out of our minds. But of the few instances that do come to mind without special research, it is interesting to notice that every one is based upon the principle above laid down, the universal hilarity of the day being used to emphasise the tragedy in some one or two hearts. That sort of contrast is always good art: Nero fiddling while Rome burns, all Brussels dancing on the eve of Waterloo, Harlequin at his maddest and merriest while Columbine lies dead. And when you stop to think, it is much the same sort of contrast that makes Christmas night in Du Maurier's *Trilby* so memorable. You remember, of course, the mad hilarity of it: with the Laird doing a sword dance over two T squares, Taffy going through dumb-bell exercises with Little Billee as the dumb-bell, and every one promiscuously joining in the sport of cock-fighting, with their wrists tied across their shins and a broom-handle thrust in between. And all the while we know that Trilby and Little Billee are eating their hearts out with anguish, that he is going to ask her once again, and that whichever way she answers, it equally spells tragedy for both.

"Trilby, I have asked you nineteen times, and you have refused. Trilby, once more on Christmas night, for the twentieth time, will you marry me?"

"God forgive me, *yes!*" said Trilby, as she ran downstairs, weeping.

Thackeray's Christmas books are such in name only, and the name stands merely by accepted convention. But he did introduce Christmas into his novels at least once, in *The Newcomes,* and here he, too, invoked the force of contrast. One recalls the chapter, "Christmas at Rosebury," in which Ethel Newcome, very sore at heart, and much out of key with the spirit of the day, finds comfort in the kindliness of her good French friends and pours out all her pent-up sorrow over the tragic position of the dear old Colonel and her cousin Clive. And then, the very next morning comes the "Shortest and Happiest Chapter in this whole History," in which Ethel announces the finding of the old grandmother's missing letter to her lawyer, ordering a codicil to her will in favour of Clive. Yet what we are apt to remember longest is not the unforeseen happy outcome, but the sadness and resignation of the preceding night, Christmas Eve.

Much the same comment may be made in George Eliot's use of Christmas in *Silas Marner,* when Dolly Winthrop, on her way to church with her little son Aaron, does her best to persuade Silas to break his custom and come too. But of course Silas refuses; and in consequence "spends his Christmas day in loneliness, eating his meat in silence and sadness of heart, though the meat had come to him as a neighbourly present." And nothing else could have made us feel so vividly how far apart the old recluse was from all good will toward men than this voluntary isolation when all the rest of the world was merry-making.

And as for contrasts, could there be a stronger one than that which gives keen pathos to the unforgettable Christmas Eve in Victor Hugo's *Les Miserables,* when Jean Valjean plays Santa Claus to little Cosette? The whole world of course knows the poor, long-suffering lit-

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tle waif, wretched drudge of Madame Thénardier, the inn-keeper's vindictive wife. Jean Valjean, when all is quiet for the night, crawls stealthily up to the chamber where the two pampered children of Madame Thénardier are asleep, with their shiny, trim little shoes reposing on the chimney hearth, each containing a silver piece that their mother has placed there; while little Cosette lies shivering on her wretched pallet, too tired to undress for the night, and with one clumsy, battered wooden *sabot* still on one cold, blue little foot. But with childhood's unquenchable spirit of hope, she has placed the other *sabot* beside the chimney; and Jean Valjean, his heart swelling with a great pity, drops into it a *louis d'or*.

And lastly, there is at least one of Daudet's Christmas tales that cannot be passed over in silence, for here, too, we have that same irony of contrast in which fate sometimes delights,—*Christmas Eve in Exile*. The time is the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, the scene a Bavarian hospital, and the central figures two wounded soldiers from Provence, Bernadou and Salvette. They are old comrades, and many are their reminiscences of old days in their far-off home, and their hopes for a speedy return. But as a matter of fact, while Salvette is making a quick recovery, Bernardou is dying, and Salvette is aware of it. Christmas is at hand, the last Christmas that Bernardou will ever know; and it seems hard that he should pass away with his last desire ungratified, especially when the sum and substance of it is only a white roll and a bottle of red wine. So finally Salvette, who has been secretly cherishing his last forty francs, carefully sewn into his clothes, and that was destined for a grand feast when his release shall come, makes his sacrifice, and with the connivance of a Jew peddler, who has the freedom of the hospital, obtains the modest little banquet and stands treat to his dying friend. The fading spark of life flames up, under the stimulant of the good red wine, and for a brief hour Bernardou knows revived hopes. But before the bottle is drained, the spark has flickered out, and death, the mightiest of all contrasts, has intruded upon this pathetic attempt at festivities in exile.

The foregoing brief survey does not pretend to be exhaustive. Indeed, one of the points that has been attempted is that Christmas in fiction leaves such a faint impression, that many an instance, probably quite as apt as those here cited, has been forgotten. At the same time, it is undoubtedly true that many a novelist, recognising the principle here laid down, of the contrast of joy and sorrow, has deliberately thrown aside a chance, from an inherent reluctance to mar Christmas revelries, even in imagination, with the blackness of tragedy.

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# THE CHRISTMAS CRECHE AND THE PASSION PLAY

BY AMELIA VON ENDE

IN HER poetical play, *The Wolf of Gubbio,* Josephine Preston Peabody cleverly makes use of the tradition which ascribes to St. Francis of Assisi the invention of the "crèche" set up in Catholic churches at Christmas. The village inn-keeper has set adrift a poor potter from a neighbouring town, with wife and infant, because he expects a company of distinguished gentlemen pilgrims from France. The couple set out for the next town on foot, are attacked by robbers. The husband is tossed over a cliff, the wife escapes with the loss of her purse, but cannot find the babe which she had hidden from the highwaymen. With some reluctance on account of its communistic features, the people of Gubbio prepare a Christmas feast; but the famous wolf, incensed at their cruelty toward him and one another, devours the contents of the kettle set up in the market-place and disappears. The promise of a spread having vanished, St. Francis decides to treat them to a show, and curtaining off a part of the square, prepares a pictorial representation of the Nativity. The potter's wife who has been graciously given shelter in the tavern-stable, is to be the Virgin, the husband, who has been found by the French guests, Joseph, and in time the wolf brings in the lost baby. So the curtain descends upon a living picture of the Nativity of eloquent symbolism.

There is little doubt that the permanent plastic pictures of the Nativity owed their origin to the same religious and dramatic instinct which gave to us the Miracle and Mystery plays of the Middle Ages, and that their cradle was Italy. For the "crèche" was for several centuries so popular in that country that hosts of sculptors, woodcarvers and painters made their living by it. Nor was the art limited to representations of the Nativity. The Passion and other chapters of the New Testament were treated in the same manner. Crèche-craft developed into a legitimate branch of ecclesiastical art industry. No Christmas or Easter worship in churches, convents or the chapels of the wealthy and the noble was considered complete without a crèche. The crèches seen in most churches to-day give not the remotest idea of the art and the handicraft that went into the making of those plastic pictures. But a collection of specimens from the past makes one regret that the art is now to be reckoned among the lost arts.

Such a collection has been made by a citizen of Munich, Kommerzienrat Max Schmederer, and presented to the National Museum of his city. Realising the value of the crèche as a religious and artistic manifestation of the past, he spent years in travelling and invested a fortune in collecting his treasures. He bought them from impoverished churches and convents or from private families in Italy, and Sicily, the Tyrol and Bavaria. He acquired not only complete crèches, but a large stock of individual figures and other objects needed in their composition, and having entered deeply into the spirit of that art, he was able to set up besides the authentic crèches transplanted from their original sources a number of crèches of his own composition. They fill enormous glass cases in a special room of the Museum which he frequently visits and where he readily talks about them with the many native and foreign guests.

Among the Italian crèches in the collection one of the most admirable in com-

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CHRISTMAS CRÈCHE BY ITALIAN ARTISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

position, colouring and perspective is an "Adoration of the Shepherds," by Giovanni Matera, a sculptor of Palermo, who died in 1718. His figures are of terra cotta. An "Entombment" and "Descent from the Cross," by Sammartino, another Neapolitan sculptor, who modelled his figures in clay, are full of life and feeling. Another Neapolitan artist, Savarino, was famous for his horses,

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which are a feature in a large circular crèche, representing "The Tent of the Three Kings," which was originally in a palace in Naples. The house-crèche, however, was usually of small dimensions; one of the curiosities of the collection is a Sicilian house crèche with figures not more than three-fourths of an inch in size, set up in a Louis XV casket.

It is likely that Tyrolese and Bavarian artists studying in Italy were impressed with the artistic character and the commercial possibilities of this work and introduced it in their countries. For in the second half of the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century Bavarian and Tyrolese churches and convents had some extraordinary crèches by men who were gradually identified with that work. One curiosity of the collection is a crèche made of parchment by Martin Kneller. Sebastian Habenschaden, a painter of old Munich, gratefully remembered by his guild for the restaurant he founded in the charming village of Pullach, was also a carver of crèches and excelled in animal figures.

The work of the Bavarian and Tyrolese artists is characterised by great simplicity and sincerity and by a realism which suggests their close connection with the people. The models were chosen from their immediate neighbourhood and frequently represented with

PASSION CRÈCHE BY MUNICH ARTISTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

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every detail of physical imperfection or disfigurement, a striking example being the figure of a woman with a goiter. The artists were of the people and knew that their art was of direct appeal to the people. The dramatic instinct is rather common in Southern Europe and especially in Austria and the Tyrol and the men and women who posed for the figures in these plastic pictures of the life of Christ entered as readily into the spirit of their parts as the actors of the Passion Play. A walk through the Schmederer collection makes one feel as if Oberammergau were but the dramatic realisation of the large Passion crèche by Munich artists of the eighteenth century.

Not all the crèches in the collection have an indisputably correct setting. A very elaborate crèche from the Ursuline convent of Bozen, has a Tyrolese landscape as background of the manger. In Italian crèches the architecture is mostly of the Renaissance. Among the crèches made up by Herr Schmederer himself is one which was suggested by a passage in a letter of Goethe, dated May 27, 1787, in which the poet speaks of the crèches set up by the people of Naples on the roofs of their houses, with Vesuvius as the natural background. Herr Schmederer also reproduced "The Slaughter of the Innocents," from the painting of Lebrun. In all these arrangements the artist-collector has shown a rare feeling for line and colour, symmetry and movement: they are animated stage pictures on a miniature scale.

A large part of the collection is devoted to crèches of a secular character. The art lent itself equally well to plastic representations of other subjects, and when the artists saw ignorant congregations trusting the work to the dilettanteism of unskilled curates, they had to seek another outlet and market. Thus were composed elaborate scenes of the life and customs of the people which have an educational value as historical object-lessons. One scene in the collection is delightfully characteristic of the Italian temperament: in front of a chapel with a diminutive crèche the people are engaged in dancing and merrymaking. There is an osteria with couples whirling about to the tune of bagpipes, fiddles and guitars; there is a market with butchers', bakers' and other booths, amply supplied with their wares and surrounded by a motley crowd of vendors and buyers. There are scenes from the life of the peasants and mountaineers.

Herr Schmederer has the true collector's sentiment: he handles his treasures with something like tenderness, for he respects the amount of religious sentiment and artistic aspiration that went into their making. Rare specimens of the extraordinary skill of workers in wood and metal, clay and terra cotta, who lived before our machine-made age, they appeal to people, like the Passion-Play, regardless of creed.

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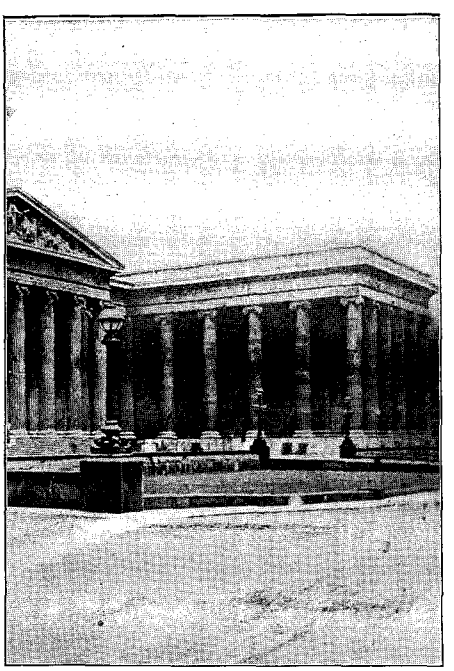
# ON THE TRAIL OF STEVENSON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

III—ENGLAND

## I

STEVENSON'S attitude toward England was noticeably different from his attitude toward any of the other countries that he lived in. It was the only land in which he felt himself a foreigner. He was always easily at home in France; he made himself quite readily at home in



TO STEVENSON LONDON MEANT MERELY "THE MONUMENT," AS HE PICTURESQUELY CALLED THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF SIR SIDNEY COLVIN IN THE EAST WING OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

the United States; and, even in the South Sea Islands, he found no difficulty in accustoming himself to conditions of life as far removed as possible from those of his ancestral Scotland. But in England he was never easily and utterly at home. He was living in a land of strangers. Neither the English country nor the English people seemed to belong to him, like the French, the Californian, the Samoan. He was never so consciously and so emphatically Scottish as when he had crossed the border into that very different country that lay only fifty miles to the southward of his native Edinburgh.

He felt no antipathy to England,—merely a smiling consciousness of his inability to appreciate and to assimilate it. Other countries he could call his own; but England remained somehow a country of the other people. He never became a part of it; and, in consequence, it never became a part of him. A nameless friend of mine, when he was only twenty-one, wrote (with what seems to me a fine flourish) in his diary: "Naples is a part of me now; and I am bigger by a city." Louis might have written thus of Paris or of San Francisco. Strangely enough he could never have written in similar terms of London.

His sense of England as a foreign country may be traced back to his childhood. In the autumn of 1863, he passed a single term at a boarding-school kept by a certain Mr. Wyatt in Spring Grove, Isleworth, near London. In after years, his only recollection of this experience was a sense of the essential difference between the English and the Scottish school-boy. "The boy of the South," he tells us, "seems more wholesome, but less thoughtful; he gives himself to games as to a business, striving to excel, but is not readily transported by imagination; the type remains with me as cleaner in mind and body, more

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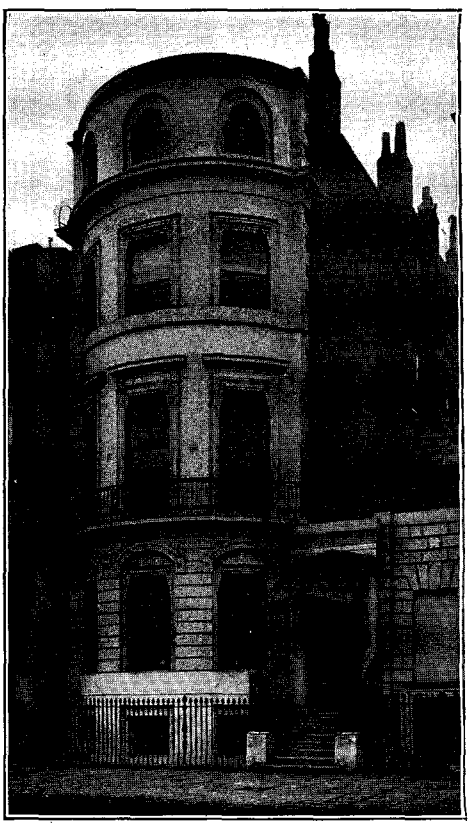
active, fonder of eating, endowed with a lesser and a less romantic sense of life and of the future, and more immersed in present circumstances."

This consciousness of the foreign quality of England and the English became most clearly formulated in Stevenson's mind in the summer of 1873, when he was visiting his cousin, Mrs. Churchill Babington, at Cockfield Rectory, at Sudbury, in Suffolk. In a letter to his mother, sent from Sudbury on July 28th, he said: "I cannot get over my astonishment—indeed, it increases every day—at the hopeless gulf that there is between England and Scotland, and English and Scotch. Nothing is the same; and I feel as strange and outlandish here as I do in France and Germany. Everything by the wayside, in the houses, or about the people, strikes me with an unexpected unfamiliarity: I walk among surprises, for just where you think you have them, something wrong turns up."

Here, as Sir Sidney Colvin has remarked, we find the germ of the essay called *The Foreigner at Home,* which was published nine years later in the *Cornhill Magazine.* It is a significant fact that when Stevenson, in 1887, collected his autobiographical papers into the volume entitled *Memories and Portraits,* he set this essay in the forefront of the book and caused it to serve as a sort of preface to all that followed. Thereby he forced the reader to realise at once that Scotland, and not England, was the source of those adventures of the mind to be commemorated.

"A Scotchman"—he tells us in this essay—"may tramp the better part of Europe and the United States, and never again receive so vivid an impression of foreign travel and strange lands and manners as on his first excursion into England. The change from a hilly to a level country strikes him with delighted wonder. Along the flat horizon there arise the frequent venerable towers of churches. He sees at the end of airy vistas the revolution of the windmill sails. . . . The warm, habitable age of towns and hamlets, the green, settled, ancient look of the country; the lush hedgerows, stiles and privy pathways in the fields; the sluggish, brimming rivers; chalk and smock-frock; chimes of bells and the rapid, pertly-sounding English speech—they are all new to the curiosity. . . . The sharp edge of novelty wears off; the feeling is scotched, but I doubt whether it is ever killed."

With Stevenson himself, this sense of



PROPOSED BY SIR SIDNEY COLVIN, STEVENSON WAS ELECTED TO THE SAVILE CLUB, AND THEREAFTER THE CLUB BECAME HIS HOME IN LONDON

the novelty of England was never killed; but, oddly enough, instead of stimulating his mind to a more curious alertness of observation, it led him to relinquish any active effort to look at England as the English do. Some people

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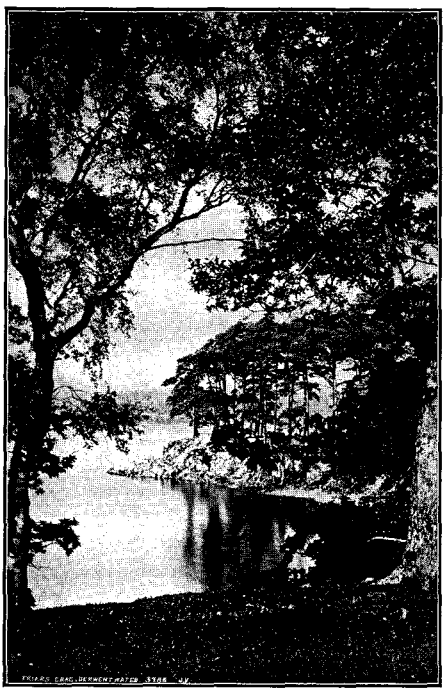

THERE IS NO MORE FAMOUS VIEW IN ENGLAND THAN THE VIEW OF DERWENTWATER FROM THE WOODED LITTLE PROMONTORY THAT JUTS SOUTHERLY FROM KESWICK INTO THE LAPPING WATERS OF THE LAKE

are most interested by countries that they cannot understand: it was not so with Stevenson. England always baffled him; and, though he often travelled through that foreign country, he never succeeded in seeing it.

This point is especially important, because it explains the notable neglect of England in the works of R.L.S. In his literature of travel, he has devoted entire volumes to France, like *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with A Donkey;* he has devoted separate volumes to America, like *Across the Plains* and *The Silverado Squatters;* and he has written other volumes to record his voyages among the South Sea Islands: but, in his entire lifetime, he never published so much as a single essay in celebration of an English scene.

Several of his stories are localised, of necessity, in England; but, in these stories, the background is shadowy and vague. The setting is not so clearly observed, so lucidly delineated, as that of the other tales that are localised in Scotland or America or France or the islands of the far Pacific. Even in his works of fiction, Stevenson writes of England like one who had never seen the country. Oculists inform us that there is a blind spot in the retina; and it is an interesting fact that the seeing eye of Stevenson was only blind when it was turned at England.

## II

After Stevenson's death, there was found among his papers an unpublished fragment of an essay on *Cockermouth and Keswick;* and this fragment was included by Sir Sidney Colvin in the definitive edition of his works. It was written as far back as 1871, when the author was a little less than twenty-one years old. The mere occurrence of the names of two noted English towns in the title of a posthumous essay by R.L.S. would be sufficient to arrest the curiosity; but this curiosity will be increased by a study of the text.

At the very outset of this paper, the reader will encounter a downright exposition by Stevenson himself of his mental habit of relying on his memory to select and to compose subconsciously the essential details of any scene he might be tempted to store up in his mind for subsequent description. There is no other single paragraph in all his writings which affords us such an illuminative indication of his special method of attaining that perspective by which alone description may become a fine art. So important is this paragraph that it must be quoted in entirety:

> Very much as a painter half closes his eyes so that some salient unity may disengage itself from among the crowd of details, and what he sees may thus form itself into a whole; very much on the same principle, I may say, I allow a considerable lapse of time to intervene between any of my little journeyings and the attempt to chronicle

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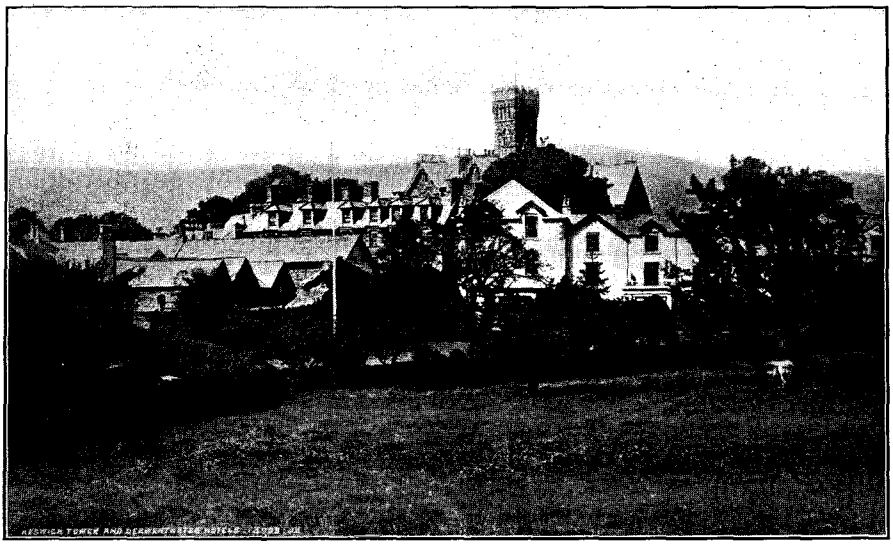

HE TELLS US THAT HE WENT UNWILLINGLY TO KESWICK, MERELY BECAUSE A WAITRESS IN HIS INN AT COCKERMOUTH HAD SUMMARILY INSISTED ON HIS DOING SO

them. I cannot describe a thing that is before me at the moment, or that has been before me only a very little while before; I must allow my recollections to get thoroughly strained free from all chaff till nothing be except the pure gold; allow my memory to choose out what is truly memorable by a process of natural selection; and I piously believe that in this way I ensure the Survival of the Fittest. If I make notes for future use, or if I am obliged to write letters during the course of my little excursion, I so interfere with the process that I can never again find out what is worthy of being preserved, or what should be given in full length, what in torso, or what merely in profile.

It is a pity that the foregoing passage should be so little known; for it deserves to be pondered deeply by all students of the craft of writing.

At the outset of Stevenson's account of Cockermouth, we find the earliest of all his written records of the bewildering difference between England and his native country:—"I was lighting my pipe as I stepped out of the inn at Cockermouth, and did not raise my head until I was fairly in the street. When I did so, it flashed upon me that I was in England; the evening sunlight lit up English houses, English faces, an English conformation of street,—as it were, an English atmosphere blew against my face. There is nothing perhaps more puzzling (if one thing in sociology can ever really be more unaccountable than another) than the great gulf that is set between England and Scotland—a gulf so easy in appearance, in reality so difficult to traverse."

After this introduction, the reader might logically expect a careful observation of those features of the town by virtue of which it seemed definitively English; but, instead, he will discover that Stevenson chose rather to dismiss this foreign-looking little city without observing it at all. Cockermouth was the birthplace of William Wordsworth, and most tourists who visit the town have Wordsworth in their eye; but there is no indication in this essay that Stevenson was aware that the little winding streets he traversed had been trod by a very great observer who had made that countryside peculiarly his own. How different from this insensibility was the eagerness with which R.L.S. explored

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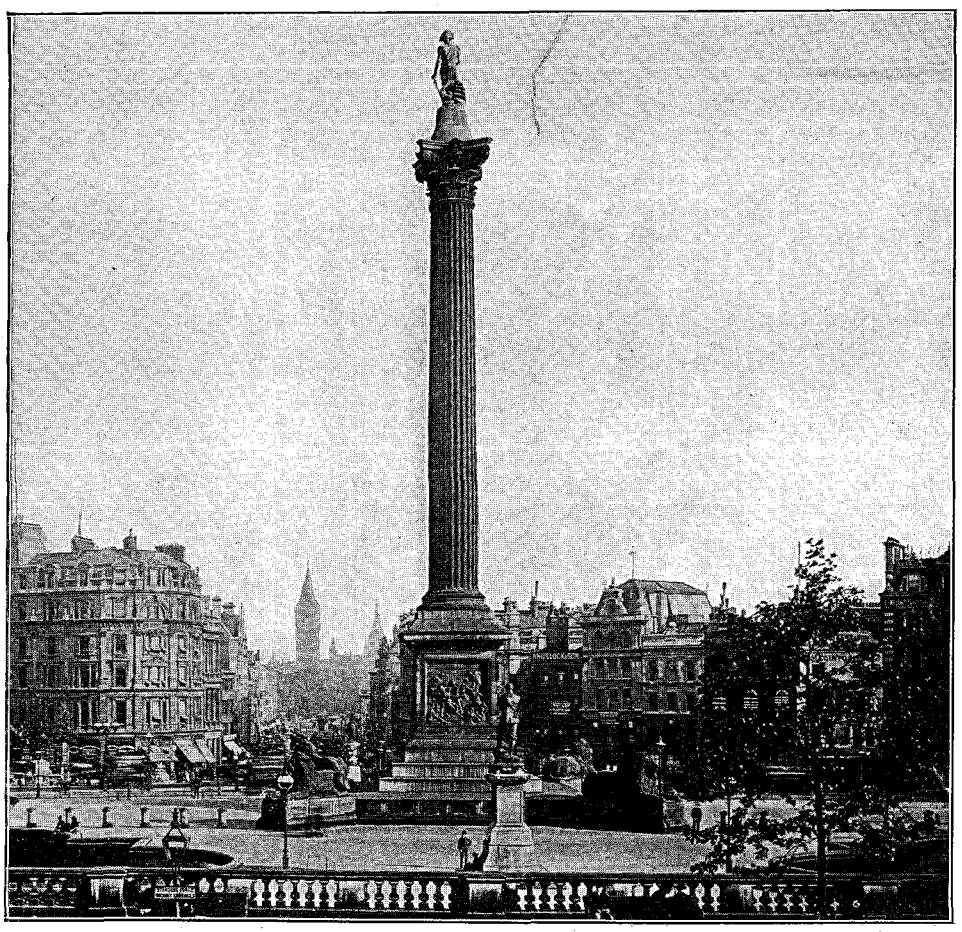
and celebrated every small locality in Edinburgh which could be at all connected with the career of the comparatively minor Scottish poet, Robert Fergusson! Instead of describing Wordsworth's Cockermouth, Stevenson regales us with a detailed account of a casual meeting with a delectable "Canadian Felt Hat Manufacturer," who bore the unpoetic name of Smethurst.

He tells us also that he went unwillingly to Keswick, merely because a waitress in his inn at Cockermouth had summarily insisted on his doing so. There is no mention of Robert Southey in his account of Keswick; and this omission need no longer seem surprising to more traditionally tutored visitors. But the fact is still surprising that Stevenson remained as blind to Keswick as he had been to Cockermouth. There is no more famous view in England than the view of Derwentwater from the wooded little promontory that juts southerly from Keswick into the lapping waters of the lake. Louis leads us to this very point of view: the spot, indeed, may be identified by future travellers as standing within a stone's throw of the monument which has been erected,



THE PARAPET IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE, OVER WHICH MR. MALTHEUS, OF THE SUICIDE CLUB, WAS FLUNG TO HIS DEATH. ANY TOURIST KNOWS THAT THE PARAPET IS SCARCELY HIGH ENOUGH TO MAKE THE EPISODE PLAUSIBLE

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in recent years, to Ruskin: but instead of describing the panoramic glory of the greatest of the English Lakes, he chooses rather to describe a trio of young girls he met in this idyllic spot, pirouetting in a raffle of wind-driven drapery. His choice is just enough, as a matter of mere art: the charm of the girls appeared to him more potent than the charm of Derwentwater: but the point for us at present to observe is that Louis would have chosen otherwise if the background had been furnished by Loch Lomond or Loch Katrine.

In only one other essay besides this posthumous paper on *Cockermouth and Keswick* does Stevenson mention any particular localities in England. This sole exception to the rule is the piece entitled *An Autumn Effect,* which first appeared in the *Portfolio* for April and May, 1875, and was not included in his collected works till after his death. In this paper, which celebrates a walking trip through Buckinghamshire, he refers by name to Wendover and Tring, High Wycombe and Great Missenden. None of these towns, however, is carefully observed; the author's purpose, in this paper, is merely to catch the note of a certain moment in the gradual procession of the seasons; and to all intents and purposes, this autumnal picture might have been set, just as effectively, in France.

## III

Stevenson's lack of active interest in the look of English towns seems all the more surprising when we remember that, every time he travelled down from Edinburgh to London, he must have passed through such a memorable place as Durham. Many a time, as the train paused at Durham station, he must have looked, over the intervening valley, at that manliest of all cathedrals, seated high upon a hill and guarded by a mediæval castle. Even the most fleeting view of that tremendous hill-top from a railway-window is a sight to be remembered ever afterward; but there is no record that Louis ever noticed or remembered it. He was not so blind in Scotland; he was not so blind in France or California; but in England he seems always to have shut his eyes. He never mentions York, another town that he must frequently have traversed on the way from his own northern city of the winds to the more propitiatory cities of the south. York—with its ancient walls and battlemented gates, its quaint and rambling streets, its towered Minster—he never saw, or never cared to see. It was only—so to speak—another town of England; and England was nothing but a foreign country, where one never felt at home.

Two features, only, of the English countryside are celebrated with enthusiasm in the works of Stevenson: first, English roads, and second, English taverns. His mind was particularly captivated by the legendary pageant of the Great North Road, over which the tide of travel had swept, for many centuries, northward to his native Edinburgh. During his residence at Bournemouth, in 1884, Stevenson began a novel which was called *The Great North Road;* and he had written eight chapters before he laid aside the pen, in order to prepare *The Dynamiter* for the press. Later in his life he returned to the haunting prospect of this highway and used it as the setting for several of the chapters of *St. Ives.*

Stevenson's love of the homely and hospitable charm of English taverns is also evidenced in *St. Ives,* and in many of his other works of fiction. Several legendary English inns are celebrated in *The Black Arrow;* and in *The Body-Snatcher* there is a careful and elaborate description of a tavern called "The George," at Debenham. A vivid picture of tavern-life in eighteenth-century England is exhibited in the opening chapters of *Treasure Island,* which are set on the southern shore of Bristol Channel. I can find no indication in the records of the author's life that he was personally acquainted with Bristol and the adjacent seaboard; but, having tramped afoot through that locality myself, I can

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testify to the essential accuracy of Stevenson's descriptions. Every proper tale of pirates must begin, as a matter of course, in the immediate environment of Bristol; and an author bent on writing "all the old romance, retold exactly in the ancient way" could easily borrow the traditional setting from his many predecessors.

*The Black Arrow* is the only one of Stevenson's many tales that attempts to recall the historic past of England; and this book, as the author playfully confessed in the dedication to his wife, must be regarded as his greatest failure in the art of fiction. The action is localised, of necessity, in Tunstall Forest; but the scenery is merely "tushery"—to use the author's word—and cannot be accepted as a serious attempt to paint a picture of provincial England as it appeared in the high and far-off times of Henry VI.

Of one actual English tavern our author appears to have been particularly fond. The inn at Burford Bridge, "with its arbours and green garden and silent, eddying river," is coupled, in *A Gossip On Romance,* with the Hawes Inn at Queensferry as a place that is pregnant with potential narrative. "The inn at Burford Bridge—though it is known already as the place where Keats wrote some of his *Endymion* and Nelson parted from his Emma—still seems to wait the coming of the appropriate legend. Within these ivied walls, behind these old green shutters, some further business smoulders, waiting for its hour. . . . I have lived at the Hawes and the Burford in a perpetual flutter, on the heels, as it seemed, of some adventure that should justify the place. . . . The man or the hour had not yet come; but . . . some frosty night a horseman, on a tragic errand, [shall] rattle with his whip on the green shutters of the inn at Burford."

Louis lived twice at this haunted and historic tavern,—in April, 1878, and again in April, 1882. On both occasions, his immediate motive was to visit George Meredith, whose home, near the neighbouring hamlet of Dorking, was—in the inspired phrase of Sir James Matthew Barrie—"the throne of letters in this country." On the first occasion—being far enough from London and from Paris—Louis wrote several of the stories in the *New Arabian Nights;* but, unfortunately for posterity, he never subsequently tried a rattle at the shutters of the inn at Burford Bridge. This tavern may still be visited by literary pilgrims. A tall cliff overlooks it from the rear, and there is a little wash of water in the foreground. The house has been "improved" and "modernised"; but it is not difficult to imagine away the renovations and to recall it as it must have looked when Louis lived there.

Toward the end of *The Wrecker* there is a lovely description of an imaginary English town called Stalbridge; but it is characteristic of R.L.S. that this locality should be described from the point of view of a foreign visitor,—in this case, an American. The "Carthew Arms," at Stalbridge-le-Carthew, is a typical English tavern of the kind that Louis loved; but his shadowy account of Stalbridge Minster is the only passage in all his work that suggests to us that he ever felt and understood the charm of any of the great cathedrals which make the little sea-girt isle of England a Mecca of innumerable pilgrims from innumerable lands.

## IV

Stevenson's almost utter lack of interest in London is more remarkable than his apparent insensibility to the visual aspects of the English countryside. He made many fleeting visits to the capital,—especially during the impressionable decade of his twenties; but he was never allured to make any deliberate effort to explore the most intricately interesting of all the cities of the modern world. Any American college youth who has spent two weeks in London with a guide-book has seen more of the city than Louis ever noticed and observed in his entire lifetime. He knew every stone of Edinburgh; he knew both modern and

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mediæval Paris like a book; he could have drawn from memory a map of San Francisco; but it never seems to have occurred to him that it might be interesting to study St. Bartholomew's the Great or to visit the sacred sanctuary of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

There is such a thing as Thackeray's London or the London of Dickens; but there is no such thing as Stevenson's London. Alone among the British novelists of the nineteenth century, he has left us no picture and no vision of the capital. To Stevenson, London meant merely the Savile Club; "the Monument," as he picturesquely called the official residence of Sir Sidney Colvin in the east wing of the British Museum; the home of Mr. Edmund Gosse; a few Bohemian restaurants in the district of Soho; and the more frequented streets immediately adjacent to Trafalgar Square. He may, perhaps, have visited such a famous haunt of tourists as The Temple; but, if so, we have no record of the fact.

Most of Stevenson's friends had interests in London. He went there to see them, not to see the city. The experience was a little—let us say—like meeting an old schoolmate on the doorstep of the Mosque at Cordoba and therefore never entering the Mosque. All he cared about in London was the talk and talkers of the town,—the *Talk and Talkers* he has celebrated in two of his most brilliant essays.

He is still remembered as a formerly familiar figure at the Savile Club. This club, which takes its name from its original house at 15 Savile Row, is now situated in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park. More than any other club in London, it approximates the atmosphere of The Players in New York. Most of the members are actively engaged, or eagerly interested, in one or another of the arts; and this mutual interest in the things that count is accepted, in lieu of any formal introduction, as a cue for conversation within the precincts of the club.

When the Savile Club was founded in 1869, Sir Sidney Colvin was among the men most active in its organisation; and the fact is pointed out to recent members that the initials of the club are the same as those of this prince of gentlemen and scholars. Proposed by Sir Sidney, Stevenson was elected to the Savile, after only six weeks of probation, on June 3,

THE OLD SAVILE CLUB, NEXT DOOR TO SHERIDAN'S HOUSE

1874; and thereafter the club became his home in London.

It has been a pleasant privilege of the present writer to be received as an Honorary Member of the Savile Club, and to meet many of the men who still remember Stevenson. After luncheon, it is the custom to retire, for coffee and

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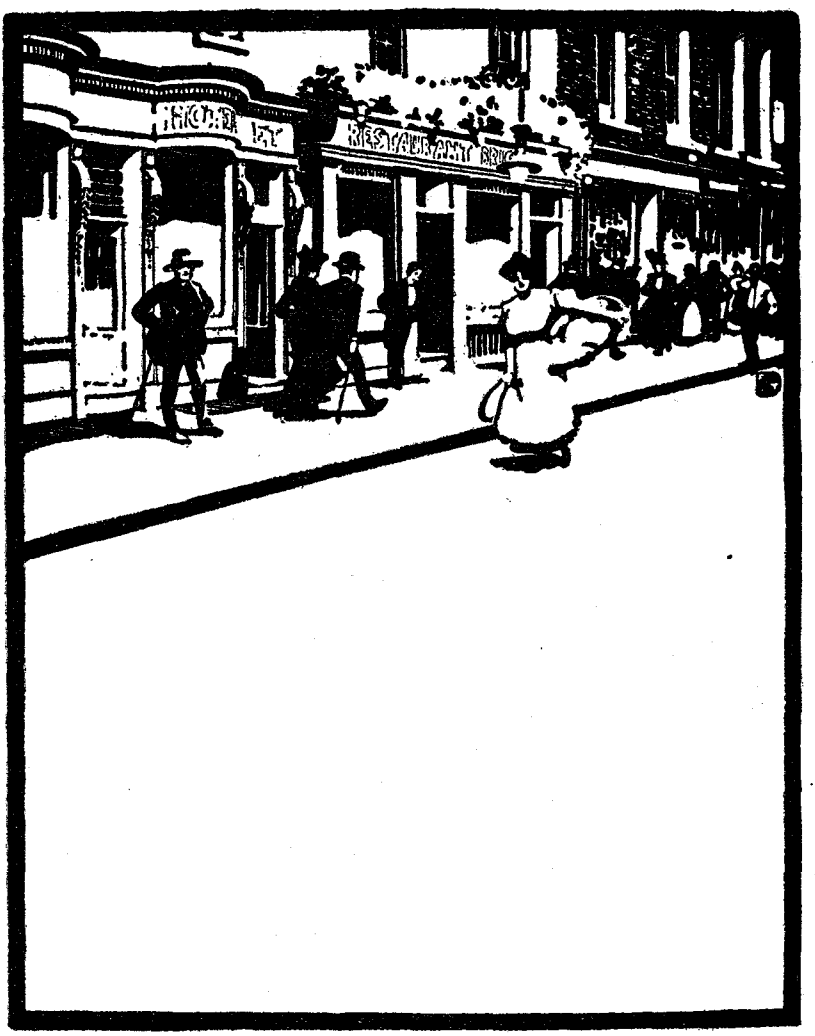
cigars, to the billiard-room,—an L-shaped hall with leather cushions, behind the dining-room. Here, in the comfortable atmosphere of after-table talk, I have listened to many tales of Louis, in his black shirt and velvet jacket, gesticulating eagerly and shaking his long and unkempt hair, while he made the little circle in the midst of which he talked a momentary centre of the universe.

It is significant, however, that Stevenson's essays on *Talk and Talkers* are the only ones that may be said to have been inspired by his experience of London. To him, the Savile Club was more important than the city. He was right, of course, from his particular point of view; but this point of view was scarcely to be expected from one who was destined to become a great novelist.

Stevenson never used London as a setting for his works of fiction, except when the exigencies of the narrative de-



HYDE HAD LODGINGS IN SOHO. HE WOULD HAVE, OF COURSE, SINCE THE DISTRICT IS COMPARATIVELY DISREPUTABLE

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manded a background that was vast and vague. He knew nothing, and cared nothing, about the memorable history of the great metropolis. He has set a tale in mediæval Paris, and minutely explored the Edinburgh of the eighteenth century in two historical romances; but he never mentions London except in stories that are contemporary with himself. His London—if he may be said to have a London—has no past; nor is it even clearly and distinctly drawn from the point of view of an appreciator in the present.

The *New Arabian Nights* are set, for the most part, in contemporary London, because a matter-of-fact and strictly modern setting would most accentuate the ironic quality of the fantastic in the narratives themselves; but the localities of London that are specifically mentioned might all be visited by an enterprising tourist within a single hour. Leicester Square, Rupert Street, Soho, Trafalgar Square, and the little streets that run riverward through the Adelphi district from the Strand, are so well-known to every traveller that it seems scarcely worth while for Stevenson to have pointed them out at all.

Even when he mentions such familiar localities as these, his memory is not always accurate. For instance, any tourist will notice that the parapet of Trafalgar Square is scarcely high enough to insure the instant death of any one who might be flung summarily to the flagstones below. "Box Court" is merely a fictitious name; but the traveller (under a pretence of seeking rooms) may still explore the Craven Hotel, in Craven Street, which was selected by the author as the scene of the misadventures of Cyrus Q. Scuddamore with the Saratoga trunk. This hotel is very dingy, very musty, and a little tragical; and those who visit it to-day will scent a hint of secret corpses behind doorways.

From a single phrase of *Markheim,* in which we are told that the hero longs "to plunge into a bath of London multitudes," we infer that the shop of the murdered dealer is situated in the capital. Otherwise, this greatest of all Stevenson's short-stories might be conceived to happen—like the tales of Edgar Allan Poe—"out of space, out of time."

I have often wondered why the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was set in London instead of Edinburgh. Utterson is a very Scottish sort of lawyer; Lanyon is a very Scottish sort of doctor; and the metaphysical speculation that allures Dr. Jekyll to his doom is decidedly more Scottish than English. Furthermore, the tale might most appropriately be conceived as happening among the gloomy doorways and mysterious *wynds* that undermine the tall, decaying *lands* which darkly overhang the High Street of Edinburgh.—Possibly Louis may have felt that Mr. Hyde could lose himself more easily among the shifting crowds of a vaster and less centred city. It is more difficult to hunt a villain down in London than in Edinburgh.

But the London that hovers in the background of this grisly fable is nothing but a vacancy of lamp-lit streets or else a crowded city quenched in fog. No reader of this story who has never visited the capital knows any more of London than he knew before he read it. We are told that Lanyon lives in Cavendish Square. There is nothing notable in that: it is a square of doctors. We are told that Utterson lives in Gaunt Street; but there is no such street in London. Hyde has lodgings in Soho: he would have, of course, since the district is comparatively disreputable. Dr. Jekyll lives in an unnamed square, the description of which seems to indicate vaguely that it is some such place as Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is in the Regent's Park that Dr. Jekyll suffers his involuntary transformation into the loathesome body of Mr. Hyde; and Hyde subsequently drives to an hotel in Portland Street. The name of London is mentioned only twice or thrice in the entire narrative; and none of the localities enumerated is described with any particularity of observation. Here is,

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indeed, a tale of London that might have been set, without the slightest loss of emphasis, in any other of the major cities of the world.

## V

The only place in England that Stevenson, at any time, could fairly call his home was Bournemouth, where he lived from September, 1884, to August, 1887. Bournemouth may be described, in his own phrase, as an "uncharted wilderness of villas" scattered over the hills which flank the valley of the Bourne,—a peaceful little river which at this point slinks into the sea. It is a popular wintering-place for invalids. The salubrity of its climate is due mainly to the pine-woods by which it is environed. The finest villas are in a suburb to the west, which is known as Branksome Park. Here the houses are hidden from each other by a thick entanglement of trees; and a luxuriant growth of rhododendrons, and several species of exotic-looking palms, afford a hint of the tropical to woods that seem a little out of place on the sea-board of the English Channel. The sandstone cliffs which fortify the forest from the sea are gashed, at frequent intervals, into deep ravines, or "chines." These sheltered gorges have an inland look, like little mountain valleys; though, close by, upon the beach, the sea is forever rustling and whispering along the sand.

Though Louis spent three years in Bournemouth, he never looked about him in the place itself nor visited the points of interest in the adjacent country-side. Christchurch, to the east, and Wimborne, to the west, are rich in Norman and Early English architecture; but ill-health confined him for the most part to the house, and on the rare occasions when he ventured out of doors he does not seem to have felt the call of mediæval minsters.

Bournemouth is never referred to in his works, except in the first two chapters of *The Wrong Box,* where Branksome woods and the East Station of the town are mentioned by name, but without particular description. These chapters were first drafted by Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, who had been to school in Bournemouth before the family decided to settle there; and it was probably from his incentive, instead of that of his step-father, that the name of the place was perpetuated in the extravagant tale which was the first product of their collaboration.

From September to November, 1884, the Stevensons occupied a lodging on the West Cliff called Wensleydale; from November, 1884, to April, 1885, they rented a furnished house in Branksome Park, named Bonallie Towers. Finally, in the Easter season of 1885, they moved into a house of their own, on the brink of Alum Chine, which had been purchased by Thomas Stevenson and presented as a special gift to his daughter-in-law.

This was the only house, except Vailima, which Stevenson could ever call his own. He renamed it Skerryvore, in memory of that deep-sea lighthouse, planted nearly thirty miles due westward of the Isle of Earraid, which was erected by his uncle, Alan Stevenson, in the six years from 1838 to 1844, and is still considered one of the most notable achievements of his "family of engineers." The christening was consecrated in a poem, which appears as Number XXXIV of *Underwoods:*

For love of lovely words, and for the sake
Of those, my kinsmen and my countrymen,
Who early and late in the windy ocean
toiled
To plant a star for seamen, where was then
The surfy haunt of seals and cormorants:
I, on the lintel of this cot, inscribe
The name of a strong tower.

Skerryvore is a two-story villa of yellow brick, overgrown with ivy, and capped with many high-pitched gables of blue slate. It turns its back to the road, and overlooks a garden which scrambles over the edge of the ravine. When Stevenson settled here, in a house of his own, he experienced for the first time

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IN THE OLD CHESHIRE CHEESE

that sense of proprietorship which was destined to be developed, on a larger scale, in his later years at Vailima. In several of the poems in *Underwoods*—notably Numbers V, XVII, XXXIV, XXXV, and XXXVI, all of which are set at Skerryvore,—he voices a sentiment of house and home,—a sense of the essential poetry of feeling settled in some little corner of the world that is utterly one's own,—that marks an interesting departure from the mere Bohemian vagabondage of his earlier years.

## VI

The period of Stevenson's residence at Bournemouth affords us the most available opportunity for investigating two points which are of the utmost importance toward any final appreciation of his career. The first is his attitude toward money; and the second is the effect, upon his work, of his habitual ill-health.

It is commonly assumed that Stevenson was required to encounter and to conquer greater difficulties than those which have opposed the progress of the majority of other writers who have toiled for twenty years to teach themselves the delicate and lovely art of setting words alluringly together. This assumption is, however, contradicted by the facts.

In the first place, Louis never had to earn his living. He could afford, through all the years of his apprenticeship, to take his time. He never had to write against the ticking of the clock, to get an article to press in time to pay the rent and pay the butcher. Other men have toiled all day, throughout their twenties, as editors, or publishers, or teachers, and have subsequently toiled all night at their chosen and belovèd craft of writing. Other men have taught themselves to write with dignity and beauty in tired hours desperately snatched from a dull routine of uncongenial labour, devoted gladly to the task of keeping their parents from starvation and giving an education to their brothers and their sisters. Many of this uncomplaining legion of the tried and true have succeeded finally in writing

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well; and the public that has lauded their success has never been told of all the dreary years behind it.

Of this quite ordinary burden, Louis never knew the heavy and the weary weight. It was not till 1883, when he was nearly thirty-three years of age, that he ever earned so much as fifteen hundred dollars in a single year; and it was not till he was thirty-seven that his annual earnings, from his own unaided efforts, ever exceeded the sum of two thousand dollars. Nevertheless, he had ventured, at the age of twenty-nine, to marry a woman twelve years older than himself, with two children in their teens.

Through all this time he was supported by his father. Thomas Stevenson not only gave Skerryvore to Mrs. Stevenson; he also gave, and gave continuously, the current funds that were required for the maintenance of his son, and of his son's adopted family.

This point is by no means mentioned in reproach. We know from certain passages in the *Lay Morals* that Louis was keenly conscious that he owed a special debt to destiny because he had been exempted from the common heritage of daily labour. Whenever he needed money, he wrote to his father; but he was fully aware of the special obligation to use the leisure thus so easily acquired to the best advantage of his craft. Though an only child—and, in a sense, a spoiled child—of independent parents, he remained at all times a good and faithful servant of his art. This is greatly to his credit; but, on the other hand, it is unsound to assume that his way was harder than that of the majority of other writers.

When Louis somewhat rashly attempted to earn his own living in the winter of 1879-1880 [he was at that time twenty-nine years old], the attempt resulted in disastrous failure. Not only was he reduced at once to abject poverty; but his work underwent an appreciable falling-off in art, and his spirits, till then so buoyant, became tragically melancholy. He failed at every point,—in business, in art, in soul; and from this failure he was rescued only by the renewal of his allowance from his father.

The only other time when he had to work for money was in the last two years of his life. He was now earning twenty thousand dollars a year; but it was not enough. He had borrowed a large sum from Mr. H. J. Moors, the South Sea trader, in order to establish himself at Vailima; the estate was exceedingly expensive; and the effort to meet his unusual financial obligations plunged him into that final melancholy which is so evident in his later letters from Vailima. He nearly died when he tried to earn his living in San Francisco; and it would not be apart from the point to state that he killed himself with overwork when he had to earn his living at Vailima.

But apart from these two experiences, pitiable and terrible as they are, Stevenson was never called upon to feel the grip of poverty, to wrestle with it as the dauntless Hebrew wrestled with the angel, and to fling it from him with a silent, unselfconscious smile.

Louis is lauded as a hero, because, despite all handicaps, he did his work and did it well. Being myself a worshipper of heroes—for hero-worship is one of the few things that make our mortal life more worthy than it seems—I am happy to remove my hat and cheer with the majority. But let us not ignore the fact that, in one respect at least, the work of Stevenson was made more easy than that of many a nameless and unnoted literary artist—true to his craft and true to his ideal of service—who is toiling against more desperate difficulties, in New York or London, at the present hour.

## VII

There remains to be considered the question of Stevenson's ill-health. It is a curious fact that posterity has made a hero out of Louis, not because he always wrote well, but because he often wrote in bed. To write well is a great

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achievement: never to write badly is indeed an intimation of immortality,—an accomplishment so rare and noble as to call for the erection of monuments and the dedication of shrines: but when a man has done so big a thing as this, it seems impertinent and trivial for the public to consider whether he did it in bed or out of bed.

Stevenson's health was never, at any other time, so bad as during the three years of his residence at Bournemouth. He was frequently in imminent danger of death from pulmonary hemorrhages. Often his right arm was bound up in a sling, to impede him from his habit of violent gesticulation. Frequently he was forbidden to speak, and could communicate with his family only by signs and written words. For many days together he was forced to lie in bed. Yet, during this period, he wrote *Kidnapped,* the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Olalla,* and *Markheim;* he finished *Prince Otto, The Dynamiter,* and the *Child's Garden of Verses;* he collaborated with William Ernest Henley on *Beau Austin, Admiral Guinea,* and *Macaire;* he prepared the *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin,* half a dozen of his finest essays, and most of *Underwoods;* he began *The Great North Road;* he made his studies for an unwritten *Life of Wellington;* and he undertook many other literary labours. This great achievement—fully worthy in itself of hero-worship, since good and faithful labour is the most inspiriting spectacle in life—has been trumpeted as particularly laudable because it was accomplished by a man who might have died, in mid-career, at any hour.

Louis might have died in Bournemouth. The fact is that he did not die. And the question remains whether the imminence of death made it especially difficult for him to do his work. To this important question, the facts require that a negative answer should be returned.

On one occasion, when I had examined the career of Stevenson month by month and almost week by week, I discovered that he always worked most and worked best in those seasons when he was confined to his bed. Whenever he was well, he played and talked; whenever he was ill, he worked and wrote. From this observation of recorded facts, I was led to the logical surmise that the particular nature of his malady was such that, instead of impeding him, it helped him to devote his best attention to his art. This was the starting point of an investigation which led to a careful questioning of many of his most intimate friends and to a consultation with the most noted of all the physicians who, at any time, had taken charge of him.

The first result of this investigation was the discovery that, although Louis might have bled to death at any moment if he had ruptured an important artery, his malady was never painful and was never of a nature to depress his spirits. The imminence of sudden death, as R.L.S. himself has told us in *Aes Triplex,* is never regarded seriously by those it threatens; and many specialists in lung diseases have assured me that their patients are ordinarily more spirited than men who are completely well. It seems to be established that the mind of Stevenson was more buoyant, more active, and more eager, when he was confined to his bed than when he was permitted to roam abroad in public. For one thing, his mind was of necessity disengaged from the normal interruption of myriad matters of minor interest, and was flung back into an enormous vacancy of leisure which it was called upon to render habitable by its own activity. For another thing, this disassociating process was never impeded by the intrusion of pain.

Stevenson himself has stated in his letters that never, in all his life, did he experience any sense of pain so acute as that which is reputed to arise from an ordinary tooth-ache. One wonders whether he could have done his work so well under the dagger-thrusts of agony as he did it under the painless imminence of death. I have no desire to di-

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minish the popular conception of his heroism. My desire is merely to define the nature of that heroism, and to emphasise the usually disregarded fact that, when he did his work in bed, the odds were just as often for him as against him.

In that interesting Bournemouth period, when Stevenson did so much of his best work at a time when his health was undeniably at its lowest ebb, no other of his friends saw so much of him as Mr. Henry James. For this reason, I resolved, some years ago, to inquire of Mr. James whether or not it was easier, instead of harder, for Louis to work when he was ill than when he was comparatively well. At a conference which took place in the autumn of 1910, Mr. James, in reply to a series of direct questions, assured me (1) that Stevenson was never in pain, (2) that his mind was more easily active than usual when he was afflicted with pulmonary hemorrhages, and (3) that his consequent seclusion from the outside world actually helped him to perform his labours, since at such times he was defended from all interruptions.

These conclusions are my own; and, in stating that the testimony of Mr. James has aided me in making up my mind about this matter, I have no intention to burden his more ample shoulders with any responsibility for these assertions. To my own mind, however, it appears deplorable that Stevenson should be worshipped as a hero because he wrote when he was ill,—especially as the facts appear to indicate that, instead of hampering him, his illness actually aided him, in the accomplishment of his labours.

My own feeling is that Louis was a hero because he was that rare thing, a great artist, and that rarer thing, a great man. I remember at this moment a conversation with Cummy in regard to the memorial tablet by Saint-Gaudens that has been erected in St. Giles's Church in Edinburgh. I admired it as a work of art, thinking mainly of "the god-like sculptor"; but Cummy stamped her foot, and swept the thing away with an impatient gesture. "Why will they be showing Master Lou in bed?," she said. "I didn't love him because he was a sickly child!". . . .

## VIII

When Stevenson left Bournemouth, he left England, and his native isle, forever. He was only thirty-six; and the friends who saw him off on the steamship *Ludgate Hill,* which sailed from London for New York on August 21, 1887, little realised that they were looking for the last time on his face. It was his destiny to sail beyond the sunset, and the baths of all the western stars, until he died. He had seen little of England that seemed worthy of remembrance when he was actively observing other lands; but he had done much of his best work in that alien but hospitable country, so actually near, so really far, from the land he always loved and longed for as his home.

* * *

*In the next paper of this series, Mr. Hamilton will trace the trail of Stevenson through the continent of Europe, with particular reference to those localities in France in which he lived and worked, and which he has celebrated in his stories and his essays. Mr. Hamilton will describe at first hand the present aspect of many of the places with which Stevenson became familiar forty years ago.*

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# MIDDLE CLASS OPINION OF THE DRAMA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IN THEIR mental attitude toward any subject, all people may be divided into three classes, which may be called most conveniently by those terms so dear to sociologists and snobs,—a lower class, a middle class, and an upper class. The lower class is composed of those people who know nothing at all about the subject in question; the middle class is composed of those people who know a little about the subject, but not much; and the upper class is composed of those people who know a great deal about it. Any single individual may hold a lower class opinion on one subject, a middle class opinion on another, and an upper class opinion on a third. Thus, the same man might know nothing about poetry, a little about politics, and a great deal about plumbing. Again, a person with an upper class opinion about dogs may hold a lower class opinion about dogmas. Nearly everybody is an expert in his line and an ignoramus in certain other lines; but, toward a considerable number of intervening matters, nearly everbody holds a middle class opinion,—the opinion of one who knows a little, but not much.

Every work of art appeals for the approbation of all three classes of observers, —those who know nothing about the art that is being exercised, those who know a little about it, and those who know a great deal about it. Every professional dancer, for example, must be judged by people who dance well, by people who dance a little, and by people who do not dance at all. If, like Mr. Mordkin, he can capture the approbation of all three classes of observers, his reputation is assured; but such an absolute and undisputed triumph is very rare in the history of art.

In the history of art, it frequently happens that the opinion of the lower class is supported and affirmed by the opinion of the upper class. The adage about the meeting of extremes is curiously sustained by this phenomenon. But, in such cases, it nearly always happens that the middle class dissents sharply from the united and preponderant opinion of those who know less and those who know more. Indeed, the statement may be ventured that the mental middle class is nearly always a class of dissenters.

Let us consider how this formula works out when applied to concrete instances. People who know nothing about painting regard the efforts of the cubists as absurd; people who know a great deal about painting regard them, also, as absurd. These efforts are considered seriously only by people who know a little about painting, but not much. "A little knowledge"—as the most common-sensible of English poets stated—"is a dangerous thing." Here we have an instance of the sharp dissent of middle class opinion from the united opinion of the lower and the upper classes. The extremes meet; but the middle term refuses to conjoin.

Again, let us consider, in this regard, the reputation of Tennyson as a writer. Among the lower class—the class of people who know nothing whatsoever about the art of writing—Tennyson is the most popular of all British poets. Among the upper class—a class composed, in this instance, of the twenty people in England and the ten people in America who know how to write the English language —Tennyson is revered as the finest artist (with the certain exception of Milton and the possible exception of Keats) in the entire history of English verse. In this case, again, the few experts agree with the multitudinous proletariat. But among the middle class—the class of people who know a little about writing, but not much—the perfect art of

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Tennyson is sneered at and spoken of with scorn. Representatives of middle class opinion always prefer the artistry of Browning—or say that they do. In saying so, and thus dissenting from the opinion of the lower class, they think they are asserting their superiority. Little do they realise that, at the same time, they are emphasising their inferiority to those who know much more than they do about the art of writing.

Browning is a great poet—a greater poet, it is possible, than Tennyson—but the point to be noted in the present context is that he has been taken up by the middle class of readers not because of his merits as a poet, but because of his defects as a writer. Browning is praised by the middle class not because he is admired by the upper class but because he is not admired by the lower class. The cult of Browning is essentially a snobbish cult,—a cult just as snobbish as that undervaluation of the art of Tennyson which has arisen merely from an ineradicable spirit of dissent.

Unfortunate is any artist—even though he be so great a man as Browning—if he endures the danger of being praised by middle class opinion. Such a man is always praised for his defects,—the faults that make him different and queer. The mind of the middle class is incapable of criticism. The lower class —to quote a common formula of words —may not know anything about art, but it knows what it likes and what it doesn't like; and this knowledge is basically human and essentially sincere. The upper class is capable of criticism on a higher plane. Any man who has ever written a good sentence [such men are very rare] knows that Tennyson can write, because he knows that Tennyson can beat him in a difficult endeavour that, in Dante's phrase, has kept him lean for twenty years. But people of the middle class pride themselves mainly on liking things that other people do not like. Their favourite adjective is "different." They flatter themselves by propagating fads.

This analysis will help us to define the position of Mr. Bernard Shaw in the contemporary English-speaking theatre. Both lower class and upper class opinion set him lower than Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones; but he is set much higher than either of these rivals in the opinion of the middle class. [It should, perhaps, be noted in parenthesis that Sir James Barrie is exempted from this comparison because it has been his fortune to secure the equal approbation of all three classes of opinion.] People who know nothing about the drama prefer Pinero and Jones to Shaw; people who know a great deal about the drama prefer Pinero and Jones to Shaw; but people who know a little about the drama, but not much, always prefer—or say that they prefer—Shaw to Pinero and Jones. The sort of people who organise Browning Circles never read *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* or *The Liars;* they always read *Getting Married,* and pride themselves on "being different."

The preference of lower class opinion for Pinero and Jones is indicated by statistics. For every hundred performances of the plays of Mr. Shaw throughout the English-speaking world, a thousand performances of the plays of Pinero and Jones have been demanded. This popular verdict would not be so impressive were it not supported and affirmed by the verdict of the upper class. Suppose we should select the very best play of each of these three dramatists: in the case of Mr. Shaw, the selection would be *Candida;* in the case of Mr. Jones, it would be *Michael and His Lost Angel;* and, in the case of Sir Arthur Pinero, it would be either *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, Iris, Mid-Channel,* or *The Thunderbolt:* and suppose that these plays should be submitted to a jury of experts composed of the twenty foremost dramatists and dramatic critics in England and the ten foremost dramatists and dramatic critics in America. There can be no question that, in the verdict of this jury, Mr. Shaw would come out third,—just as he has come out third in the vote that has been recorded by the lower class.

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The man who knows a great deal is never made bashful by agreeing with the man who knows nothing at all. It is only the man who knows a little, but not much, who feels uncomfortable in conformity. Mr. Shaw is lauded as the foremost English playwright of the day only by people who are conscious that they are disagreeing with the lower class but are utterly unconscious that they are also disagreeing with the upper class.

It has been the misfortune of Mr. Shaw to assemble and to concentrate the admiration of a special public,—a public that is composed almost entirely of people of the mental middle class. This fact is a misfortune, because—to repeat a previous statement—the mind of the middle class is incapable of criticism. When Pinero or Jones write bad plays, like *The Wife Without a Smile* or *Lydia Gilmore,* these plays are rejected by the lower class and condemned by the upper class; but when Shaw writes a bad play, like *Misalliance,* it is praised by his special public in precisely the same terms that have been applied to his good plays, like *Man and Superman.* No middle class person would dare to say that a bad play by Mr. Shaw was a bad play; because, by doing so, he would relinquish his assumption of superiority over the lower class.

The thing called "fashion" is always a function of the middle class. A workman wears a flannel shirt when he wants to; an aristocrat wears a flannel shirt when he wants to; but a middle class person does not dare appear in public without a linen collar. To assert his social superiority to the workman he is obliged to confess his social inferiority to the aristocrat. It is the same in matters of opinion regarding art. A middle class person prides himself on disagreeing with the lower class when he asserts that *Candida* is more "intellectual," more "literary," more "paradoxical," more heaven-knows-what, than *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.* Meanwhile, the greater play is valued more highly, not only by the many whom this middle-class dissenter prides himself on looking down upon, but also by the few who, without pride and without protest, look down upon him with an unobserved, indulgent smile.

To say that it is fashionable to praise Mr. Shaw is, therefore, only another way of saying that his plays are commonly regarded as exempt from criticism. The middle class assumes that, like a king, Mr. Shaw can do no wrong. The lower class, knowing nothing of kings, still knows that they are not infallible; the upper class, knowing kings particularly well, also knows that they are not infallible; no king is a hero to his valet —or his queen: but the middle class plumps itself upon its knees and tries to persuade itself that a king must always be immune from criticism. Mr. Shaw has made himself a king in the imagination of the middle class of theatre-goers. It is the danger of kings that they may come to look upon themselves through the eyes of their admirers,—that they may come to regard themselves with a middle-class opinion. It is evident from the prefaces of Mr. Shaw that he has latterly assumed a middle-class opinion of himself. This has been bad for his art. In his estimation of his own work, a man should be influenced by the opinion of people who know nothing; he should also be influenced by the opinion of people who know a great deal: but when he accepts the opinion of people who know a little, but not much, his work must suffer. In such a case, there is a loss to him; but, alas, there is a greater loss to humanity at large.

### "PYGMALION"

Mr. Shaw's *Pygmalion* is one of the most delightful entertainments of the current season; but it is not a great play. If one were to judge it only by comparison with the majority of comedies that somehow get themselves presented in the theatres of New York, one would have to rank it very high indeed; but it does not rank so very high when it is judged by comparison with Mr. Shaw's

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best work, or with the best work of his rivals.

What it lacks, primarily, is structure. Each of the five acts presents an incident in dialogue; but, though these incidents succeed each other like the chapters of a novel, they are not bound together tightly like the incidents in *Candida*. A spectator might step in for any single act, and go away again with a sense that he had seen a one-act play.

One of the most amusing characters —the father of the heroine—performs no necessary purpose in the pattern. If he were left out of the cast some evening, the audience would never know the difference; and, on the other hand, he might be introduced with equal pertinence into any other play of Mr. Shaw's.

But Mr. Shaw most disappoints the critical observer when, finding himself face to face with a great dramatic situation, he shrugs his shoulders and refuses to wrestle with it like an artist and a man. His Pygmalion is a professor of phonetics; and his Galatea is a gutter-girl whom the professor has transformed into an acceptable imitation of a Duchess by devoting six months to the task of teaching her the vocal intonations of the aristocracy. But the transformation has struck deeper than Pygmalion had anticipated; and Galatea has developed the glimmerings of a human soul. It happens that whoever calls a human soul into existence, whether inadvertently or by intention, must assume responsibility for that soul's continuance and sustenance. "What are you going to do with me now?" Mr. Shaw's Galatea asks, in effect, of his Pygmalion. The professor of phonetics does not know. Neither does Mr. Shaw. The playwright shuffles, and evades the issue, and rings the curtain down.

In other words, Mr. Shaw ran away from a dramatic opportunity which, if it had fallen to Pinero, would have imposed an extra year of meditation, out of which a great play would probably have emerged. But Mr. Shaw, having been amusing for two hours, was contented to let the matter go at that. He is an entertaining artist, surely; but a great artist?—not at all.

### "MARY GOES FIRST"

As a work of art, *Mary Goes First*, by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, is easily superior to Mr. Shaw's *Pygmalion*. The theme is comparatively trivial, the material is comparatively thin; but the pattern is constructed with the utmost niceness and dexterity, and the dialogue, though less scintillant than that of Mr. Shaw, is more humourous and human. Mr. Shaw's characters speak the thoughts of Mr. Shaw; Mr. Jones's characters speak their own thoughts, and are, in consequence, more real.

Since *Mary Goes First* has been published in the Drama League Series of Plays* and thereby made available to students, it will not be necessary to analyse it in the present context. It is a satire of the petty struggles of social climbers to lift their heads above those of their neighbours. The piece is localised in a small industrial city of England; but the sort of social intrigues that are satirised are not local but universal. Character, not action, is the dominant element in the plot; and Mr. Jones has drawn his characters mainly by relying on his quite extraordinary gift for writing conversation. Compared with such a comedy as *The Liars*, *Mary Goes First* may seem a minor work; but it is a minor work accomplished with a major art.

### "OUTCAST"

The only other playwright represented at this moment in New York who may be classed with Mr. Shaw and Mr. Jones is Mr. Hubert Henry Davies. Mr. Davies is a very fine artist. He has written only a few plays; but each of these has been a little classic of its kind. He never hurries a half-made play into the theatre, as Mr. Shaw has often done; he never contents himself

*Mary Goes First. A Comedy in Three Acts and an Epilogue. By Henry Arthur Jones. With an Introduction by Clayton Hamilton. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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with a rearrangement of traditional materials, as Mr. Jones has sometimes done. He knows how to take his time. He waits until he has a real idea; and he devotes an infinitude of pains to the task of expressing this idea in a play that is as perfect as he can make it.

*Outcast* is the most serious and, in a sense, the most important work of Mr. Davies. It is a study of the mutual human responsibility between a man and his mistress. They drift together at a time when each is on the downward path, headed dangerously for disaster. Their union is inspiriting to both; each sets the other, so to speak, upon his feet; and they emerge into a mood of temporary happiness. But, as love grows in the woman, she makes the relation more and more exacting for the man. He tries to break away; the wrench is tragic: and, in the end, he determines to accept his full responsibility toward the woman's reawakened soul.

This story is told by Mr. Davies with a tenderness of human sympathy that is all the more touching because it is utterly free from any trace of sentimentality. His characters are beautifully true, and he has presented their contrasted points of view with a delicate impartiality. To be able to communicate to the spectator a mood of manly pity without ever wallowing in pathos is a very fine achievement.

### "MY LADY'S DRESS"

An excellent idea seems somehow to have missed its final, full expression in *My Lady's Dress,* by Mr. Edward Knoblauch. This idea was to reveal the great welter of human energy and intertangled lives that goes into the making of any object that incorporates the labours of many men in many lands.

The object selected by the author to illustrate this idea is a lady's dress. This object, in itself, is rather trivial; and one wonders why Mr. Knoblauch did not choose a symbol of greater magnitude and moment. The prologue and the epilogue are set in the boudoir of a lady in London, and are composed of conversation between this lady and her husband concerning a new gown which has just been sent to her from Jacquelin's in Bond Street. Between the prologue and the epilogue, the heroine, left alone in her boudoir, dreams her way through a series of seven one-act plays which deal with the lives of different people whose work has gone into the making of her gown.

The only trouble with this pattern is that each of the one-act plays is a little unit in itself, and that the design as a whole is therefore lacking in coherence. Mr. Knoblauch should have invented some device to make these units melt and merge into each other,—to make us feel, at all times, that we were seeing one continuous play instead of seeing several different plays.

The finest feature of the production is the stage-direction of Mr. Frank Vernon, who is a veritable artist of the theatre. For the purposes of this play, Mr. Vernon has reëstablished the conventions of the Restoration period. He makes use of the traditional proscenium doors, and of the traditional combination of fore-stage and full-stage. His scenery is summary in design and shallow in perspective. All who are interested in the new stagecraft should make a careful study of Mr. Vernon's work in this production.

### "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS"

*A Pair of Silk Stockings,* by Mr. Cyril Harcourt, is beautifully acted and charmingly produced. The piece itself is a rather witty artificial comedy depicting the personal intricacies that arise in the course of a house-party at an English country-seat. The characters all express themselves in the slang of the sporting set of the British aristocracy; and it is interesting to remark that this slang shows no closer relation to the standard English language than the very different slang of the Bowery. At several moments the comedy reveals a tantalising imminence of impropriety; but it should be added that these moments are handled with unexceptionable taste.

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"MR. WU"

There seems to be no end to the rewriting of *La Tosca*. All that is necessary for the making of a popular melodrama is to change the nationality of the Baron Scarpia, dress La Tosca in another gown, and let her slay the wicked monster in the same old way.

In *Mr. Wu*, by Messrs. Harry M. Vernon and Harold Owen, the Baron has become a Chinaman and La Tosca has become an American woman in Hong Kong. The same old situation is acted out, with a few minor variations. This constitutes the last act of the play. The other two acts are filled up with the necessary preparation for the *scène à faire*. That is all there is to *Mr. Wu*. One is reminded of the refrain of a ballade written many years ago by Mr. Brander Matthews:—"Bring me the works of V. Sardou! I am the man to write a play!"

ONE-ACT PLAYS AT THE PRINCESS

The Princess Theatre seems to have reformed. It no longer seeks to shock and scandalise the public. Of the four plays included in the present bill, not one is horrible and only one is needlessly indelicate.

*The Cat and the Cherub*, Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald's fantasy of life in the old Chinatown of San Francisco, has been seen before and calls only for an affirmation of the praise bestowed upon it many years ago. *The Forest of Happy Dreams*, by Mr. Edgar Wallace, is unworthy of serious consideration. *Little Face*, a romance of the year 199,000 B.C., by Mr. Roland Oliver, is a rather witty comedy; but it would be more pleasing if it did not wander into unnecessary by-paths of the indiscreet.

By far the best play in the present bill is *The Goal*, by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. This piece depicts the dying moments of an indomitable man. He is a great engineer; and he has conceived a project for improving Milford Haven in such a way as to bring America within four days of England. He had quarrelled with his only son upon a question of professional detail, and had refused to speak to him again unless the lad should admit himself to be wrong. The two are reconciled at the penultimate moment; and the stricken giant is urging his son to carry out his dream of Milford Haven, when death clutches at his throat in the middle of a sentence.

"KICK IN"

It seems a pity that the melodrama called *Kick In* should be burdened with such an exasperating title; for it is an unusually interesting play. It was written by Mr. Willard Mack and staged by Mr. Byron Ongley. So excellent is Mr. Ongley's stage-direction that the observer is tempted to suspect that he must also have collaborated in the composition of the text.

*Kick In* is a "crook" play; but it is much more real than most of them. The hero has served his time in Sing Sing and is leading an honest life. At every point, however, he is hounded by the police, who expect him to revert to his old ways. By an honourable impulse he is led to help a friend to escape the consequences of a crime. Thereby the hero himself becomes involved as an accessory after the fact. He is haled before the deputy commissioner who has been persecuting him:—and after that no one knows what really happens.

The author tells us that the deputy commissioner changed his character in half a minute and set the hero free; but we know better than to believe him. The fabricated happy ending to this melodrama is merely a bit of sentimental balderdash. But, until a few minutes before the final curtain-fall, the play has been credible in plot, plausible in characterisation, and natural in dialogue.

"LIFE"

Goethe used to say that the only excuse for the existence of art is that it is different from life. One might parody this statement by saying that the only excuse for the existence of *Life* is that it is different from art. Mr. Thompson Buchanan is an artist; we have his *Woman's Way* to prove it: but in mak-

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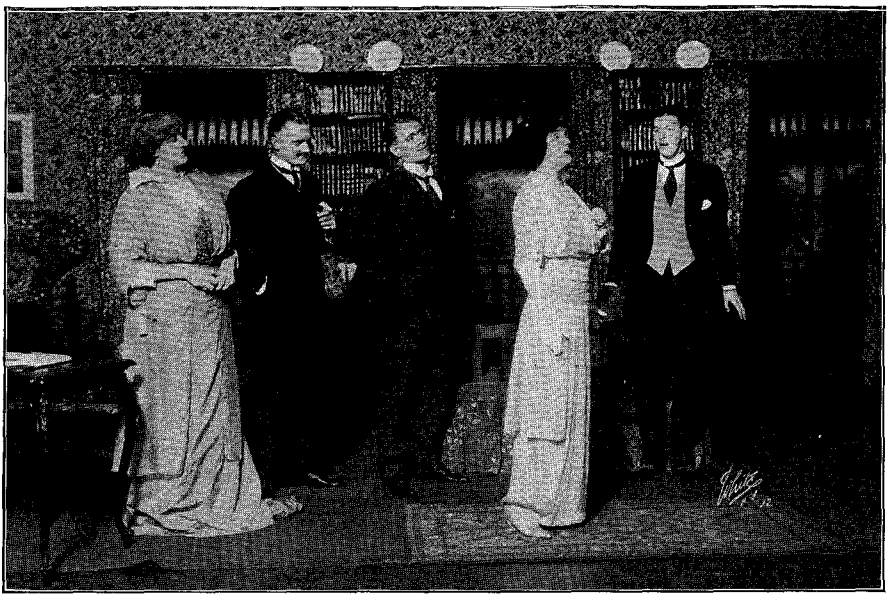

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "PYGMALION." ACT III

ing an American imitation of the Drury Lane melodramas of Mr. Cecil Raleigh he has entered a domain beyond the scope of criticism. He seems, at least, to have bettered his instruction; for it is scarcely possible to recall any work of Mr. Raleigh's that so successfully resumes and reiterates all of the traditional devices of the popular melodramatist. It is greatly to be hoped that *Life* may be a huge success, in order that Mr. Buchanan may be permitted to return once more to that delicate art of comedy for which he has so fine a talent.

"EXPERIENCE"

*Experience* is a morality play by Mr. George V. Hobart. It is a good piece of its kind; and those who like morality plays will like it. The present writer is incapable of appreciating such a work because of a congenital predisposition to be bored by the iteration of the obvious. Many people, on the other hand, feel highly edified when an actor named Experience says to an actor named Youth, "You will see things differently when you have known me longer," or something to the same effect: it strikes them as subtle and profound.

"THE BATTLE CRY"

*The Battle Cry* is rather interesting to students of stagecraft, because the anonymous adaptor of this novel by Mr. Charles Neville Buck has chosen to exhibit the story on the stage with a novelistic structure. There are fourteen scenes of acting and four scenes of moving pictures. The kinematograph is employed to carry on the narrative between scenes in which the spoken word is deemed essential. The result is rather pleasing. The spectator receives a sense of fluency and continuity of narrative which is more suggestive of the Elizabethan drama than of the tensely constricted drama of recent years.

Mr. Buck's story deals with a Kentucky feud, and with the love that grows up between a civilised young schoolteacher from the East and a heroic bad man of the mountains. It is not necessary to summarise this story, because every one has read it many times in novels and seen it many times upon the stage. The traditional material is well handled in *The Battle Cry;* and the piece may be commended to the attention of those who enjoy an interesting story adequately told.

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# THE MAGIC CARPET

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

ART exists to stimulate in us a deeper appreciation of the glorious privilege of living. So writes Mr. Duncan Phillips in *The Enchantment of Art,* a joyous and abounding book which is sensitive to its finger tips. As we step upon our Magic Carpet, booked for all the world there is and some that never was, his "bon voyage" is a good last word to ring in our ears when we say good-bye to the familiar parlour furniture.

Impressionism is by no means peculiarly modern, he says; as the harmonious adaptation of the means of expression to the artist's individual emotion—realistic and yet romantic—it has long existed. Temperament alone can decide whether the more essential purpose of painting is to represent or to decorate; but it is a mistake to suppose any single picture cannot do both. Japanese art, for instance, desirably unites the concrete and the abstract. Shakespeare's appreciation of common sense succumbed to his spirit of decorative imagination—fact found solace in fantasy. The Italian genius best expressed its sense of romance in the plastic arts, the Elizabethan in drama—but their mood is the same; Titian and Shakespeare alike exhibit the spirit of romantic comedy. This is only a desire to tell the personal appreciation of glamour and make-believe. Any one who would transmit an impression must convey, therefore, reality plus emotion. His precise design will determine the proportion of the two ingredients. Very little of reality, for instance, did he want who drew for us that forest wherein masqueraded Rosalind, one of the chief of Magic Carpeters; considerably more needs for his purpose Mr. George Wharton Edwards in his *Forest of Arden,* whose gateway is Dinant (or was but yesterday! and now is one with yesterday's seven thousand years). But still Mr. Edwards insists upon the fact that the only way to see the veritable forest of Arden is to roam at random, scornful of geographies and road-maps, whithersoever the spirit of legend and romance and poetry beckon. If this be true, then the best of all ways to view the world is via the Magic Carpet, for you may veer with every bird-call and yet fly as straight as the crow. Besides, you are never sea-sick. So cross your legs cosily in tailor-fashion and we'll be off.

For reading we may take along with us that "spoiled child of literature," the mortally immortal *Vicar of Wakefield.* For some reason the Vicar has become the little pet of the Christmas season, and each year brings new pictures of him and his brood. These of Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan need not detain us long if we are impatient to dive again into the limpid text. Though they show some humour and some effort for adequate setting, they are weak in execution and crude in colour. Their lack of texture is noticeable. Gladly we see beneath us the dim outlines of our first destination.

Mr. Burton E. Stevenson in *The Charm of Ireland* thus puts part of the secret of its spell—it is the island of the Saints and yet the home of heroic legend and more heroic history; it is the land with a frenzy for freedom and yet never free. Another part is its humour. Even in the most squalid and tragic alleys of Dublin there is a certain carelessness. Perhaps another element of its charm is

The Enchantment of Art. By Duncan Phillips. New York: John Lane Company.

The Forest of Arden. Written and Pictured by Greorge Wharton Edwards. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Charm of Ireland. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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that no one carries an umbrella there, though it rains a great deal, and no one ever has a cold. Dublin is the most fascinating town in Ireland and, except for the statues of Sackville Street (*née* O'Donnell), which seem to be impatient at their own atrociousness, she has beauty, too. Cashel is the one place best worth seeing; the castle and cathedral on the three hundred foot rock make a fairy palace in air such as Parrish paints. One is never out of sight of ruins; and only when one has seen scores day after day, can he realise how wealthy and populous was Ireland eight hundred years ago. The Lakes of Killarney? Well, take a long look at them—you will never see anything so lovely again. Yet nowhere else in Ireland can one so combine interest with loveliness as in the valley of the Boyne. One sometimes sees Colleens, but all the Rory O'Moores are dead. If you are annoyed beyond endurance at the children beggars, adopt Betty's discovery; point your finger at them sharply and utter the mystic curse "Oppenheimer." Mr. Stevenson cannot answer the question why the North is energetic and pros-

Courtesy of Henry Holt and Company

"THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD." ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND J. SULLIVAN

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perous and the South is lazy and poverty-stricken, unless it is the Scotch in them. Ireland's greatest need he thinks is education. An Irishman, however, told him that it was bad for the country to be treated like a spoiled child who has found it can get what it wants if it yells loud enough. A fair, fat, and agreeable book is this.

To many streams of the sister isle Mr. Bradley takes us in his *Clear Waters*—but chiefly to the Welsh Dee. The wealth of story clustering about its banks and its romantic scenery add to the engrossing pursuit of its fish. The coracle that slides upon it, relic of the Brythonic period, is totally unlike any other craft, a rough oblong riding high. The rugged bottom of the Dee is as hazardous as it is strenuous, even to those who with the author maintain that trout-holding water is ever innocuous. All local interest has forsaken the streams of Wiltshire and Hampshire, fished by gentles from London and foreign parts; but the trout here still keep some old-fashioned ways, though so much new stock has been introduced that it would puzzle them to locate their grandparents. Even on some Welsh waters, you may come across the lady-angler employing with naïve assiduity her newly acquired jargon. The world, alas! is getting too rackety and complex to breed the ancient fishermen, thirsty and ardent Majors and Colonels—only in the fastnesses of South Wales may you still run across them. In charm and intimacy this book may take its place with the *Compleat Angler* and *Little Rivers;* and it has a richness of allusion all its own.

Meandering with trouting days and trouting ways, we cross the Border into Scotland, where he finds—with another gentleman-adventurer of last year—the White Adder, the incomparable trout stream of the world. But not long may we pause with him here, for we hearken again—with Mr. Lauchlan Watt—to the call of *The Hills of Home*. Stevenson, said Mr. Phillips finely, did not so much incarnate the spirit of youth as carry the dreams and thoughts of childhood and boyhood undimmed into the more encompassing concerns of maturity. This book fits the man into his setting of the Pentland Hills (the four essays on which are bound between these covers) and trails the sources of his inspiration. The Scottish mind is indomitably moulded by the mountains, the moor, and the sea; these and Edinburgh spoke with equal power to R.L.S. His soul was an Ariel. In life his charm was intensely personal and he possessed an innate personal grace; his written style was the natural embodiment of his personality. This well-made book is what its title suggests—a pæan of love and gratitude for Scotland and its modern minstrel.

Of making London books there is no end, but much London is not yet a weariness to the flesh. Here are four of them over which our Magic Carpet hovers. The *London* of Sir Arthur Gomme is a highly specialised history the object of which is to show that the city has been a state by itself, a unified principality, from the beginning. No matter what race possessed the nation, the ideals of London have always preserved their Roman origin. It was never a city of the English, although it became a city under English dominance. Londinium certainly had an independent existence for a hundred years and became the connecting link between the Roman and British empires. A Celtic stronghold at the very outset, she took the name of Augusta when she flourished under Rome, and she was recognised as one of the great cities of the Empire and furnished claimants for the throne. When the Roman citizens of Britain were left by the departing Romans to govern the country, the cities, unable for their task, turned to the tribes—neither Romanised citizens nor naturalised Britons, but part of the Roman system of government.

Clear Waters. By A. G. Bradley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Hills of Home. By Lauchlan Maclean Watt and the Four Pentland Essays. by R. L. Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

London. By Sir Arthur Gomme. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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Courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Company

THE STATE HOUSE FROM INDEPENDENCE SQUARE. FROM "OUR PHILADELPHIA." BY E. ROBINS PENNELL AND JOSEPH PENNELL

The tradition of the city as in England, but not of it arose at this period. Unconquered by the Celts for a hundred years, she kept alive what had come to her from Roman organisation and also her commercial greatness. The English entry overflowed rather than took it by storm, and failed to dominate it by English ideas of governance. Anglo-Saxon London remained Roman in all essentials though it became English in some sub-essentials. The Norman made it a great institution of the state, but it determined its own position itself, and though it gave in at several points it did not surrender. Plantagenet London was of England; Tudor London became of Europe and foreign travellers began to reckon with her. But the Tudors curbed London, and under them she expanded into areas devoid of government. The Tudor changes broke her history in half and at the same time left no inheritance. Under the Stuarts, the decadence of England was shared by London. Tudor London had been disrupted by entirely new views which were great and expansive, but Stuart London had no discoverable views at all and failed, worried both by sovereign and parliament, to understand itself. Under the Georges, it returned to its municipal affairs with something of its old spirit—that of Plantagenet London with Norman methods and Anglo-Saxon energy, in accordance with the Roman formula. The unparallelled expansion of Victorian London was even more unregulated than that of Tudor, and demands a thorough rebuilding. No city in Europe has preserved such continuity. The life of the future is going to be like that of ancient Greece and Rome—city-life; but whatever the result London will continue to be the centre of the new institutions as of the old.

Upon just one phase of this continuity does *London Survivals* fasten. It is a handsome book, and though it makes no

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attempt to present its material scientifically or philosophically, it never falls into the juvenility of phrasing which gives an incongruous touch to its predecessor. Mr. Ditchfield's purpose is to point out her survivals rather than to illustrate by them her continuity. What he does has all been done many times before and there is plenty of material to do it many times again, and yet touch upon different aspects of history and literature and tell different stories. Enough if it be done with grace and pleasant touches—it is all a question of how full is the author's quiver. Here, we go chatting pleasingly but without distinction from the Roman relics to that repository of Norman triumph, the Tower, to the pre-Reformation churches, and the after-Fire churches of Wren, to the Charter house and the Inns of Court and Chancery. In the last ten years much has changed, we hear, inevitable when land is two million pounds an acre.

The pilgrimages of this last book our remain two cover, each from a different angle. *The Lure of London,* says Miss Lilian Whiting, is felt by all the world. It is not a city so much as a universe. Nothing can vie with its regal splendour in the season. In no metropolis can be found a greater number of more beautiful houses enriched by treasures and graced by hospitality, nor is the human adventure anywhere more rewarded. No court society has its magnificence. At the beginning of June from all over the world turns the longing heart to Trafalgar Square with its monstrosities of plastic art and its enormities of architectural effects—the vital characteristic of the Square, the Londoner would argue, is its absolute lack of beauty. Athletic meets were no more integral a part of Greek life than they are of English, and no art exposition could draw the eager crowds of Ascot. But in spite of the bewildering tumult of London life of the hour, conditions are not plastic but fixed. One soon learns he cannot go about tilting at windmills. To modify one single existing custom, practice, or attitude is no more possible than to change the law of gravitation. Once yield to them, however, and there is the minimum of friction. Like Mr. Bennett, the author finds the London holiday truly appalling and the week-end is like the stroke of doom. In London smart society is at its most superhuman in its chase after amusement, and the pages of Ouida, Disraeli, and George Sand are neither too extravagant nor too high-flown to present the literal facts of its social life.

To record what remains there of Dickens's day was Mr. Hopkinson Smith's intention. The pleasant text of *In Dickens's London* is fragrant of the spirit of personal indebtedness which the author feels for the enjoyment Dickens has furnished him. The daily life of the great city is fast covering up with its own ashes the footsteps of the man, and one must take their imprint ere it is too late. (Also how much of the beauty of the Ardennes has been obliterated by the ashes of battle since Mr. Edwards painted it last smiling Spring!) London is charcoal, says Mr. Smith, and its velvety and vapoury charm is best presented by that medium. Here are pictures of George Inn wherein Sam Weller first met Mr. Pickwick, of the George and Vulture from which the immortal party set out on their journey to Mr. Winkle's father, the Ball-room of the Bull where Jingle danced with Dr. Stammer's lady-love, and the stairs up which Mr. Winkle staggered that night of nights, and many other charcoals. All these are finished and pleasing; with unusual sureness of touch, they are so simple in execution that we are not made conscious of the artist's technique.

*The Charm of Scandinavia,* by Francis and Sydney Clark, is a travel book

London Survivals. By P. H. Ditchfield. New York: Frederick Stokes and Company.

The Lure of London. By Lilian Whiting. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

In Dickens's London. Pictures and Text by F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Charm of Scandinavia. By Francis and Sydney Clark. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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ST. MARTINS-IN-THE-FIELDS, IN DICKENS'S "LONDON". BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

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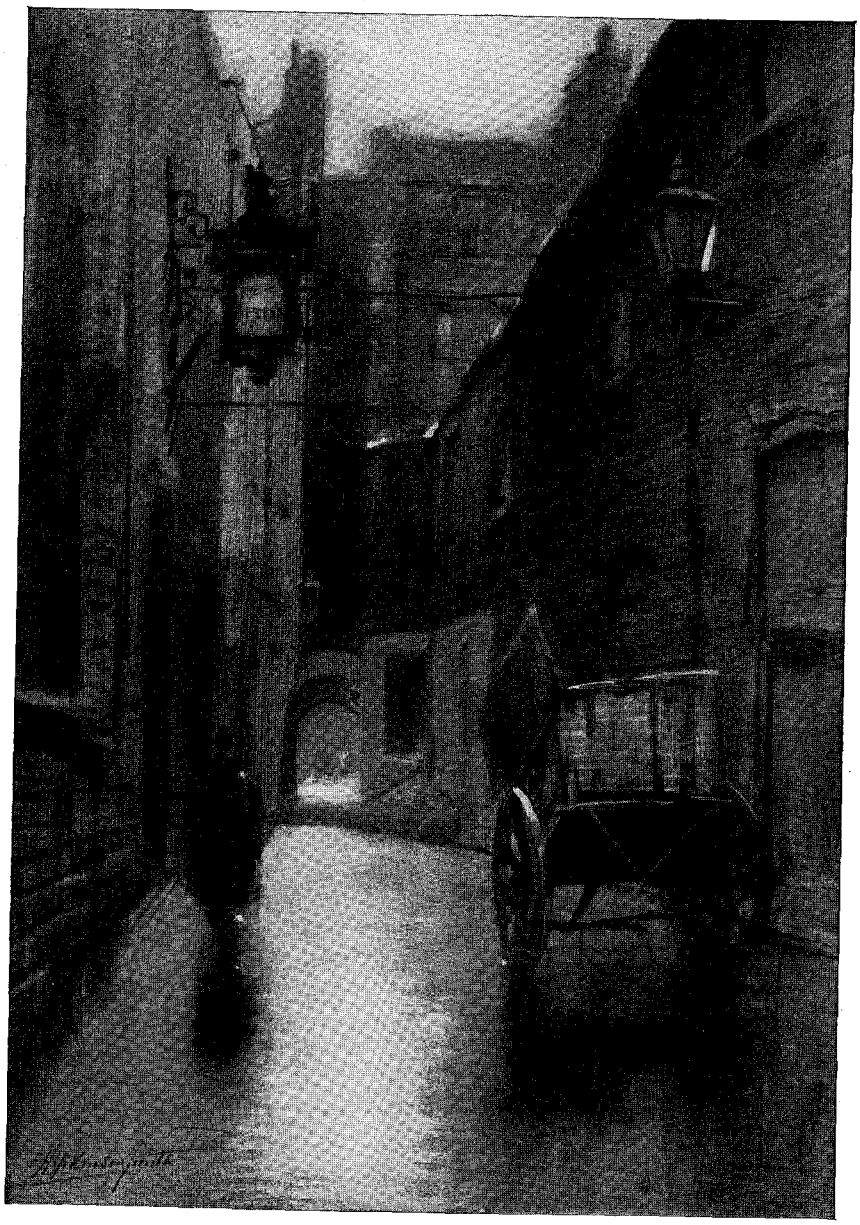

Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

ANGEL COURT LEADING TO BERMONDSEY. IN DICKENS'S "LONDON." BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

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written by two travellers in the novel form of letters to a lady who is to decide which of the countries visited has the greater charm. It is also novel in that the journey of both men is in winter as well as summer. Both prove unpretentious and hearty minnesingers, but we are not told which received the lady's prize. The English phrase "cheap and nasty," sings the one, has no equivalent in Swedish, for cheapness there means neither poor quality nor slatternly service. Peacefully lovely are the farmlands of Southern Sweden, where absentee landlordism is almost unknown. Stockholm, brilliant with lights, has the most beautiful location in Europe; it should be called the Automatic City, for nowhere can you drop a penny in the slot and get as much back. One is neither poor nor rich in Sweden; and he is likely to live longer than anybody elsewhere, perhaps because he has neither moves nor fires. From Stockholm you may take a different steamer excursion every day for three months. The Swedish lake region surpasses all other lake regions of tourist travel in size, picturesqueness, and convenience. Thanks to the magnificent canal system, you can see all the lakes in three days without leaving your comfortable steamer, even to climb some considerable hills. Finland, too, is a land of a thousand lakes, all linked by canals; and there as in Sweden you never have to scan your hills or add them up. "All that I shall do," sings the other minstrel, "is try to make you feel the charm of the country as I do." The Danes have only one hill and that is tucked quite out of the way. Much about the country is deliciously naïve, and the language makes you feel as if you were stroking a kitten. Copenhagen is as bright as Broadway, and there are blonde lady-porters at the hotels, who whistle as they carry your trunk upstairs. In Norway, he delights, as does his friend, in the mid-winter darkness with an average temperature warmer than in New York City. The Maelström is a feeble little current which a tadpole could swim without realising he was in it. In a fiord rarely visited by tourists you may see two Matterhorns, a Dent du Midi, a Gramont, and a Fujiyama. The people are as simple and genuine as any in the world. Narvik, which did not exist fifteen years ago, is the busiest town in the Arctic Circle and chugs day and night on Lapland iron ore; Trondhjem, although it bristles with memories, is wideawake and modern, and its seven times rebuilt cathedral is as delicately fashioned as any in Europe. The railroad from Christiania to Bergen is the most scenic in Europe.

Mr. Arnold Bennett, with his six-cylinder pen, also records some impressions of Copenhagen and the Baltic in *From the Log of the Velsa.* The book is in the most smartly journalistic style of this Janus of authors. The standard of female beauty in Esbjerg (that does not look like stroking a kitten, however it may feel!) is the highest he has ever seen. After seventy-two hours in Germany, unmilitary Denmark beckoned him restfully. In the tidy renaissance castle of Kronberg "where Hamlet walked," he discovered a bluish-white seated statue of Hall Caine, which the guide told him was Shakespeare. Thorwaldsen is in the same plane for him as the inexcusable Ary Scheffer. The restaurants of Copenhagen might show themselves unblushingly on Fifth Avenue or the Strand; but New York has nothing like the Tivoli, and the Londoner can only say with regret that it is what Earl's Court ought to be and isn't. It is the city's dominating institution; and he has seen twenty thousand people there at once, all of whom were pleasing. The Danes know how to enjoy themselves with gaiety, dignity, and simplicity; and their demeanour is a lesson to Anglo-Saxons, who cannot do so without being ridiculous or vulgar or brutish. The Rosenborg is rather a sad sight to people of taste, and so is the art museum; but the Glyptothek is filled with beauty. Mr. Bennett now transfers, by the medium of the balky *Velsa,* his breezy icono-

From the Log of the *Velsa.* By Arnold Bennett. New York: The Century Company.

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clasms and his delightful ardours to Holland and Flanders. Holland is neater and more garnished than Belgium. It is the home of people who try to keep themselves alive seven days in the week and whose experiments in the adventure of living are as interesting as their invaluable art. The Zuyder is not a sea but a submerged field. He navigated it to find the dead cities and never found one, but went mad making sketches of towns whose one fault is that they were not dead. Amsterdam is pandemonium with a certain stolidity. Bruges is the one city of Belgium that is really old. Consistently beautiful and melancholy, she reveals her neighbour Ghent to be only a modern dressed in an old suit of clothes. In Ostend all that fronts the sea is grandiose, blatant, insincere; all that faces the canals is Flemish, picturesque, and unaffected.

A French official, says Mr. Bennett, will make a diplomatic episode out of nothing, putting into five mintes of futility all the Gallic civilisation of centuries. A similar epitome—to swing from the ridiculous to the sublime—is afforded by a French cathedral, say the authors of *Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France*. This is a treasure-chest in two volumes, not only of innumerable superb photographs and descriptions of architectural monuments, but also of much curious information of the Middle Ages. For the authors have very wisely left most of their architecture to the pictures and sought in their text to vivify the cathedral builders and the significance of their work in the lives of the people. Over thirty are visited, many of them quite out of the way of the conventional tourist; but the intending traveller will surely take a day or two from the beaten track when he reads of the beauties of Laon, Rodiez, and Tréguier. Northern France, indeed, has many cathedrals which are called secondary only for lack of a better term; for they are only less original and less perfect than more famous edifices. Less ambitious in dimensions and less proportionate in the higher stories of their naves, but more moderate in ornament and hence possessing a graver simplicity and a majestic austerity.

*An Artist in Spain* is a book that handsome is and handsome does. Mr. A. C. Michael's pictures are the perfect combination of reality and romance—an easier achievement in Spain perhaps than elsewhere. The Spanish houses, with their tinted walls and painted shutters, the types of people and costumes, the clear air and radiancy, the sharp shadows flecking the sun-white roads, the barbaric gayety of motion, the ardent languors—all these he depicts with veracity and personal emotion. His text is as zestful as his pictures, and each illumines the other.

Artists should speak out of the fulness of the heart of the nation, Mrs. Dickinson tells us in her valuable and beautiful book, *German Masters of Art,* and when the German painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries strove to be Raphaels they became merely clever craftsmen without a country. She presents in a clear and modest way, but as one having authority, a complete and unified history of the development of German painting. With the exception of the Holbeins and Dürer, and Cranach, little is known by the average tourist of the early German masters, who strove to express those national characteristics which at last found their full voice only in music. In painting not only the strength but the weakness of these characteristics were manifest, for painting is not an ideal vehicle for them. The Germans express character and emotion to the disregard of external beauty in form and feature. Nothing in their crowded canvases is ever absolutely at rest—everything either moves or is about to move. Their imagination was possessed by two

Cathedrals and Cloisters of Northern France. By Elise Whitlock Rose and Vida Hunt Francis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

An Artist in Spain. By A. C. Michael. New York: Hodder and Stoughton.

German Masters of Art. By Helen A. Dickinson. New York: Frederick Stokes and Company.

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fundamentally un-Italian qualities—an ungoverned phantasy and a pervasive humour. The book surveys the schools of Cologne, of Swabia, and of Nuremberg. The first is contemplative and mystic; the second narrative and illustrative; the third energetic and dramatic. The author's discreet treatment of all of these is illuminated by excellent reproductions.

No one can travel in the Tyrol, says Mr. William D. McCrachan without loving it; and the simple people meet you more than half way. He confesses that they are not handsome, however, and divested of their picturesque costume and glorious surroundings, might become uninteresting. In the Kitzbühel range the pastures rise and fall for miles, and one may walk for days in a vast dairying summer-resort in which all the peasants are zither-players. The Achensee is so very blue that all the other azure lakes of Tyrol would seem to have turned

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"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

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green in envy. The Zillerthal is the valley of song and dance, and at least three of the Muses are always at home when you drop in. It was a native of this valley who started the Tyrolese yodel carolling around the world. Zell seems to have dropped ready-made from the sky upon the only perch which had room for it; the patriarchal Austrian system is in full force there, and the mail arrives once a day on a donkey. The ends of the Innsbruck streets seem to be blocked by mountains, and all the splendid little towns have an air of intrepidity. The importance of the intermediate towns has been much reduced in favour of the terminals since the Brenner railroad came coiling like a rope over the mountains and burrowing through them. Somewhere in the Tyrol the north ends and the south begins. Innsbruck shakes hands with Verona; and Bozen is a chameleon, German from the north and Romance from the south. Trent was selected as a meeting place for the Church Council because it lay in the borderland between German and Italian influences. The roses of Rosengarten are of rock and bloom only at sunset. Meran is a flawless picture which at a distance might easily be mistaken for Oriental Look for any colour in the glorious Dolomites and you will find it—to these stranded coral-reefs, geologists and botanists and climbers and sightseers are equal devotees. From them a row of villages like a string of pearls stretches down into an Alpine paradise of peaks, which combine Norwegian fiords and Colorado canyons, as you step down into the precincts of the ancient republic of Venice.

Small art has the Tyrol since the fifteenth century beyond Angelica Kaufmann and toy-making, but in Lombardy you reach again a land where art is life itself. Of this in great detail Mr. Egerton Williams sings in *Lombard Towns of Italy*. He is the author of last year's charming *Hill Towns,* and as in that book he supplies us with the names and qualities of the inns and tells us the proper prices. Much of the history of places and painters, too, he gives us, as well as appreciation of their treasures. The art of Bergamo, to-day vomiting black smoke from scores of factories, reached the nadir of ideal, perfect loveliness. It is a bifold city and her personality is bifarious also—as you come from the new to the old, the sudden vision of its piazza huddled amid antique houses is bewilderingly brilliant. Milan is the hub of Lombardy and the Milanese are the Yankees of Italy. Astonishing is the vast extent of the Lombard plain. To one approaching it through the beautiful, orderly series of rounded and villa-crowned heights. Monza resounds with modern racket, execrable baroque; and holds the Iron Crown, the most ancient of feudal diadems. The sacred mountain of Varese with its necklace of pilgrim chapels is one of the most interesting excursions the world offers. In Castiglione Olona, Masalino shows what a miracle of evolution he achieved in one lifetime in the portrayal of the human body. The triumph of Lombard genius is the Certosa di Pavia, which springs a marvel from the plain. Lodi never rose again after her ancient devastation, but she makes, as best she can, all the Parmesan cheese; and the one great building which remains to her glows more than any other temple with the greatest brushes of the Renaissance. Little Cremo nestles under its superb bell-tower, which soars tier upon tier of lovely windows and colonnades. Cremona the Contentious in history is the Captivating in art. Its great church more than any other displays an epoch, for it is decorated throughout by the artists of one generation and that the supreme generation of the Renaissance. Mantua is magnificent with Mantegna, who Christianised paganism, and Romano, who paganised Christianity. Both delightful and substantial is this book which completes Mr. Williams's trilogy

The Spell of the Tyrol. By William D. McCrachan. Boston: The Page Company.

Lombard Towns of Italy. By Egerton R. Williams. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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on the smaller towns of Italy, his beloved.

"The gateway of the East is Italy," and through it we pass naturally, conducted by Mr. Stanwood Cobb, to *The Real Turk*. This book has a very pleasant temper and its material is most interesting. It is, as one would suppose, rather of people than of places. The author has lived three years with the Turks and finds them brave and enviable; and he hopes the time has gone by when every race not white is assigned to predestined barbarism. Indeed, he goes further than that. The best Turks, he says, are possessed of a New England conscience; and the more progressive Christian missionaries have not only given up the idea of converting the Mohammedans but they have ceased to believe it desirable. They concern themselves chiefly with spreading American educational ideals; and they find that Turkish boys, unlike our own, would injure themselves with overstudy if allowed. But the enervating climate will always stand in the way of progress. "You cannot hustle the East," says Kipling, "the climate wont let you." One lives there always under low vitality. But the Orientals take their rest as they go, and consequently have no need for sanitariums. The "simple life" is a matter of course in the Orient, and existence there seems like camping out. No people in the world are more likable —they are honest and gentle, cruel only when their religious fanaticism is aroused; and it must be remembered that the Turks are the broadest and most tolerant of all Mohammedans. In the East, religion and government are identical, and the Turk is loyal to both. As a citizen he has just begun to exist, but he has tasted of liberty and appreciates it. He is not naturally a trader; and his chief business is agriculture, warfare, and bureaucracy. But when he trades he is the most honourable of Orientals.

The Real Turk. By Stanwood Cobb. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

A Winter in India. By Archibald B. Spens. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Even in Turkey mere man is falling from his regal position; but ennui is still the fatal disease of the Oriental woman, and only as mother of a man-child is she respected. Polygamy may be a social evil, but, says Mr. Cobb boldly, whether or not it is a moral evil, in view of Western license, is distinctly open to question. But it is at any rate practiced mainly by plutocrats and is a waning custom. A man may not see his bride before marriage, but on the other hand he can if he does not like her looks divorce her the next day. The Turk is one of the handsomest and most charming of persons. As for the new patriotism, perhaps no country was ever controlled by a body of men so truly ideal as that which governed Turkey after the Revolution.

As substantial in material and far more diverse, and possessing an accomplished graphic style with a knack of rarely beautiful word-pictures is *A Winter in India,* by Archibald B. Spens. It is, indeed, a rich and fascinating book, with an abundance of interesting photographs. Though it is India set in a background of the army—and resounding with the tramp of men and reminiscences of the Mutiny—the English author reiterates that nowhere will you find greater courtesy and human charm. The beauty of Hindustan the inexplicable and the enthralling, the exquisiteness of the winter climate—far preferable to the Riviera, the comfort of travel—none of these things have been exaggerated. Port Said is the hooting and scented lodge-gate into this land of Babel which in one hundred and forty-seven tongues spells home to a fifth of the world's inhabitants. The East should be considered as the playground of half-barbarous children. All Eastern towns though wonderful are similar, but Peshawar is a city apart. Strident with crime, one may confess it is; but one must remember that murder is a geographical matter, and in Northwest India it is only observing an every day social convention. The Golden Temple of Lahore is unique and its glittering golden cupolas rise from the centre of a sparkling lake. Simla is a mod-

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ern city of tin, as chilly in winter as its gorgeous scenery is fascinating. To describe the dazzling palaces of Agra needs a genius commensurate with the art that reared them. Until you see the Hindu at his ablutions on the banks of Benares, you don't know what mixed bathing means. Nowhere in India does prison carry with it any popular stigma; and Bombay seethes weirdly with vice and crime. A charming and comfortable traveller is Mr. Spens. "As usual I digress," he says, "and why not? What does one come to India for?" Or, one might add, anywhere else? No Magic Carpet ever came out of Cooks. (But, of course, that is all rhetoric; for a magic carpet is a state of mind and you may travel with one and a three months book of transportation at the same time!)

Somewhere just hereabouts, east of Suez as far as the Ten Commandments go, is the land of *Sindbad the Sailor and Other Stories from the Arabian Nights.* This is superbly pictured by Edmund Dulac. Like his last year's Christmas contribution, his work recalls the illuminated Persian manuscripts. It is fully up to the high standards he set for himself then. They have the same Oriental brilliancy of colour, and the same care for detail of clothes and draperies. His illustrations perform their perfect purpose—that of furnishing the reader a setting in which the remainder of the story takes place and sharpening his appreciation by the artist's emotional visualisation. Somewhere in the same No Man's Land (one of the most salubrious districts of the habited globe) is situate *East of the Sun and West of the Moon.* The "exquisite bizarrerie" of which the preface speaks, is a phrase fully justified by the work of Mr. Kay Nielsen. There is a brilliant and successful strangeness about these pictures. Finely and carefully drawn, keeping subordinate to the main scheme its passion for detail and massing its main effects simply, they both arrest the delighted attention at once and disclose new beauties of study. Mr. Nielsen does not intend his settings to have the actuality of Mr. Dulac's, nor does he seem to desire that his human beings have any earthly qualities. Rather are they the amorphic creatures of the imagination which people dreams. Mr. Dulac's pictures, while by no means inferior in imaginative quality, have less of the supernatural quality and are more expressive of life and motion. The monsters he displays are really terrifying, his women are of seductive femininity, and his men are lacking in none of the manly qualities. In both artists the fertility of detail appears inexhaustible. This is noticeable also in Mr. E. R. Herman's illustrations of twenty *Fables by Robert Louis Stevenson.* In every one there is unusual inventiveness; and the borders, initials, and tail-pieces are delicious little triumphs in themselves. Witty rather than humourous, the artist has worked quite in the spirit of the text. The result is an achievement in harmonious book-making. Well-massed in strong contrasts of black and white which distantly remind of Aubrey Beardsley, the illustrations present a rhythmic quality of line and arrangement of figures which carries out their fanciful character. The enchantment of art, which Mr. Phillips sings, finds in these three books of No Man's Land three ardent wayfarers of high romance.

Out of the misty Eastern cave where all day long it has woven dreams of joy and fear, swiftly the Magic Carpet walks o'er the western wave and touches firmer land at San Diego. Dreaming of sea-empery, says Miss Mary Austin in *California*—a book steeped in poetry—she is bound by all signs to produce a poet. No land has called its own like California, rife with the struggle of great

Sindbad the Sailor and Other Stories from the Arabian Nights. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. New York: Hodder and Stoughton.

East of the Sun and West of the Moon. Old Tales of the North. Illustrated by Kay Nielsen. New York: Hodder and Stoughton.

Fables by Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated by E. R. Herman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

California. By Mary Austin. With pictures painted by Sutton Palmer. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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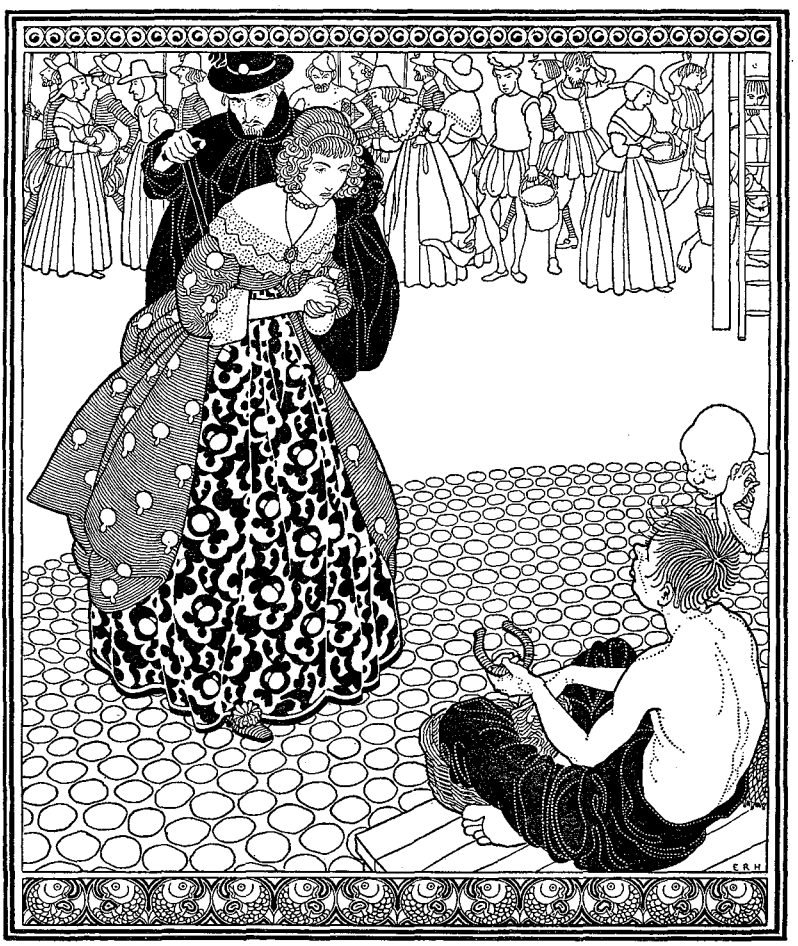
pagan forces, whose Missions symbolise the spirit which built against odds the West. Sierra Madre, Mother Mountain, is a wondrous name which shows the power of religion to illuminate the mind to a degree often denied to generations of art and culture. The Mother Mountain makes herself lean to fatten the valleys, sprinkled with homes extraordinarily adapted to the purposes of gracious living. Flashing with jewelled phrases, the pages sing the most colourful corner of the globe. The function of San Francisco is only that of a distributing station; but true to her situation she is nothing if not dramatic. The very worst situation the world affords is this windy promontory past which the grey tides race; but as long as a city can dramatise itself, one situation will do for immortality as well as another. A redwood grove is a three-story affair. The second is a space of blue-diffusing sun between the deciduous underforest and the fairy web of brown-green above—squirrel and bird-haunted. What goes on in the upper rooms who can tell? Of more importance than the text of Miss Austin, the publishers deem the abundant pictures by Mr. Sutton Palmer.




Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

"FABLES BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON." ILLUSTRATED BY E. H. HERMAN

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Why, unless commercially, it is difficult to say. They give no hint of that perception of beauty which thrills in her pages. Indeed, they seem rather like photographs tranquilly coloured at home; and lacking therefore in both actuality and emotion.

The snow peaks of the North whence drop the streams to intra-montane California which make it so superlatively planned for the uses of man, conduct us among *The Canadian Alps*. Mr. Laurence Burpee tells us how worth the pilgrimage are these; and also of the many pilgrims we shall find already there. Banff is probably as cosmopolitan a community as there is in the world; and from its many comfortable hotels you may view this marvellous region without effort. But to appreciate it, you must take tent and pony and provisions and get away from the railroad. Assiniboine, the Matterhorn of the Rockies, is alone worth crossing the sea for; Lake Louise is incomparable and inexhaustible and unfathomable—so marvellous in colour that it is impossible to believe it will not stain your hand its deep turquoise. If one has only a limited amount of time to spend in Rocky Mountain Park, it should be devoted to the Yoho Valley. But there are many Canadian National Parks where there do not swarm tourists from the ends of the earth; and in some of them you may get out of the world entirely, past the furthest outpost of civilisation.

The Brothers Kolb never got out of civilisation when they went *Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico,* but between ranches they were certainly in the world and not of it. Simple and truthful, they say they have tried to make the story of the long tussle. Even if its veracity were not of that spontaneous and engaging sort which seems the natural voice of the modern explorer, there are the photographs to convince you. They provide a pictorial record of the entire series of canyons on the Green and Colorado rivers—taken from the boats which plunged, skimmed, whirled (and sometimes upset) through them all. The text is full of the joy of fight. It was a hand-to-hand grapple in the turmoil of waters, their shell-like boats dwarfed to nothingness between echoing gigantic walls where every sound rolled along for minutes before it died and the waves were sometimes fifteen feet high. In the glowing foreword of Mr. Owen Wister there are many word-pictures; but the brothers Kolb were too much occupied to rhapsodise over the scenery, although it is evident that they appreciate it. Belasco himself could not improve on the stage-setting, they said when they paused to stage a "movie drama" in the depths of the canyon—which alas! was ruined by a drop of water which had worked into the lens on their last upset.

The Magic Carpet leaps centuries as easily as seas. In a presto its riders may witness the *Social Life in Old New England*. Miss Mary Caroline Crawford has again winnowed documents with fascinating results. The little red schoolhouse, she says, may be our most cherished tradition, but popular sentiment in old New England was strongly against a girl's being taught anything in it—for its chief object was to train boys for the ministry. A lad who had been through it and the grammar school and the Academy was so uplifted that he was quite out of humanity's reach. But if he went to college, he became less of an unconscionable prig. College, though strongly theological, humanised even Cotton Mather. Next to minister, lawyer and doctor came teacher; and the dignity of all these professions was supposed to compensate for their shocking underpayment. Inn-keeping was most respectable, and early college catalogues give inn-keepers' sons precedence over ministers' sons. That was because inn-keepers had to be as moral as ministers and possessed prop-

Through the Great Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico. By Ellsworth L. Kolb. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Among the Canadian Alps. By Lawrence J. Burpee. New York: John Lane Company.

Social Life in Old New England. By Mary Caroline Crawford. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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erty besides. By regulation they had to be persons of conscience and quality; and nearly all of them had military titles, in days when titles meant something. Artists of all sorts were violently discouraged, but the surprising number of good portrait-painters was due to an eagerness to endow posterity with their somewhat forbidding features. No typical village could have assembled more than a hundred "profane" works; and, besides Milton and Bunyan, only the Bible was considered reputable. Not until the early years of the nineteenth century did the "æsthetic thaw" slowly begin. It cost a long struggle before it was conceded that organ music in the meeting house was not necessarily sacrilegious. The Sunday School when first introduced was regarded as a profanation. We of the present day are disqualified to pronounce on the endless sermons of our ancestors; but the church-porch gossipings brightened the day for the most seasoned auditors, and there was often a tavern near by for those in need of recuperation. A man, too, was allowed to smoke going home, although he could not thus fortify himself on the way to service. The identity of Church and State in early New England makes many things which seem hard and repellent to us take on another aspect. Furthermore, there has been almost systematic suppression of the laxity of sexual relations. The matrimonial advertisement was common, and people married on sight; and there were many practices which would seem gross to us. For women to assemble with any other than a purely religious motive was an unheard-of thing; and when tea-drinking came in, men were scandalised. Thus, one is not surprised to hear that they habitually drank heavily themselves of sterner stuff; and is rejoiced to find that there were not lacking militants who fought for afternoon tea and won. To wash one's face daily was deemed fastidious, as also the admonition to "spit not in the room but in the corner." The lust for wigs gripped everybody; and women had from childhood so maltreated their hair that they had but very little of it left. To go on a journey was a serious matter; Sarah Knight's classic account of her perilous trip to New York was typical of the hardships of the road. The social opportunities of stage-coach travel a century and a half later, and the fine inns made a journey a different matter. In the villages the singing-school was a serious enterprise, but there were many scheduled occasions for frivolity; in towns there were dances, not even condemned by John Cotton. The funeral was always a festival; and there were holiday rejoicings, although Christmas and Shrove Tuesday were "papistries" against which the Puritan sternly set his face.

Historic Homes of New England. By Mary H. Northend. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The houses these people built, Miss Mary Northend tells us in *Historic Homes of New England,* were truly American in every respect, revealing the sturdy spirit, the breadth of mind and the gracious hospitality of our forefathers' ideals. In a pleasantly sentimental style, she presents her thesis that old homes are like old romances, filled with mystery. The abundant fine photographs show that they were filled with beauty. The old merchants and sea captains knew how to build for that as well as for comfort; and the master-carpenters had brightened their native wits by imported books on architecture. The House of the the Seven Gables with its secret stair in the chimney-piece; the Lindens, the Colonial official home of Governor Gage; the Rogers house, so large that two portions of it were later detached and moved away, each to become a residence in itself; the Lee house of Marblehead, in whose grandly spaced hall the banquet tables were spread for Lafayette's visit with glass and silver collected from every cupboard in town; the Ladd-Gilman house of Exeter with its prisoner's room for poor debtors; the Savory house, whose furniture covers every period from Chippendale to Empire—all these and more are presented.

Our modern homes may be ugly, say

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the authors of *The Honest House* (carrying the story of house building to a later generation), but it is well to remember that they nevertheless express a group of democratic ideals. Not until after the war of 1812 did a break with English tradition appear; but before democracy had time to develop an embodiment of its own, the faltering steps of our artistic independence were deflected by peculiar social and economic conditions; and became nearly checked by the very democracy which had started them going. The expansion of the country, the influx of aliens, the disappearance of skilled hand-labour finally overwhelmed the development altogether. But to-day it has once more been resumed, and the fine work of the Colonial builders is securing a successor. Americans once more are learning that sheer utility is not the end of things and that the ultimate value of a civilisation is its contribution to beauty. It is difficult to create a house which is expressive of its owner and at the same time true to a certain style. The only way to go about the serious business of planning a house is to give the architect a list of your requirements. That thing called proportion—which we so often say a house is out of—is an absolutely individual matter and has only an individual standard. There are only a few kinds of windows and a thousand vicious ways of placing them; and there are just as many mistaken and brutal ways of handling a roof. A home should have a hearth, but one must remember that there are more dreadful mantels to-day than ever before. Panelling is within the reach of the average house builder. Walls are backgrounds and their surfaces are supposed to be flat; and realistic wall papers destroy flatness. In a well-planned garden, flowers are always against or around things and never in beds. In America there is a sad superstition that the moment a house becomes shabby enough to be interesting it should be painted and varnished. These and many other wise things this book tells us with a good deal of chatty charm, and gives at the end a catalogue of useful volumes on architecture. It points out what is bad also than shows by specific illustrations how errors may be avoided.

The Honest House. By Ruby Ross Goodnow and Rayne Adams. New York: The Century Company.

Our Philadelphia. By Elizabeth Pennell and Joseph Pennell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

To judge from the innumerable illustrations of this book, the suburbs of Philadelphia present the modern house at its best. The note of the ancient city was an organised tranquillity, says Mrs. Pennell in her gay and tender volume, *Our Philadelphia*. Though her calm was and is only skin-deep, she has always done her work quietly and never shouted her success from the housetops. Mr. Pennell in the one hundred and five sketches of this superb volume handles the pencil with his well-known mastery. Selecting few details, he conveys with a few bold strokes a unified impression. As usual, too, he makes quite prosy things poetic; by the romance of his embellishment, the house fronts of Philadelphia, as of Venice, reflect mainly the artist's desire to re-create whatever he looks at. Only, the actual record suffers more in the former than in the latter place—so it is to Mrs. Pennell's text that we must turn for veracity. She, too, sounds, in well-cadenced prose the note of change which rises from every lover of every city the world over. In a few years it will be impossible for anybody to record the Philadelphia that was; and the Russian Jew is pushing the Philadelphians to whom it originally belonged, out of the only part they care to live in. To love her is a matter of love alone, says the author, for she has always been cheerfully indifferent to devotion. She even snubbed and bullied her founder. Philadelphia has a more decided character than any town Mrs. Pennell has ever been to. Its chief law is that every Philadelphian should do as every other one does. The natives are all too busy in evading what is not the thing in the present to cultivate a sentiment for the past; be-

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sides, they acquired from a strident neighbour the habit of belittling their town. The Social Adventure in Mrs. Pennell's youth began with the Dancing Class, and Beau Nash in the Pump Room was no greater power than Willie White in the Natatorium. There was a standard for parties as for everything else; and there was no getting away from the same people, the same music, the same programme, and the same refreshments. The Assembly is still the supreme moment of the social year and still places the Philadelphian as nothing else can. The city youth are everywhere deserting their old standards, but the Assembly, though regrettably modernised in being held at a fashionable hotel, is still their cherished possession. It was the Centennial which transformed the old city with the peaceful look of the dear dead towns of England and Holland into a new-fangled cosmopolitan place, and first taught her that her way was not the only way. In her care for art and for the embellishments of life she was our first town to take the lead; and her interest in the art of eating began as soon as the first citizen emerged from the virginal cave. No American town has ever been so lavish or so concerned with the Food Question.

And so our Christmas canter around the world and home again (or at least as nearly home as Philadelphia!) ends just where all Christmas journeys should —at the table. May good digestion wait on appetite!

# SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH*

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE WIFE OF SIR ISAAC HARMAN"

WE have become used to surprises from the pen of Mr. H. G. Wells. It has become so much a matter of course that each new book by him shall be different, that about the only way in which he could now make a radical departure from his method would be for once to repeat himself and give us two successive volumes in essentially the same strain. Of his latest story, *The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman,* opinions seem to differ rather widely, some reviewers holding it not only inferior in quality but distinctly careless in execution, while at least one reviewer,—who seems to have missed the vital point of the whole story,—suggests that Mr. Wells lost a precious opportunity in closing his narrative at the very point where it behooved him to begin it. Now, as a matter of fact, what Mr. Wells has chosen to do this time is simply to give us a minute and unsparing study of a woman groping toward self-understanding; not a woman of the Ann Veronica type, the problematic New Woman type, that is still one-third guess-work and two-thirds myth,—but a woman unmistakably of the old, perennial, eternally feminine sort, who is trying somewhat pathetically to adapt herself to modern theories and

*The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The House in Demetrius Road. By J. D. Beresford. New York: The George H. Doran Company.

Thracian Sea. By John Helston. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The House of Deceit. Anonymous. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

The Blind Spot. By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Achievement. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Woman in the Alcove. By Jeanette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Clarion. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Neighbourhood Stories. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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ideals. The essential facts of Lady Harman's life at the opening of the volume might have been taken straight out of some scores of other English novels, from the mid-Victorian period downward. She is simply one more girl married rather prematurely to a man much too old for her and in blind ignorance of the obligations that she is incurring. Sir Isaac is an equally common type, rather mediæval in his attitude toward women, with clear convictions as to a man's property rights in a wife. Yet, after her first revulsion, she "had done her best to honour the bargain she had rather unwittingly made, and be a loyal and happy wife to this clutching, hard-breathing little man who had got her, and it was the insatiable excesses of his demands . . . that made her realise the impossibility of such a concentration." Furthermore, Sir Isaac is jealous, and during the first six years of their marriage he has contrived, not only that his wife shall form no intimate friendships with other women, but that she shall never enjoy two minutes of uninterrupted private conversation with any man other than himself. Consequently, the adventure with which this chronicle opens, when Lady Harman, chaperoned solely by her chauffeur, inspects a country house that is offered for sale, and incidentally makes the acquaintance of its owner, the novelist, George Bromley, author of the "Euphemia Books," opens a crucial epoch in her life. It is her first actual contact with the world of art and letters, her first experience of any life other than staid, conventional, iron-clad conservatism. The seeds of rebellion have long been germinating within her, and undoubtedly would have borne fruit sooner or later; but it is this meeting with Bromley that hastens events, encourages her to defy her husband's commands and make the acquaintance of women of the advanced type,—who happen also to be Bromley's friends,—and to interest herself with all the zeal of a new convert in economic reforms, the condition of London working girls, and the like, until the scandalised Sir Isaac plays a tyrant's part and whisks her off to solitary confinement in their country home. What immediately ensues is the one note in the book that is a little too theatrical, too hysterical for ready credence. Lady Harman flees from her place of bondage and reaches London, so far eluding pursuit. But when the friend on whom she has relied to keep her in hiding refuses to interfere between husband and wife, the frightened fugitive can think of no better avenue to safety than to adapt militant methods, smash a plate-glass window and have herself arrested and sentenced to a month's imprisonment, during which to think matters over calmly. The whole episode is delightfully ironic, full of little pungent touches that cannot be given at second hand; yet you feel that the whole step is too radical, too revolutionary, too contrary to all the young woman's experience and training to be accepted at this early stage of her awakening. Be that as it may, the consequences of her rebellion are a rather complicated treaty of peace with Sir Isaac, who has been rendered seriously ill by this domestic upheaval, by the terms of which his wife is to make her own friends, come and go at full liberty, and have a certain supervision over the economic condition of the thousands of girls employed in Sir Isaac's International Bread and Cake Stores. Of Lady Harman's growing interference in Sir Isaac's business methods, her establishment of model homes for his employees, all under the guidance and abetment of Mr. Bromley; of her discovery presently that she has fallen in love with the novelist, and of the disastrous effect of these circumstances upon Sir Isaac's health, culminating in his death, it is not necessary to speak here in detail. But the one further point that does need emphasising, the crowning irony in one of the most satiric books that Mr. Wells has yet written, is the conclusion: By Sir Isaac's will, his wife inherits a vast fortune, with full liberty to use it as she will, a free hand to make what reforms she chooses in his business and in the

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model homes. She finds herself suddenly in possession of all the power and all the opportunity for which she has so long fought and suffered,—on one condition: she forfeits the whole of it if she, the widow of Sir Isaac, marries Mr. Bromley. And because she is a woman of the old, perennial type, this is precisely what she does do, forgetful of all her theories, all her reforms, because she is for once honestly in love,—and to make the irony of it all the more complete, Mr. Bromley is painted with such unsparing touch that we know, beyond the merciful benefit of a doubt, that he and all his "Euphemia Books" put together are not worth the tip of Lady Harman's littlest finger.

"THE HOUSE IN DEMETRIUS ROAD"

It is seldom that a novel of such sustained power, such unquestioned magnitude as *The House in Demetrius Road,* by J. D. Beresford, may be adequately and comprehensively summed up in so few words. It is a grim, compelling, relentless book, one that oddly enough suggests kinship with two other stories, in spite of many inherent dissimilarities of substance and style: Snaith's *Broke of Covenden* and George Douglas's *House with the Green Shutters.* Mr. Beresford gets his effects with a minimum of material; the whole story is practically a drama with three characters and one stage setting. There is first of all Robin Greg, author, statesman, possibly future cabinet minister, but admittedly eccentric, with a veiled hint of something more sinister. Then, there is his private secretary, Martin Bond, newly arrived, ill at ease, scenting some hidden mystery, some secret vice. And lastly, there is Margaret Hamilton, Greg's sister-in-law, a woman of so fine a type as to compel any decent man's reverence and chivalry, yet whom it is evident that Greg both scorns and hates. The study of Greg from a pathological standpoint is masterly. With all his strange, erratic, illogical conduct, his sudden fits of anger, his days of lethargy, the reader is as slow as Martin Bond himself was, to grasp the crucial fact that Greg is chronically alcoholic, day and night under the control of the whiskey that he secretly keeps hidden in scores of little flasks, in all sorts of unexpected corners of the house. But when Bond and Margaret break down the wall of reticence regarding this hidden tragedy, this blight upon the career of one of the most promising statesmen of his time, they unite forces for the physical and moral redemption of Greg, first against his will, and then for a time with his willing and even eager coöperation. There have been many stories written around this theme of the struggle to rescue a fellow-being from the clutch of drugs, but never one in which the horror of it and the pity of it are driven home more insistently or with more compelling force. And never, it should be added, a story where failure is more definitely foreshadowed, and worked up to with a more relentless surety, a finer artistry of de-detail. A depressing book undoubtedly; you think afterward of that house standing in the isolation of Demetrius Road as of a devil-haunted spot, an earthly symbol of the Inferno. But whether we like it or not, we needs must catch our breath a little, wonder who else writing at the present day could have done this thing, and make a mental register to keep a keen outlook for all future volumes bearing the sign manual of J. D. Beresford.

"THRACIAN SEA"

The most inadequate thing about this rather strong story is its title: it is not only misleading but, even after the volume has been read, it still leaves one groping for any valid reason for its having been chosen. Thracian Sea is the name of a race-horse who has, to be sure, much to do with the hero's ebb and flow of fortune, and who finally causes the death of the hero's first wife. But at best, he is merely in the nature of stage-property, no more nor less than the pistol with which some spectacular high-

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wayman reaps his plunder and which perhaps later serves the highwayman's wife for committing suicide. In *Thracian Sea,* the horse-racing, the betting, the first wife's little private love affair and her death are interesting enough in themselves, yet they all lie outside the real theme of the book: which is, simply, that nature knows better than society and modern convention, how men and women should be mated, and that a primitive, un-taught girl, blindly following the dictates of her healthy and natural physical passions, may have in her the making of a better mother and more faithful wife than many another carefully tutored young woman who marries in obedience to every propriety and with one eye carefully fixed upon material advantages. Margaret Yeomans has been brought up in the simplest manner by a maiden aunt; her speech is rustic, her horizon is limited, her whole nature is at the point of dawning womanhood. Suddenly, one day, a stranger, James Burkett, chancing to take a wrong turn in the road, happens upon her by the wayside, and his coming means brief joy and long years of sorrow and shame for the woman. Burkett, prosperous, middle-class Londoner, honest according to his own lights, means to do the right thing: he would even have married the girl, if with mistaken generosity she had not hidden from him the true extent of her tragedy. But his family are ambitious for him, and he himself is of that fickle, roving disposition that finds it easy to forget the absent and to love the first new and pretty face that chances to smile upon him. So this is how it happens that he woos and wins Helen Darrell, who marries him without love, and then, suddenly awakening, idealises him for a time and strives to invest him in her imagination with the qualities of a Greek god,—an apotheosis to which this hopelessly prosaic young man fails lamentably to live up. Helen's passion soon wanes and her romanticism transfers itself to an æsthetic young clergyman, Merwyn Ingestre, whose trespasses on her husband's rights are limited to a kiss or two and much mediocre poetry. Well, eventually, first the wife dies,—killed, as already said, by a fall from her horse,—and then Ingestre dies,—melodramatically on her grave—and Burkett in the course of time again runs across the trail of Margaret, faithfully devoting her life to the careful rearing of Burkett's son. A belated marriage repairs the wrong of earlier years, and the volume closes with the intimation that Burkett has at last found the happiness which he formerly missed because of the mistaken standards of organised society. Much of which is a little trite, long drawn out and tedious. But there are at least two episodes that are not easily forgotten, each involving some rather subtle and outspoken psychological analysis of women: the first is that of Margaret, just awakening to womanhood and unashamedly yielding to the dictates of nature; the other is the companion sketch of the more artificial Helen, wilfully misunderstanding her own emotions and striving to blind herself to actualities. The book is not without distinction and certainly has the courage of its convictions.

### "THE HOUSE OF DECEIT"

*The House of Deceit,* published anonymously, is announced as the work of an author of international repute who, for his own reasons, prefers this time to conceal his identity. It is the intimate study of a man who comes to London, expecting to set not merely the Thames but the whole world on fire, who for a time achieves a success out of all proportion to his gifts, thanks to his personal magnetism, but who is doomed in the long run to failure, because, although he is not himself quite aware of it, he is never really anything but a demagogue, an opportunist, a deceiver of himself and others. How Maurice Sangster first relinquished his ambitions for the ministry in favour of journalism; how he won the confidence of the wealthy financier, Humphry Champness, by his scheme to consolidate the non-conformists of Eng-

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land into a new national party; how he clandestinely wooed and won Champness's daughter, Phœbe, thus incurring that powerful man's life-long vindictive hatred,—all this is merely extraneous to Sangster's essential history, his juggernaut rise through ephemeral enthusiasm, broken pledges, fallen ministries, party chaos. Always he believes himself in the right, always he convinces others he is in the right; and such is the contagious magnetism of the man that he succeeds in going on month after month, year after year, fluctuating like a weathercock, false successively to every declared principle and yet successfully posing as the only staunch and stable sustainer of the truth in the midst of a swaying, tottering universe. All of which succeeds marvellously until one disastrous day when an unforeseen vote in parliament sends his party out of office at the very hour when Sangster, playing the truant, is lunching at a little suburban restaurant, in company with a hitherto blameless young woman well known in London society, who most indiscreetly yields her lips to his. This pretty scandal, coming hard on the heels of the party defeat, and followed by the death of Sangster's father-in-law, who leaves his millions to charity, ends all his high ambitions of leadership

> From this moment he began a course of self-repression which in time turned him into a cold, icy, supercilious and irritable official whose humanity is destroyed. He was a pompous and tiresome minister in power, a small and trivial critic in opposition. Every session he lost ground, every Parliament he clung to the front benches, but was entirely without friends on either side of the house. . . . He was always passing judgment, always finding fault, always sneering. He believed in nobody, and even his children feared and disliked him.

It would be superfluous to add anything further to this merciless summing-up of the slow, inexorable retribution exacted by fate from the unscrupulous demagogue. There is no mistaking the inherent force of this story any more than its sincerity and its importance as a picture of the social and political conditions of England to-day.

### "THE BLIND SPOT"

Arthur Stone, the hero of *The Blind Spot,* by Justus Miles Forman, is, in strong contrast to Maurice Sangster, not a demagogue, but a man actuated by a tremendous sincerity and fearless convictions,—only, unfortunately for him, his zeal is misdirected and his motives out of key with present-day humanity. His watchword is efficiency, whether applied to a plough or sewing-machine, or to a man, woman or little child. Of the meaning of love he knows nothing; charity is a mistake, self-sacrifice to save a less valuable life than your own is an exploded piece of sentimentality, "women and children first" an economic blunder, God a myth. And yet, for a time, Arthur Stone holds his public, and is lauded as the great social reformer of the day, because the public believes in him, and takes it for granted that his passionate earnestness is inspired by love, —when as a matter of fact, it is simply that he sees that the world is in a good deal of a mess and it hurts his excellent business instincts to see things so badly run. But when one day he conspicuously misses a public opportunity to save a poor working man from being run over,—because, as he is careful to explain to the reporters, he knows that his own life is the more valuable to the public,—and when he shortly afterward openly proclaims himself an atheist and ridicules popular opinion regarding the disaster to the *Titanic,* a vast wave of popular scorn and contempt engulfs him, and at the end of the story we find him helplessly lamenting his Blind Spot, helplessly groping for the one vital thing he has missed in life, namely, Love.

### "ACHIEVEMENT"

While, as a matter of fact, *Achievement* is really a further instalment in the life history of the artist and engraver whom we first came to know in the ear-

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lier volume by E. Temple Thurston, entitled *Richard Furlong,* it is so ingeniously constructed, with such careful backward glances at essential facts, that one cannot only enjoy it without having read its predecessor, but almost without being conscious of that fact. The only lack that you do feel in the book taken by itself is that of symmetry. It is either a somewhat loose collection of episodes, or else it is part of a closely organised whole, of which we are unable here to glimpse the pattern in its entirety. What we do get unmistakably is a rarely careful study of one special phase of a temperament which, for lack of better term is popularly called artistic. More specifically, Mr. Thurston has chosen to analyse the attitude of his hero toward the many women who successively play a transient part in his destiny; and with just two exceptions it is always with his artist's eye alone that he finds pleasure in them, it is only with his artist's eye that he probes their very souls and records them on canvas, for the whole world to read, laying bare traits of character that he himself is not consciously aware of. Most admirable of all are just two phases: the mood with which the book opens, with his idolised wife lying dead, and the sordid details of the funeral going on about him; and secondly, much later, when a stray young woman of dubious morals finds her way into his studio, lives there unscathed for many days and, clad in black evening dress of audacious cut, with throat and wrists wreathed with strings of jade, serves him as model for the portrait that is destined to be the crowning sensation at the next Paris *Salon,* under the title of ambiguous meaning,—*Jade.* But finally, having passed with heart unscathed, though loved by many women jades and angels, he at last loses his heart to a woman of more beauty than soul, a married woman of wealth and rank. And having unwittingly compromised her by an impassioned embrace, unfortunately overseen at the very moment that he is bidding her farewell in a characteristic burst of renunciation, he has the further misfortune quite accidentally to kill her drunken husband, and pays a heavy penalty for his own carelessness. The ending lacks plausibility and is out of tone with the excellent restraint of the earlier portions. But the volume as a whole is an interesting piece of analysis.

"THE WOMAN IN THE ALCOVE"

If you were a prosaic business man, and a settled married man at that, with a growing boy at home; if furthermore, you had always kept a tight hold on the purse-string, scorning the extravagances of modern women, and had never let your wife guess your annual income within one-tenth of the truth, but had been content to see her grow faded and old with drudgery, skimping and mending, dressing on next to nothing, while your bank account soared higher and higher,—what would be your sensations if, one day, a mere accident of business should take you into one of those uptown resorts of pleasure where the more exclusive patrons could screen themselves in balcony alcoves and while listening to the music, partake refreshments behind heavy, close-drawn curtains; and suddenly, in an adjoining alcove you should become aware of the presence of a woman alone, a woman who, of course, could not possibly be your wife, yet the living counterpart of what your wife would be to-day if she had lived as a woman of wealth, if she had had all the countless little comforts and luxuries that wealth can give, that you yourself could so easily have given? Such, in point of fact, was precisely the experience of Eldridge Walcott, as he sat in dumb amazement in an alcove at Merwyn's, alternating between incredulity and hot, flaming suspicion: "Who was she? There was the drab woman of the morning waiting for him to come home with the clothes-line, and there was the woman of the alcove, splendid, gentle, with the little smile and the gold lorgnette." It would be little short of a crime to spoil this delicate and poignant little lesson in the secret of retaining married happiness, by further

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ruthless analysis. Read it by all means, for it preaches that beauty and love and happiness are often within our very grasp if only our eyes are not too blinded by the greed of material things.

"THE CLARION"

The pure food and drugs movement and the liberty of the press unite, in this new novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams, in producing a story of such extraordinary snap and vigour, such a carnival of physical and moral rough-house that it leaves upon the reader a bewildered impression of having seen the methods of foot-ball applied to the mature business and professional interests of life. You say all the time to yourself, "Of course, these things couldn't really happen, they are too extreme, too impracticable: it is reform carried to the Nth power," and then, the next moment, you find yourself secretly admitting, "But if it did happen, isn't it logical, isn't it refreshing, wouldn't it happen precisely that way?" And to attain such an effect in a story frankly drawn with that purely American type of exaggeration, where English social satire gets its effect by closer adherence to actualities, is in itself no small triumph. *The Clarion* may be briefly summed up as the history of an unique attempt in journalism, a newspaper run with unsparing honesty, asking no favour of anyone, subscriber or advertiser, and granting no favour; printing whatever is legitimate news, no matter how much it may offend private or public interests, whether social, financial or political. Incidentally, the newspaper in question is resting, unknown to its owner, upon a dormant volcano: Young Hal Surtaine is quite unaware of a fact that is common knowledge to every one else, that his father, Dr. Surtaine, has accumulated his millions through the sale of fraudulent patent medicines that for years have swindled the public and hastened the death of hundreds of dupes. The interesting question is, what the young editor will do when his honesty, instead of merely hurting his pocket-book, will strike at his heart, what will he do when he is faced with the problem of exposing the origin of an epidemic in a rookery owned by the woman he is to marry? What will he do when it is proved to him that his own revered father is the most unscrupulous of charlatans? These are difficult situations, and the book, instead of shirking them, utilises them for its biggest situations. There is much sterling stuff in *The Clarion,* and just one little inconsistency: none of the most zealous reformers seems to realise that the paper is founded, supported and owes its very existence to the tainted money emanating from Dr. Surtaine's "Certina," and will probably continue to draw supplies from the incorrigible old reprobate's new venture "Cerebread," which he substitutes for the now discredited "Certina" and which is every bit as big a fake as the other.

"NEIGHBOURHOOD STORIES"

There is always something delightfully restful about a volume of stories by Zona Gale, and although she has now been working her special vein of the Friendship Village chronicles, their quality instead of falling off seems to have gained a richer and deeper significance, born of maturer thought and broader experience. In her earlier stories, it was the whimsical note that one felt predominating, what one may define as the home-spun personalities that distinguished one and all of her characters. But in the later stories, and especially in the newly published volume of *Neighbourhood Stories,* what one feels above all is not the difference but the essential kinship of all these now familiar and lovable Friendship Village folk. Of the separate stories, it is difficult to know which to single out for mention, that rarely sympathetic and comprehensive Christmas story, "A Great Tree," or the election story, "The Face of Friendship Village," in which the independent reform candidate wins an unexpected victory over the two machine candidates, Threat Hubblethwait and 'Lish Warren through the unforeseen advent of an aeroplane; or again, "The

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Party," in which it is shown how the bereaved widow, Mis' Fire Chief Merriman, who "couldn't stand it to have sparkin' an' courtin' goin' on around her," was won over to allow her niece to be married in the very parlour where the funeral had been held. But on second thought, the present reviewer gives preference to "The Flood," in which it is recorded how Silas Sykes, who had been underselling Bitty Marshall, who kept the little grocery store down on the Flats, underwent a change of heart and, far from driving him out of business, played the part of good angel to the whole Marshall family. But, as already said, a choice is difficult: they are all friends of ours, all the inmates of Friendship Village, including the Flats, and we cannot have too much of them.

# BOOKLAND'S BRIGHTEST CORNER

## Books for the Children

BY GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

More than ever, this Christmas of 1914 will be the children's season. To the adult the message of Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, comes with an irony too painful for the mind to linger on it long. It is sweet relief to flee to the world of childhood and plan to bring gladness there.

In bookland, too, we find the same dividing line. We live in an age where action follows thought so quickly—when it does not actually precede it—that books for grown-ups reflect with but slight delay the interests of the moment. And these interests are neither bright nor gay just now. But in the children's corner of bookland we do find brightness and gayety, we find, as is right, a joyous looking-out over the cruel actualities to the beautiful realities of life. It is a pleasure to linger there, and to talk to questing parents who would know which of the offerings to choose for their own dear ones.

But it is a responsibility, too, for the parents of to-day bring a different mental attitude to the quest than was theirs a decade or so ago. Each year brings new development in that youngest sister of Science, child study. And the latest development is an understanding of the importance of the child's playtime as a factor in its mental and spiritual growth. In school hours the child goes for instruction to the adult. In play hours the adult goes for instruction to the child, that he may know better how to understand the opening mind, may learn what is best to inscribe on each unwritten page which is the mind and heart of the little child.

Books occupy a unique position in the life of the child. Belonging alike to his school hours and his playtime, they mean work and relaxation alike. Each book is a prize package when unopened, for the child does not know, until he explores it himself, to which of the two categories it belongs. So that it may possibly represent for him, according to the sort of child he is, the thing he likes and the thing he dreads, both lurking behind the same covering.

Newer educational ideals have made

The Little Mother Goose Puzzle Picture Books. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Jessie Willcox Smith Mother Goose. By Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

The Baby Bears. By Grace G. Dayton. New York: The Century Company. $1.00 net.

Nanette and the Baby Monkey. By Josephine Scribner Gates. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents.

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a vast difference in the nature of the demand for children's books of fiction, a change which writers and publishers have in the main been quick to feel and act upon. The new methods of teaching aim to make a playtime of the school hours, and a time of unconscious instruction of the play hours. And reading no longer belongs in the curriculum for the young child. There is no longer as keen a demand for fiction to make such studies as history, geography and their kin interesting to the child. But the very fact that they are made so interesting to him in his school increases his own desire to continue his study of them in his playtime, in his hours of fiction reading. So that the newer methods of education, while apparently discouraging the giving of books to children, have taught the child himself what to like and have opened a safe and sure market, in the child's own tastes and desires, for those books of stories which please his more intelligent demand. What a change from the day when, to keep a nervous and active child quiet on Sunday—the sedentary position being evidently considered more appropriate to the day—it was told to sit down in a room full of mysterious shadows and given Fox's *Book of Martyrs* to read!

This is a talk to parents then, to parents who have studied their children's likes and dislikes, and who have a desire to influence for good the development of the child through his pleasures as well as through his school work. Let us see what the child's corner of bookland offers this year, to supply the definite demand. One thing is noticeable in looking over such books as have come to our court of judgment. There is no really great book among the juveniles of this year, no one which stands out above all the others. But there is a higher general standard, and a greater evident desire, on the part of writers and publishers, to do justice to the more enlightened demand that comes from both children and parents. And in the matter of dress, all praise is due the publishers. The dainty tasteful bindings, the high level of excellence of illustrations are valuable aids in educating the child's eye for beauty, and not less valuable in making him understand that a book is not merely a mass of paper and cloth with black letters on it, but that it is something to be treated carefully, to be loved and treasured and kept with pride. The child who learns to love his books because of their outer beauty, will soon learn to love them for their contents as well, for the honest child-mind seldom separates the surface of things from their realities. There is not much danger that such a child will grow into the man who ordered books for his new library shelves "in red and gold bindings to match the wall paper," that being his only stipulation.

When we come to classify, for our own convenience, the great heap of inviting volumes before us, we find that a group for the very little ones is not easy to separate from the others. Since the newer education concerns itself so largely with the very little ones, bookland must do so also. There are books for the tiniest, who are read to before they read themselves, in almost every grouping we could make. So that every group contains some offering for any age from two to twenty.

### ANIMAL STORIES

What child does not love animal stories? It is one of the signs of enlightenment that books with pictures and stories of animals for the very little ones have so completely superseded those which concerned themselves with the doings of little boys and girls. The very little

Let's Go to the Zoo. By Grace G. Drayton. New York: Duffield and Company.

The Animal School. Frances Weld Danielson. The Pilgrim Press.

Bird Friends of a Country Doll. By Caroline Stetson Allen. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

The Story My Doggie Told to Me. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.00 net.

The Curly-Haired Hen. By A. Vimar. Translated by Nora K. Hills. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc.

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child is far more interested in animals than in other children. It is only when school life takes them out into the world of strange children that our little ones begin to show any interest in their own kind. The social sense is as little developed in the very young child as it is in the childhood of the race. But turn the pages of pictures before his eyes and the tiny finger will point unerringly to the form of some animal the child has already noticed, or the bright eyes grow brighter with interest for the shapes of strange and beautiful creatures, unknown but clearly recognisable as belonging to the same species as the familiar horse, dog or cat. An understanding of the child's love for and interest in animals has a notable influence on juvenile fiction. It increases the supply of good animal stories, especially for the very little ones, and it lessens the demand for hunting stories that drip gore, for the older boys. They want to know more about the animals when alive and have less interest in killing them.

Where shall we place our true and tried friend Mother Goose? Is she an animal or is she a fairy? But what does it matter, we love her in any guise, and whenever she comes to us in a new dress she is heartily welcome. We find her in several new gowns on our Christmas table this season.

*The Little Mother Goose Puzzle Picture Books* are a decided novelty. In a large box with a most attractive picture of the revered lady astride her winged steed are six little books filling in the picture, like blocks. But each book contains a little story made from some familiar poem among Mother Goose's rhymes. When we further say that these stories are written by Carolyn Wells we have said enough to insure the unique volume the attention it deserves. *The Jessie Willcox Smith Mother Goose* is just Mother Goose herself, a larger, fuller collection of rhymes than ever before offered us, with charming pictures that show us all the old favourites and some pleasant new friends. Mrs. Smith has not only drawn the pictures with her own inimitable skill, but she has culled from ancient volumes many a jingle, the authenticated antiquity of which give it an historical value. Some of the new-old rhymes are a decided find. There is one poem, about two little kittens who quarrelled and fought, which is so delicious in its lilting humour and so wholesome in its disguised moral that mothers and children alike will welcome it. The handsome volume is worthy the attention of any one seeking a gift of lasting value for some adored mite. Grace G. Drayton's chubby-cheeked kiddies fill two books full of fun for the Very Little Ones. It is hard to tell whether they will prefer *Let's Go to the Zoo,* or the *Baby Bears,* either book is likely to find many admirers. *Nannette and the Baby Monkey* is a happy little trifle calculated to make a child understand what freedom means to an animal. *The Animal School* is the better of the companion volumes offered by the Pilgrim Press. Its little stories of what happened among the denizens of the farmyard and the woods are really charming. There is a commendable sincerity about all the animal stories in our list this year, even if all of them do not call for extended mention. *The Curly-Haired Hen* does, however, for this odd story from the French has the charm of novelty as well as a charm all its own. Yolande, who was plucked by a weeping kitchenmaid, believing her dead, and then lived a garmented existence that made her the butt of the barnyard and forced her to seek human companionship, is a new sort of hen heroine. And the tale of Yolande's final transformation, by accident, into a circus freak, is as deliciously funny as anything we can think of in the whole

Old Mother West Wind. By Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.60 net.

Tell-Me-Why Stories about Animals. By C. H. Claudy. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. $1.25 net.

Hoof and Claw. By Charles G. D. Roberts. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. $1.35 net.

Uncle Remus and His Friends. (Visitor's Edition.) By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

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line of animal stories. The whole thing has such a ring of truth about it, too, it is quite inimitable. Three of the animal books of this season are for older children and make a strong appeal to grown-ups who refuse to forget they once were children too. The Visitor's Edition of *Uncle Remus and His Friends* is a welcome collection of some of the best of these delightful tales, with a preface by Myrta Lockett Avary, which tells us much we are glad to know of their creator. Another true and tried friend, beloved of all lovers of animal tales, Charles G. D. Roberts, offers a welcome Christmas gift in *Hoof and Claw,* a collection of stories culled from various magazines and all of them worth preserving in this more permanent form. "The Bear That Thought He was a Dog"; "Up a Tree"; and "Brannigan's Mary" are the tales that will linger longest in the memory from their mingling of gay humour with hidden pathos or tragedy. But the mystery of the silent places broods over all the stories. The illustrations, signed Paul Bransom, are a notable feature of the book. Some of them remind us strikingly of Charles Livingston Bull in his best period. The book of *Tell-Me-Why Stories About Animals* is a new friend coming to bid for our favour. There is a flavour of Kipling about these stories, and indeed, in one of them, the author pays tribute to that great spinner of yarns. But the stories themselves and what happens in them are new, and although the writer warns us that we are not to expect too much accuracy of Natural History in what he has told just to keep one small Human Question Mark amused, the minds of other small Human Question Marks who read them will find in them many a fact worth storing up. Others besides lovers of cats will find the story of *The Foster Baby King Cat* one of the most to be remembered because of its "really-truly" flavour.

Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales. Illustrations by Louis Rhead. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

Andersen's Fairy Tales. Illustrated by Dugald Stewart Walker. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50 net.

The Book of Friendly Giants. By Eunice Fuller. Illustrated by Pamela Coleman Smith. New York: The Century Company. $2.00 net.

### FAIRY TALES

Do you believe in fairies, you parents and lovers of children? Of course you do, for who could be much with children and not win faith in the power of the imagination to lift us out and beyond the Seen into the beautiful mysteries of the Unseen. It is one of the first and strongest needs of the human mind and heart, and this is why the fairy tale, in its best examples, has held the favour of children, old and young, ever since the world began. Whether it be a fairyland peopled by beneficent beings unlike ourselves, or a fairyland to which we mortals might attain,—in some form or other it has held the imagination awake, and from this awakened imagination all good things have come into the world. Conscious or unconscious, the imagination demands the right to stretch its wings. One small six-year-old, so keenly and vitally alive to the actual things going on in the material world around him that he might be suspected of being one of those children who have no need of or wish for dreams, said to his mother when she offered to tell him a story, "Don't tell me a story of something that really happened, tell me one you made up." The keen little brain was making a conscious demand to enlarge its vision, to penetrate beyond the richness of the seen world to what might lie behind it, was asking for the fairy-tale no normal child would miss. There is rich story of fairy tales this season, in books daintily bound, rich with pictures to catch the eye while

The Diamond Story Book. By Penrhyn W. Coussens. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.50 net.

Fairy Tales of Eastern Europe. By Jeremiah Curtin. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. $1.50 net.

Black Tales for White Children. C. H. Stigand. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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the imagination soars with the winged protagonists of the stories.

But in fairy-tales somehow, the old seem best. They are not the product of one brain, burdened with thought and care for material things, they are pieced and patched together out of bits of experience and imaginings from many minds, until, like a perfect mosaic, the picture becomes a complete whole and the tale is deathless. Of these old favourites we have several handsome volumes to praise. Hans Andersen, whose love-opened eyes saw such wonderful things, comes to us in two new outer garments. One volume is richly illustrated by Louis Rhead in the quaint old wood-cut style of drawing that seems to fit the literary manner, untouched by any adapter, of the original stories. For the other, Dugald Stewart Walker has made a garb of such Japanese fairy-like daintiness that he has rightly felt the need of rewriting the stories to bring them more in touch with the character of the illustrations. It is not exactly Hans Christian Andersen we get here, but it is a charming book, which will find many admirers. *The Book of Friendly Giants,* a collection of old favourites and less known stories which deserve to become favourites, performs a kindly duty in clearing the tribe of Giants from the accusation of wickedness that has long hung about them. Young readers will learn from this attractive book that the bigger the giant, the bigger his heart and the greater his love for the little human creatures that come to his notice. Pamela Coleman Smith has made odd and catchy drawings for the stories. The *Diamond Story Book* is a commendable collection of old and newer tales, which sound like folk-lore,—all except the odd and attractive bit "Prince Bull," which is a neat little political satire dating from to-day or to-morrow. Some incidents of history-lore are included in this book, and all of us who have suffered under the old style of teaching history will sympathise with the pretty little girl of the frontispiece who "hated history more than any other study because it seemed to be all names of kings and dates of battles." There are not words strong enough to condemn this method of teaching the most fascinating study that exists, and the consequences of it are far-reaching in their evil. Mr. Coussens is to be doubly commended for having called attention to it in his book.

*The Fairy Tales of Eastern Europe* is a collection of the folk-lore of the Slavic or "South-the-Danube" peoples, which brings many new and interesting tales. One of the greatest novelties of the Christmas fairy-books this year is *Black Tales for White Children,* a collection of folk-lore tales culled from the Arab and native settlements on the East Coast of Africa. The authors, Captain and Mrs. C. H. Stigand, have made their book a treasure-trove of interest to children seeking exciting tales, and also to grown-ups interested in the study of savage or semi-savage races. The points of difference to European fairy-lore are as noteworthy as are the points of resemblance. It is amusing to meet our own B'rer Rabbit in the guise of an astute hare who outwits the lords of the African Jungle. The odd drawings by John Hargrave are not the least attractive feature of a novel and attractive book.

Two fine volumes of stories from the

Stories from Northern Myths. By Emilie Kip Baker. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

Myths Every Child Should Know. Edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Stories from Wagner. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.50 net.

The Fairy Minstrel of Glenmalure. By Edmund Leamy. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc. $0.75 net.

The Topsy-Turvy Fairy. By Anna Alice Chapin. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Nowadays Fairy Book. By Anna Alice Chapin. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Bugaboo Men. By Louis Rand Bascom. New York: Sully and Kleinteich. $1.00 net.

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Northern and Greek mythology, *Stories From Northern Myths,* collected by Emilie Kip Baker, and *Myths Every Child Should Know,* edited by Hamilton Wright Mabie, form a valuable contribution to the Christmas box of this season. A reprint, with sixteen handsome coloured plates, of Walker McSpadden's *Stories from Wagner* takes its place in this category. Modern fairies never seem quite so fairy-like somehow, but the fairies in *The Fairy Minstrel of Glenmalure, The Topsy Turvy Fairy* and *The Nowadays Fairy Book* will all make their appeal to some little ones who will be taught to see what grown-ups cannot see, unless they forget they are grown-ups. There is a "Fairy Godmother's Song" in *The Topsy Turvy Fairy* which the grown-ups will enjoy even more than the children do. It is a delicious little bit of humour. *The Bugaboo Men* is an amusing and aimiable series of pictures and jingles for very little ones, with a wholesome moral of kindness and comprehension of what is different from ourselves hidden neatly among the fun.

### JUST LIFE

Among our Christmas books for the young folks there is a large number which can be classified as stories of "Just life." And as just life is a pretty big thing and encloses all sorts and kinds of experiences, so this group is a pretty big one and contains all sorts and kinds of books. Some fairy books, too, for the best of the modern-made fairy tales are those which lead suddenly out into fairyland from some scene or happening of our daily life. In this class we can include *Captain Billie; The Lucky Stone,* a very modern fairy tale which tells of Settlement work and the true happiness brought by helping others to be happy; *Lady Rumdidoodlum's Children,* a series of pretty fairy tales running through a connected narrative of "just life" in a large family of merry children. *Imagina,* by Julia Ellsworth Ford, we might include in this category. Although this fanciful and charming bit of dreaming is very hard to classify, it is a delightful book, but likely to find its most appreciative audience among grown-ups who love to dream. Among the Just Life Fairy-tales are also the book of *Good Stories for Great Holidays,* a most useful book for the family library, and *The Golden Goblet,* a book of stories from old legends which are enough of just life to show what a fairy tale just life can be when we look at it the right way.

The rest of our Just Life group tell stories of what happened to many different sorts of young people in many different kinds of surroundings. But all the adventures and the happenings are such as might come to any of us—which makes them all the more interesting, does it not? You never know just when it might happen to you, you see. Now there is one peculiar thing about this group. Almost all the girls' books of this Christmas that have come to our ken (there are not many of them, which is a good sign. The usual sort of Girl's book is better left unwritten) belong to the Just Life kind. Just Life offers so much of interest to a girl and then besides she might as well get as much fun out of it as she can, for, in juvenile fiction anyway, she is not allowed to go outside the usual sort of surroundings for her amuse-

Captain Billie. By Josephine Scribner Gates. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 50 cents.

The Lucky Stone. By Abbie Farwell Brown. New York: The Century Company. $1.25 net.

Lady Rumdidoodledum's Children. By S. B. Dinkelspiel. New York: Desmond Fitzgerald, Inc. $1.00 net.

Good Stories for Great Holidays. By Frances Jenkins Olcott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00 net.

Imagina. By Julia Ellsworth Ford. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham and Lauren Ford. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.50 net.

The Golden Goblet. By Jay T. Stocking. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1.00.

Dorothy Dainty's Visit. By Amy Brooks. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $1.00.

Making Mary Lizzie Happy. By Nina Rhoades. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $1.00.

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ment. Among the books for the younger girls on our list *The Bailey Twins,* by Anna C. Chamberlain, is the most attractive. Grown-ups will get as much, if not more, amusement than will their youngers out of the adventures of this pair of seven-year-old girls. The things they do must have really been done by just such girls somewhere, for no imagination could "make up" the many things that will occur as promising suggestions to a wide-awake, mischievous child. In fact the example of these thoroughly delightful twins might prove disrupting if younger readers should be fired by the recital to emulate them! But there is many a hearty laugh in the book, which shows furthermore a lovable picture of happy home life. *Phyllis,* for somewhat older girls, is prepared according to Maria Thompson Davies's unfailing recipe. But, as always, she has some delightful bits of portraiture for us in this latest book. The little boy with the medical mind and the name of Lovelace Peyton Byrd is an artistic achievement.

*May Iverson's Career* is really a grown-up book. And yet it deals with the work and pleasures, with the exciting adventures and the discouragements of journalistic life in New York, from the point of view of the seventeen-year-old heroine. It is strong, wholesome, high-minded. Worth recommending particularly for such girls whom life has all too carefully sheltered from the storms of the outer world. There are some boys' books in this Just Life group, too, and all are good, while two are worth extended mention. *Handicapped,* by Homer Greene, is a strong and touching story of a boy's struggle to overcome fate. Chance helped him at times, but we feel that his own strength would have led him through his trials victorious even without that. It is a true tale of how cruelly the thoughtless will judge by externals only and hinder and hamper real ability because of some physical peculiarity.

*Mark Tidd in the Backwoods,* by Clarence B. Kelland, is wholly delightful. And it belongs in the Just Life stories in spite of the title. For the adventures of the clever fat boy, Mark Tidd, and his two friends are very "civilised" adventures, although they take place in a pioneer country. The land speculators who would defraud Hieronymus Alphabet Bell of what is his, are not a particularly backwoodsy type. One can find them everywhere. Hieronymus is as good as his name. His philosophy, his poems, his horse, his cats Martha and Mary, are alike unique. Here is a sample of the first two:

> "Some folks sit and think and think,
> And some folks writes it down in ink."

he finished up. "Them that thinks and writes it down," he says, "is authors and poets and philosophers, and them that jest thinks is loafers."

We do not intend to tell here what Mark and Hieronymus and Mark's boy chums did, because it would spoil the fun for those who read the book. And nobody who wants to laugh and know why he (or she) is laughing should fail to read this particular book.

The Bailey Twins. By Anna C. Chamberlain. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $1.00.

Two in a Bungalow. By Mary P. Wells Smith. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.20.

A Summer Siege. By Lucy T. Poor. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Patty's Suitors. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25.

Phyllis. By Maria Thompson Davies. New York: The Century Company. $1.25 net.

May Iverson's Career. By Elizabeth Jordan. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.25 net.

The Reformation of Jimmy. By Henriette Eugenie Delamare. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $1.20.

Mark Tidd in the Backwoods. By Clarence B. Kelland. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00.

Handicapped. By Homer Greene. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

The Runaway. By Allen French. New York: The Century Company. $1.25 net.

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SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

School and college are "just life," but are such a distinctive part of life for the growing youth and maiden, that it is quite right and fitting they should have a class of fiction concerning itself with these years alone. Of the books coming to us this season,—there are fewer than usual,—two on our list are for girls, or rather deal with girls' school or college, —the others have for subject the boys' college interests. Of the first, *Jean Cabot,* by Gertrude Fisher Scott, is by far the best. It is a straightforward sincere book, with a wholesome tang of life to it, and much less sentimentality than is usually plastered through books dealing with girls' college years. Jean is very likable and her college is a pretty good place to go to, for the girls there seem to be human. Of the boys' books there is not much choice. All on the lists are brightly written and full of incident. *The Winds of Deal* differs slightly from the rest in that we see some of the school years through the trials and problems confronting a young assistant master, who was a student himself but a short time back.

*The Boys of Eastmarsh* has a good deal to tell of school doings, but a great deal that is just life too. And it is all as exciting as life must be for lively boys whose early years are not spent in fun only, but in helping their parents carry the burden of economic struggle. There is a ring of wholesome democracy about this book, which differentiates it from many others of its kind.

In one of the books, *Left End Edwards,* the young hero's father reminds him that he goes to school to study, and not merely for the athletics. But judging by most of the books before us, the only real interests in school or college are the games and sports generally. However, they give the spice to the harder mental work that comes in these college years. And fiction for the young concerns itself mainly with the spice of life. Reading a number of such books on American schools and colleges one is struck with the lack of emphasis placed on the *difference* of life in a school or a college. They seem to be all pretty much the same here. Whereas the complete change from the guarded discipline of a school, to the absolute freedom given the lad at college is of itself a theme for fiction which should attract a discerning writer.

One book on our college list is not fiction. But lovers of college sports and all students past or present should enjoy it. *The Book of Athletics,* by the once famous gridiron hero, "Withington of Harvard," is full of useful information clearly and concisely stated in simple, everyday language. The novice on grandstand or bleacher will enjoy the game doubly from having studied it a little in this book first.

Jean Cabot in Cap and Gown. By Gertrude Fisher Scott. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. $1.00 net.

Fairmount's Quartette. By Etta Anthony Baker. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.30 net.

The Winds of Deal. By Latta Griswold. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.35 net.

Boys of Eastmarsh. By Fisher Ames, Jr. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.25 net.

HUNTING, ADVENTURE, INDIAN STORIES

It is not such a far cry from boys' college books to stories of the kind supposed to be written entirely for boy readers. Although there are girl readers, and some of them no longer young, who will protest at this and confess themselves willing to sit up late reading many of the books in this particular list! Here again we must subdivide. There are more

Grannis of the Fifth. By Arthur Stanwood Pier. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

Left End Edwards. By Ralph Henry Barbour. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25 net.

The Third Strike. By Leslie W. Quirk. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.20 net.

The Book of Athletics. By Paul Withington. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. $1.50 net.

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books of Indian stories among this season's new offerings than have come our way for several years. *Boy Fugitives in Mexico* is justified by momentary interests, of course, and young readers will be glad to know something more intimate about places they see so often mentioned in the daily papers. Although of itself this book would not compare in power of writing and tensity of action with some of the stories of our own Red Indians, neglected of late by boy readers and writers for them. Of those we enumerate, two are worthy of extended mention. The others are merely the usual sort of thing and seem somewhat old-fashioned. *Lost in the Fur Country* is a story of pioneer days and Indian life which, if for nothing else, would be worthy of commendation for the charming portrait of the Indian mother Netnowa. She is so the embodiment of courageous, affectionate motherhood that we are glad to hear Netnowa was a real woman once. She is an admirably real woman in this book. *On the Warpath,* by James Willard Schultz, is a unique and odd story of a white man's experiences while living among Indians as one of themselves. It has an extraordinarily intimate effect, as if it might be a translation from some tale written in an Indian dialect. As a story it contains many incidents that will thrill young readers. For older ones it will be valuable as a study of Indian mental and spiritual life.

Then the hunting stories—no line of fiction for boys has so felt the influence of newer ideals as have the hunting stories. There are more hunters with the camera now, in fiction as well as in actuality, than ever before, more true naturalists who kill only when necessary in defence of life or for food. The older style stories, like the book *African Adventure Stories,* by J. Alden Loring, the field naturalist to the Roosevelt African Expedition, seem odd to us now. Although Mr. Loring is a naturalist by profession, his book drips gore from its many killings, and we hear little about the habits of the animals and much detail about ways of destroying them. It is pleasant to turn from it to such a book as *Ned Brewster's Caribou Hunt,* by Dr. Chauncey J. Hawkins, which is as full of "really truly" adventures as any boy could wish, but which breathes a

### HUNTING STORIES

Ned Brewster's Caribou Hunt. By Chauncey J. Hawkins. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.20 net.

African Adventure Stories. By J. Alden Loring. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

To the Land of the Caribou. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

The Wolf Hunters. By George Bird Grinnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

### INDIAN STORIES

Boy Fugitives in Mexico. By L. Worthington Greene. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

Across the Range. By James Otis. New York: Harper and Brothers. 60 cents.

Remember the Alamo and The Three Arrows. By Edward S. Ellis. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company. 60 cents each.

Scouting with Daniel Boone. By Everett T. Tomlinson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.20 net.

Lost in the Fur Country. By D. Lange. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. $1.00.

On the Warpath. By James Willard Schultz. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

### ADVENTURE

An American Crusoe. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.25 net.

Dave Porter in the Goldfields. By Edward Stratemeyer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. $1.25 net.

The Last Invasion. By Donald H. Haines. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.25 net.

The Captain of the Catspaw. By W. O. Stoddard, Jr. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00 net.

### POEMS

Remember Rhymes. By A. A. and E. B. Knipe. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. $1.25 net.

The Bubble Ballads. By Melville Chater. New York: The Century Company. $1.50 net.

Songs of Sixpence. By Abbie Farwell Brown. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

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spirit of delight in the great open spaces and a loving interest in the wild creatures that cannot fail to be of good influence on the young readers. And yet there is nothing "mushy" or "molly-coddle" about it. It can safely be recommended as stirring reading for any boy who likes the great out-of-doors. *An American Crusoe* is a study in natural history under the guise of exciting fiction. The author, Mr. A. Hyatt Verrill, did actually live for several weeks on a West Indian Key and made all sorts of experiments which proved that his hero could do what he does do when cast away on the island with no other implement of civilisation than a jackknife. *The Last Invasion,* by Donal Haines, would have had a greater measure of success a year ago. The boy readers will find too much exciting realism of the sort this book offers in the daily papers just now, to bother about imaginary battles on land, sea, or in the air.

Now there are two books in this list that should have been in the Just Life group, but it really doesn't matter where you read them if they please you, does it? *The Captain of the Catspaw,* by W. O. Stoddard, Jr., must please any wide-awake girl or boy and many a parent too. Billy Strong's attempt to earn money for his college course, and to assert the right of any American citizen to work how and when he pleases, asking no man's favour, leads him quite naturally into conflict with a big steamship Trust. Billy beats the Trust, but finally goes into its service, although he promises that he will welcome open competition and "let the better man win." We think somehow that Billy *will* do this, he is such a good sort. And there are so many adventures in the book that this little section of Just Life can hold its own with many a tale of wild countries and wild doings. *Dave Porter in the Gold Fields* has his hands full with his lost mine, and the story of how he finds it again will keep some boys awake when they should be sleeping.

### OPEN CLASS

This last section is a sort of grab-bag to hang under our Bookland Christmas tree. It contains something for everybody, and all manner of books that won't fit into any other of our classifying shelves. There are first three charmingly illustrated books of poems, one the *Remember Rhymes* (A. A. and E. B Knipe) for the littlest ones, *The Bubble Ballads* (Melville Chater) and the

### OCCUPATIONS

When Mother Lets Us Make Gifts. By Mary B. Grubb. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. 75 cents net.

What to Draw and How to Draw it. By E. G. Lutz. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.00 net.

The Kewpie Kutouts. By Rose O'Neill. New York: F. A. Stokes and Company.

The Dot Book. By Clifford Leon Sherman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

The Jolly Book of Boxcraft. By Patten Beard. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35 net.

### POPULAR SCIENCE

The Universe and the Mayonnaise. By T. Brailsford Robertson. London and New York: The John Lane Company. $1.00 net.

The Boy Electrician. By Alfred P. Morgan. Boston: Lothrop, Lee and Shepard. $2.00 net.

Harper's Everyday Electricity. By Don Cameron Shafer. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.00 net.

### BIOGRAPHY

The Treasure Finders. By Oliver Clay. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.25 net.

In Georgian Times. By Edith L. Elias. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.25 net.

More Than Conquerors. By Ariadne Gilbert. New York: The Century Company. $1.25 net.

The Light Bringers. By Mary K. Wade. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.00 net.

### MISCELLANEOUS

The Story of Our Navy. By William O. Stevens. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50 net.

The Story of Our Army for Young Americans. By Willis J. Abbott. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.00 net.

A Captain of the King. By Chester L. Saxby. Boston: Sherman, French and Company. $1.00 net.

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*Songs of Sixpence* (Abbie Farwell Brown) older children will enjoy. Then there is a prize package for the littlest ones who are yet old enough to enjoy "making things." *When Mother Lets us Make Gifts* (Mary E. Grubb), *What to Draw and How to Draw it* (E. G. Lutz), the fascinating *Kewpie Kutouts,* by Rose O'Neill, and the *Dot Book,* by Clifford Leon Sherman, will all of them bring rest for a blissful hour to some weary mother, happy that the little hands are usefully employed. *The Jolly Book of Boxcraft* belongs in the same category, although designed for slightly older children. *The Universe and the Mayonnaise* contains some important scientific information, done up in as odd and attractive a form as has come to the reviewer's table this many a year. The young readers will delight in it as they would delight in a box of good candy. Electricity, our mysterious servant, its eccentricities and possibilities, furnishes the theme for two well-written books that will be gifts gratefully received by many a boy. *Harper's Everyday Electricity* and *The Boy Electrician* are alike in the authentic yet popular manner of their exposition. *The Story of Our Navy* and *The Story of Our Army* explain themselves in their titles for all to see who are interested.

The mind of the boy and girl fortunate enough to have a history teacher with insight will naturally turn to the more intimate study of the lives of the men and women they meet in the pages of world records. Four books of biography come to our Children's Corner of Bookland this season and all are good. *The Captain of the King,* by Chester Saxby, is a unique and affecting little story which it is well to keep to the last. It is a simple, heart-felt narrative of a boy of Palestine who set forth to find the heralded King of Judea,—and found the Messiah. The story closes when Padrash sees the King at last, not a martial monarch in pomp of glittering armour, but the Man of Sorrows, gentle, understanding, forgiving. That, too, is a Christmas thought it would be well for the world to heed.

# HEINRICH VON TREITSCHKE

BY MUNROE SMITH

SINCE the curtain rose upon the great military drama in which Germany holds the centre of the stage, the arguments by which German statesmen and publicists have sought to defend their country's action have stimulated inquiry regarding German philosophy and ethics; and the fact that Bernhardi, whose book has attracted most attention, cites many passages from the writings of Treitschke, has aroused a widespread interest in this essayist, pamphleteer and historian. In the numerous recent articles on Treitschke which have appeared in English and American journals, one important side of the man has been ignored or insufficiently noted. Treitschke was before all things a literary artist. It was, largely, the lucidity, energy and brilliancy of his style that won him influence and fame as a publicist and historian. This should be taken into account in endeavouring to determine his real political opinions. Without accepting Seeley's contention, that in proportion as history becomes literature it sacrifices its proper aim of exact truthfulness, it must be recognised that a writer of marked literary gifts is often tempted to sacrifice precision for the sake of antithesis or epi-

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gram. And when such a writer devotes his talents, as Treitschke did, to the moulding of public opinion in a period of national stress, it is hardly fair to cite detached sentences, or even entire essays, as expressions of his final and deliberate judgment. The successful pamphleteer must have some of the qualities of the politician; and even the politician who ranks as a statesman has always something of the tendency which Lowell noted in Gladstone "to extemporise life-long convictions."

The best study of Treitschke's personality, tendencies and influence is, in the writer's judgment, that published fifteen years ago by the Swiss professor Antoine Guilland, in the fourth chapter of his book, *L'Allemagne nouvelle et ses historiens*. The purpose of this book was to show that, in the nineteenth century, German historical writing was dominated by a specific Prussian and German patriotism; that, in the efforts to glorify Prussia and Germany, history was falsified or its lessons were misinterpreted; and that the results have been disastrous to the intellectual life and moral ideals of Germany itself. In a book written with such a purpose, the study of Treitschke is, of course, hostile. At the same time it is highly sympathetic. M. Guilland denounces sin, but is capable not only of understanding and pardoning the sinner, but even of admiring him. He admires Treitschke for his sincerity of conviction and frankness of utterance, but most of all for the picturesqueness, brilliancy and warmth of his style. He pronounces the German writer "an incomparable artist," and finds that his temperament was fundamentally that of a poet.

It is in fact clear that as a young man Treitschke intended to devote himself to pure literature. The first two volumes which he published were collections of poems. One of these appeared in 1856, when he was twenty-two years old; the other was published in 1857. His verses are very creditable, but they do not indicate that he could ever have become a great poet. The instinct which drove him to metrical expression was nevertheless a sound one: in his case, as in that of many other writers who became masters of prose, the efforts expended in versifying yielded valuable results: they gave him a rich vocabulary and they made his prose more harmonious and its cadences more varied. Before these poems were published, Treitschke had decided, largely under the influence exerted upon him by Dahlmann at the University of Bonn, to devote himself to the study and teaching of history. After 1857 he published one poem only —a Tyrtæan chant inspired by the war with France in 1870. It was entitled "A Song of the Black Eagle." It has undeniable strength and swing, but is overloaded with historical reminiscences. A catalogue of German victories from the times of the Hohenstaufen down to the War of Liberation, however happily rhymed, was hardly adapted to be sung, even by the well-schooled and serious-minded soldiers of modern Germany.

By birth a Saxon, the son of a highly esteemed Saxon general, Treitschke began his career as a university teacher at Leipzig in 1859. He gave the indispensable proof of qualification for an academic career by publishing a volume on *Social Science*. During the following twenty years he wrote essays only, but enough of these to fill four volumes of his collected works. That his first love was still for literature is shown by the fact that down to 1864, when the Bismarckian unity movement began with the Danish war, the greater number of his historical essays dealt with poets and prose writers. One of the earliest (1860) and distinctly the best of this group of essays is his "Milton." This is a historical paper of the first rank. In it Treitschke studies Milton's political career and his controversial prose writings as carefully as the poems. He describes the times in which Milton lived, giving with comparatively few strokes a masterly picture of the social, political and religious condition of England in the first half of the seventeenth century. Both in dealing with Milton himself and with

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his times, Treitschke exhibits the sympathetic insight which marks the true historian. He can understand and largely agree with the Independents; he is outspoken in his admiration of Cromwell. With all this, the literary criticism in the paper is sound; and the appreciation of the happy phrase, the feeling for the sensuous appeal of the perfect line, are carried to a point that would be remarkable in an Englishman, and in the case of a German, stone-deaf from his birth, are almost miraculous. Treitschke had a keen appreciation of the strength of a series of monosyllabic words—an effect that can rarely be produced in German—and he showed how "curt and forceful" (*kurz und wuchtig*) Milton could be by citing, "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," and "Man over men God made not lord." And it is noteworthy that this deaf German was the first to indicate the great difference between the inspired glow of *Paradise Lost,* and the cold didacticism of *Paradise Regained,* by simply setting side by side "the epically executed *exeunt omnes* of the dramatist" in the two poems:

They hand in hand with wandering steps
and slow
Through Eden took their solitary way.

. . . He unobserved
Home to his mother's house private returned.

It is not fanciful to suggest that Treitschke's close study and keen admiration of Milton's art had enduring influence on his own prose. He learned to be "curt and forceful" to a degree almost unparalleled in German literature. On the other hand, when his theme justified eloquence, he could make his sentences roll and thunder in a way that recalls some of the finest passages in the "Areopagitica." When in 1870 he had a vision of the new German state "striding proudly down the centuries, mighty in arms and heavy with thought," the German words, *"der waffengewaltig und gedankenschwer von Jahrhundert zu Jahrhundert schreiten soll"* have the organ tone that Tennyson found in Milton.

After 1864 Treitschke's interests and activities became more and more exclusively political. He wrote on Cavour, whom he admired, and on the first Napoleon, whom he detested; but he wrote more and more on the German questions of the day. During his student years he had stripped off the Saxon and become wholly German; and he was soon a recognised leader of the party that looked to Prussia to unify Germany. In this he was no time-server. The Prussian cause pleased him before it had been shown to be pleasing to the gods. His volume on *Social Science* (1859) was written, as Guilland says, "to show two things: first, that the principle of nationality was in accord with the biological data regarding peoples, and secondly, that Prussia, the only German state of a purely Germanic character, was the centre about which divided Germany must group itself." This latter thesis he defended both in lectures and in occasional public addresses while holding his teaching position in the University of Leipzig. When in 1862 his political attitude made it impossible for him to stay longer in the Saxon university, he accepted a call to the University of Freiburg in Baden. Here his Prussian sympathies aroused at first less hostility than his antagonism to the ultramontane tendencies of the Catholic clergy. The bishop forbade Catholics to attend Treitschke's courses, and Treitschke, combative by nature, retaliated by even franker criticisms than those which had provoked the bishop's action. In 1866, when the Austro-Prussian war broke out, Treitschke's Prussian sympathies made his further stay in Freiburg impossible. For a time he was without an academic position. Bismarck offered him political employment, but he was too proud to accept the offer. Until 1866, like most German Nationalists who were also Liberals, Treitschke had regarded Bismarck simply as a reactionary. He had openly attacked the Prussian Prime Minister in articles and in speeches. Now that Bismarck was carrying out the National-Liberal programme, Treitschke was ready to support him, but not to

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take office under him. He could not put himself in a position in which it might appear that he had sold his convictions. Within a year, however, he secured a chair at the University of Kiel, and later he was called from Kiel to Heidelberg. In 1875 he was appointed to a professorship at the University of Berlin, where he taught history and politics for the rest of his life.

As a lecturer he was seriously handicapped by his deafness, and his success, which was very great, represented a triumph over apparently insurmountable difficulties. Because he could not hear himself speak, his intonations and inflections were very strange, and the words which he meant to utter were interspersed with sounds of which he was quite unconscious. If the phonograph had then existed, his hearers would have felt that they were listening to a cracked record of a lecture transmitted through a badly tuned membrane. Even Germans could not understand him until they had become used to him. By the second or third lecture, however, not only did the difficulty of following Treitschke's words disappear, but the strangeness of his delivery was almost forgotten. The obvious sincerity of the man and the literary qualities which made him a great writer exercised their compelling charm. In his lectures he gave freer play than in his writings to his mordant wit and his broad, sometimes almost Rabelaisian humour. His characterisation of historic persons whom he did not like was often appalling in its frankness. The writer distinctly remembers, for example, the "movement" which ran through his audience when he spoke of "the whole princely flunkeydom" (*das ganze Fürstengesindel*) of the lesser German states.

In the seventies and early eighties he held a seat in the German Parliament, at first on the right wing of the National Liberal party, later among the Free Conservatives. His parliamentary speeches, which were not very numerous, were collected and published in 1896.

In 1879 appeared the first volume of his greatest as well as bulkiest work, *German History in the Nineteenth Century*. The fifth volume, which carries the story down only to 1848, appeared in 1895, a year before his death. With the publication of the first volume of this work, Treitschke was at last recognised by his fellow German historians, who had previously looked rather askance at his essays and speeches, as a full member and a master in their guild. The work is based on an enormous amount of research. The author consulted, not only books and pamphlets, but also files of newspapers. He naturally devotes his chief attention to the political and social development of Prussia, but he traces the history of Austria also, and of some thirty smaller German states. He follows carefully the international relations of the two leading German states and of the German Federation. The central purpose of the work is to describe the development of all the forces which made for German unity. The method in which the material is massed and presented makes this history unique. Broad generalisations are supported or replaced by characteristic episodes; in tracing movements, the personal element is emphasised; and the five volumes are full of anecdotes and contain an extraordinary series of historical portraits. As regards style, the author is here at his very best: there is hardly a dull page in the entire work.

Treitschke himself did not pretend that this history was written in an impartial spirit. He admitted, on the contrary, that he found it necessary, by reason of his personal temperament, to make his history frankly partisan. In earlier years he had striven to be impartial; in his later years he had decided that he could not. He maintained also that all the greatest histories had been one sided.

During the greater part of his teaching life Treitschke had lectured on politics. He himself never edited these lectures for publication; but shortly after his death, in 1897-98, they were published, on the basis of notes made by his students. The printed pages contain many statements which Treitschke would prob-

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ably have modified, but, on the whole, they undoubtedly represent his mature and serious opinions. In this book he declares that the state is might, and that its first duty is its own preservation. "Of all political sins, weakness is the most abominable and the most contemptible; it is the sin against the Holy Ghost of politics." The individual may sacrifice himself in the interest of a community of which he is a member and which is higher than himself; the state can sacrifice itself to nothing higher, because nothing is higher.

The conduct of war is an essential function of the state. War, in Treitschke's opinion, is sure to persist to the end of history. Universal peace is neither consistent with human nature nor is it in any way desirable. It may be expected that wars will become somewhat less frequent; but universal peace is a dream. The periods in which this dream has been most popular have been periods of degeneracy. "God will see to it that war shall forever recur as a terrible medicine for the human race."

Although the state is might, Treitschke does not admit that might is right. The state is unquestionably subject to the moral law. Acquired power must justify itself by its employment for the highest moral benefit of humanity; and "power which tramples all right under foot must perish in the end." Treitschke denies, however, that the ordinary code of private morals can be applied without modification to the conduct of the state; and he does not succeed in formulating very definitely the higher morality by which state action must be governed. In the main he gets no further than to assert that the statesman should be as moral as he can be under any given circumstances. In politics the end may justify the means; but immoral means should not be employed when the end can be attained, although more slowly and less fully, by means that are strictly moral. It is desirable, and as a rule it is advantageous, that diplomacy should be truthful; but in the state of "latent war" in which Europe lives this is not always possible; and we should not applaud the statesman who should "warm his hands over the smoking ruins of his country and declare, with smug satisfaction, 'At any rate, I have never lied.'" On one point, however, Treitschke is quite clear: no state has the right to extend its sway over people of a different race whom it cannot assimilate. This, it will be observed, is a negative statement of the right of nationalities to exist—a right which Treitschke invariably affirmed. It follows that world empire is contrary to the highest morality. In his German history Treitschke recognises that the humiliation of Germany in the Thirty Years' War was a just retribution for the attempts of German kings to rule Italy and to reëstablish universal empire. "In the merciless justice of history," he wrote, "those who lusted to rule the world were trampled under the feet of the stranger."

From the complete independence of the state it results, in Treitschke's opinion, that every state must determine in first instance the morality of its own actions. He does not recognise any higher instance in contemporary opinion. The only supreme instance lies, as in Schiller's phrase, in history: the history of the world is the world's supreme court.

An emotional temperament, intensified by the stirring times in which he lived, made Treitschke's patriotism as narrow as it was intense. He thought the Germans superior in nearly all respects, and particularly in their morals, to any other people. He had a very poor opinion of foreigners in general. The Slavic peoples were semi-barbarous; the Latin peoples decadent. He cordially disliked the British: he maintained that the British Empire had been built up in the unscrupulous pursuit of purely material ends. Like many Continental Europeans, outside of Germany as well as in that country, he regarded British assertions of moral purposes as hypocritical. He had little sympathy with or interest in our American democracy. He knew so little of our history as to ascribe Andrew Jackson's popularity to his con-

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quest of Texas. The fact that Germans form an important and valuable part of our people did not interest him. From his point of view, it was unfortunate that Germans were so ready to expatriate themselves, and he resented the facility with which Germans have assimilated themselves to the people among whom they live, whether in France, in Russia, or in the United States.

It seems to me improbable that Treitschke's theories of the state and of war have appreciably affected the conduct of Germany. Conduct is more strongly influenced by sentiment than by theory. For this very reason, however, the extent to which he associated love of country with hatred of the foreigner has made his influence baleful.

# MONS, LOUVAIN AND MALINES

BY VICTOR HUGO

(*Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos*)

BRUSSELS, 18 August.

I AM still at Brussels, my own Adèle. I am waiting for the diligence and beginning a letter to you which I will finish at Louvain or Malines. You see what a joy it is to me to be near to you in thought by writing to you.

I promised to tell you more about Mons. And it really is a very curious town. There is not one Gothic steeple at Mons, for the Cathedral of Sainte-Waudru has only a small, insignificant slate spire. On the other hand, the city is overshadowed by three belfries in the quaint, ornate style which results here from the clash of the north and the south, of Flanders and Spain.

The tallest of these three towers, built on the site of the old castle, toward the end of the seventeenth century, I believe, has a really remarkable roof. Imagine an enormous coffee-pot flanked under its widest part by four tea-pots not quite so big. It would be ugly if it were not huge. Its size saves it.

Around steeples like this, picture squares and irregular streets, often winding and narrow, lined with tall houses of brick and stone with carved gables of the fifteenth century and florid façades of the sixteenth; and you will have an idea of a Flemish town.

The Market-place at Mons is particularly fine. The Town-hall has a handsome front with fifteenth-century pointed arches and a rather curious rococo belfry; and from the square one sees also the two other towers.

As I was to start at three o'clock in the morning, I stayed up, to see it by moonlight. Nothing could be more singular or charming, under a fine, bright, starry sky, than this square so prettily tricked out on every side by the whimsical taste of the fifteenth century and the extravagant genius of the eighteenth; nothing more original than all these fantastic buildings seen at this weird hour.

From time to time, an exquisite carillon woke up in the great tower (the tea-pot belfry); and the carillon seemed to be singing some vague Chinese song to this town of Flemish goblins. Then it stopped and the clock struck solemnly. Then, when the last vibrations of the clock had stopped, in the silence that had scarcely returned a strangely sweet and melancholy sound floated down from the top of the great tower: it was a trumpet-call, faint and high up in the air, just two sighs. Then the town slept again for another hour. That trumpet-call was the voice of the watchman.

I was there, the only soul awake be-

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side him, with my window open in front of me and the whole of that wonderful sight, I should say, that dream, filling my eyes and ears. I did well not to go to sleep that night, did I not? Never would sleep have given me a dream more to my liking.

Well, this wonderful dream is fortified. Mons is a citadel and a citadel stronger than any of ours. There are eight or ten enceintes, with as many fosses, around Mons. On leaving the town one is tossed, for over a quarter of an hour, from footbridges to drawbridges, across demilunes, bastions and counterscarps. It was the English who gave the town its chemise, in case we should one day take it into our heads to try and slip into it.

'Tis a fair land, this land of Flanders. Broad green pastures, pleasant hop-fields, narrow rivers overflowing their banks; now a meadow full of cows, now an alehouse full of topers. You wend your way between Paul Potter and Teniers.

As for Flemish cleanliness, it amounts to this: all day long, all the inhabitants, servant-maids and mistresses, duennas and girls fresh from school, are occupied in cleaning the houses. Now, by dint of washing, soaping, rubbing, brushing, combing, sponging, wiping, hearth-stoning, scrubbing and rescrubbing, it comes about that all the dirt on the things washed passes on to the washers, whence it follows that Belgium is the country in which the houses are the cleanest in the world and the women the dirtiest.

In saying this, we must except the pretty ladies, with whom, of course, I have no concern in any country.

For the rest, this sort of unclean cleanliness gives charming results, when you forget about the women. Take the collars of the cart-horses, for instance: thanks to their brass knobs glittering like gold, I notice for the first time in my life that they are shaped like a lyre.

Put cords in the place of the horse's head; and it would be an instrument fit for Viennet* himself.

*Guillaume Viennet (1777-1868), the last of the French classic poets.

Speaking of horses, it looks as if they were very vicious in Flanders, or the Flemings very prudent, for they are shod, in all the villages through which I have passed, on a most solid shoeing-brake, made not of oak, but of granite (they have a rather ugly blue granite about here and employ it for every imaginable purpose). This custom was a disappointment to me, for I love that picturesque roadside scene, the horse and the busy smith.

Two days ago, I saw a railway for the first time, a few leagues off Mons. It ran along the high road. Two horses did the work of thirty and dragged five great four-wheeled waggons laden with coal. It's very ugly.

LIER, 19 August, 9 o'clock in the evening. I have been through Louvain, I have been through Malines, I am at Lier and I continue my letter. I am very glad to think that your father has been with you since yesterday, my dear Adèle, and that while papa is away my Didine† has her grandpapa.

I have been handsomely indemnified for all the foolish towns of French Flanders. Louvain is a very complete and charming city, standing as it were in a basin. The wonderful Town-hall is shaped like a gigantic reliquary. It is a colossal fifteenth-century gem. They have painted it grey-yellow. The Town-hall at Mons is blue-grey. They have that horrible blue granite to serve them as a pretext for the latter colour. They call it harmonising. These poor Vandals have a mania for lime-wash.

The big church of Louvain, which has half fallen to pieces,‡ teems with beautiful things. The chapels are crammed with marvellous paintings and perfect carvings. You see nothing but festoons and rich mouldings on every hand. It is all arranged haphazard, without order, promiscuously, anyhow. Each of the Belgian churches is a chaos, but a chaos which contains a world.

†Victor Hugo's eldest daughter Léopoldine.

‡The Church of St. Pierre has since been restored.

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The cathedral at Malines is whitewashed inside and stuffed full of wild and fantastic specimens of eighteenth-century art. To make up for this, the exterior is marvellous. The tower is terrifying. I went up it. Three hundred and seventy-seven feet high, five hundred and fifty-four stairs! Almost twice the height of the towers of Notre-Dame. This prodigious work is unfinished. It was to have been surmounted by a spire of two hundred and sixty feet,* which would have made it overtop the great Pyramid of Gizeh. The Dutch were jealous of it; and a tradition of the country says that they carried off to Holland the stones intended to complete the great tower. Each face of this tower has a gilded iron dial forty-two feet in diameter. The whole of the immense edifice is occupied by a clock: the weights ascend, the wheels turn, the pendulums swing to and fro, the carillon chimes. It is life, it is a soul.

The carillon consists of thirty-eight bells, each struck by several hammers, and of the six great bells of the tower, which provide the bass. These six great bells are all in tune, except the principal bell, which is now cracked and which weighs eighteen thousand eight hundred pounds. The smallest of the six bells weighs three thousand four hundred. The copper cylinder of the carillon weighs five thousand four hundred and forty-two pounds. It is pierced with sixteen thousand eight hundred holes, which give egress to the pins that catch the strings of the carillon from moment to moment as required.

*The projected height of the whole was 550 feet, which would have made it the highest tower in Christendom.

The railway goes through Malines. I went to look at it. In the crowd was a poor shandrydan-driver, from Picardy or Normandy, who was staring piteously at the carriages running past, drawn by the puffing and groaning engine.

"That's faster than your horses," I said.

"No wonder!" replied the man. "It's driven by a thunderbolt."

The phrase struck me as fine and picturesque.

In addition to the railway-waggons, they have a curious sort of carriage here. It is a wheel-barrow with a dog in front and a woman behind. The dog pulls and the woman pushes.

I am still in the most profound incognito here, which pleases me greatly. I have just read in a Belgian newspaper that "M. Victor Hugo is staying at Rochefort at present."

I shall be at Antwerp on the day after to-morrow and I shall have your letters. I shall have news from all of you. How happy I shall be! For a couple of days now, I have been curbing my impatience, for I am close to Antwerp and longing to be there, but I do not want to leave anything behind me. There are two wonderful Rubens at Malines and I shall see others at Lier and Turnhout. I embrace you, my dear Adèle, also your father and our dear little ones. I love you all. I am still baking in the sun.

Do not forget to write to me henceforth at Dunkirk, *poste restante*.

* * *

*Elsewhere in this issue will be found the announcement of the fourth paper in Mr. Clayton Hamilton's "The Trail of Stevenson," to appear in the January number of* THE BOOKMAN. *In that issue will also be printed the second part of "A Thackeray Portfolio," of which the first part appeared in October; the first of Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick's papers on "The Woman's Club and its Reading"; and a delightful article on "Modern Magic," by Professor Brander Matthews.*

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# SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

## I

### Henry James's "Notes on Novelists"*

It is almost two score years ago since the editors of the *Library Table*—a review long since dead and forgotten—permitted an aspiring apprentice to the delicate art of reviewing to express youthful enthusiasm over the earliest collection of Mr. Henry James's literary criticisms, *French Poets and Novelists,* published in 1878. In the thirty-seven years that have passed Mr. James has garnered other of his scattered essays in appreciation,—*Partial Portraits* (which appeared in 1888), and *Essays in London and Elsewhere* (which bears the date of 1893). And now, after an interval of twenty-one years, in which he has been constantly engaged in the analysis, qualitative and quantitative, of the modern writers most interesting to him, he has again recaptured a few of his more recent studies to fill this modestly entitled volume of *Notes on Novelists.*

What he has given us in all these successive volumes is only a winnowing of his many criticisms. For example, I fail to find in any of them the suggestive review of Zola's *Nana,* contributed to the *Parisian*—yet another dead and gone weekly—and composed almost immediately after the novel it considered had made its startling apparition. Nor do I discover in this latest volume, Mr. James's sole venture into Shakespearian criticism, an introduction to *The Tempest,* or his sole effort to evaluate an eighteenth century practitioner of the novelist's art, the introduction to the *Vicar of Wakefield.* I miss also his most brilliant tribute to Coquelin, the most brilliant comedian of the nineteenth century. And finally, I cannot but regret more especially that Mr. James has not seen fit to include in the present collection the fine, clear, sympathetic study of Sainte-Beuve, originally contributed to the *North American Review* and revised by the author for its reappearance in Mr. William Morton Payne's volume containing significant specimens of *American Literary Criticism* (issued in 1904).

Yet even if these delectable dishes are wanting it is a rich feast to which Mr James has now invited us in his hospitable fashion. There are two papers on Balzac to supplement the two contained in *French Poets and Novelists;* and here are three on George Sand to supplement the single study in the earlier volume. In that earlier volume he had a paper on "Charles de Bernard and Gustave Flaubert," a somewhat surprising pair to be presented in double harness; and in this latest volume he has a far ampler and more searching consideration of Flaubert all by himself. In *Partial Portraits* we had a friendly sketch of Robert Louis Stevenson, and in *Notes on Novelists* we have another and equally friendly discussion of the same rival artist in words, in story-telling and in criticism,—this last having for the peg on which it hangs Sir Sidney Colvin's edition of Stevenson's correspondence. Although the contemporary review of *Nana* has not been replevined from the swift oblivion of the back number of a defunct journal, we have now a more mature and more elaborate consideration of Zola's powerfully quarried and massively built novels. We have also an illuminating criticism of the younger Dumas, correcting the slightly disparaging dismissal in one of the *Transatlantic Sketches* of 1875. And finally there are two suggestive and stimulating papers on two erotic Italian story-tellers, d'Annunzio and Matilde Serao, piercing and ultimately annihilating in spite of the abundant understanding of their very different endowments for the art of fiction.

When we take account of the varied contents of this welcome volume we note

*Notes on Novelists, with Some Other Notes. By Henry James. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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that its title, perfectly descriptive as far as it goes, does not go as far as it might. These are really "Notes on Novelists by a Novelist." What Mr. James has here chosen to give us is the intimate criticism of a most expert fellow-craftsman. It is glorified shop-talk; and to this fact it owes a large part of its appeal to the more intelligent reader. In dealing with Balzac, with Flaubert, with Zola, Mr. James never lets us forget that he himself is also an artificer, bred in the studio, quick to apprehend all the tricks of the trade. He reveals himself as interested immensely and necessarily in the processes of the art, in the artist's choice of his subject and in his methods of approach to it. When he lays down a novel instantly does he ask himself, "Why did the author do this?" and a moment later he puts the second question, "Why did he do it this way?" And these inquiries are always interesting, even if Mr. James is right in thinking "that a novelist of a right æsthetic sensibility must always find more in any other novelist worth considering seriously at all than he can perhaps hope to impart even to the most intelligent of critics pure and simple his subtle reasons for" (p. 154).

Furthermore, Mr. James takes as the themes of his successive investigations only the novelists who are his contemporaries,—Balzac being only an apparent exception. He never strays back beyond the beginnings of the nineteenth century. Excepting only for a chance allusion or two, we might conclude that for Mr. James the novel began with Balzac, unless, indeed, it had its origin in George Sand. To him Cervantes and Lesage and Fielding are as though they had never existed; even Goethe and Jane Austen and Scott are outside of the range of his interrogatories; and the modern novel seems to him to have burgeoned into bloom suddenly in France in the early nineteenth century, with no nourishing roots in the past or in other lands. That this narrows his vision is indisputable; but it is almost equally indisputable that it focusses his insight, makes it more searching, and bestows upon it a special intensity. It is often very helpful to the critic that he restricts himself to the limited field he loves best; and all these criticisms of Mr. James's are plainly labours of love. He is affirmative rather than negative; he deals with the writers whose works he has himself most relished; and he makes us partners in his pleasure in the superb equipment of d'Annunzio, even if he ends by declaring the emptiness of that gifted Italian's carnal conception of life.

There is piquancy in returning to Mr. James's very acute analysis of Sainte-Beuve, to record that not a few of the remarks he makes about the greatest of French critics are almost equally applicable to himself. He has told us that the critic, in Sainte-Beuve's conception, "was not the narrow lawgiver or the rigid censor that he is often assumed to be; he was the student, the inquirer, the interpreter, the taker of notes, the active, restless commentator, whose constant aim was to arrive at justness of characterisation." And again: "He valued life and literature equally for the light they threw upon each other; to his mind one implied the other; he was unable to conceive them apart." Finally, Sainte-Beuve, so Mr. James affirms, "was *all*, a writer, a critic, an appreciator. He was literary in every pulsation of his being, and he expressed himself totally in his literary life. . . . He had no disturbing, perverting tastes; he suffered no retarding, embarrassing accidents."

Probably it is fair to say that the dominating quality of Sainte-Beuve was his insatiable curiosity; and is not this also the dominating quality of Mr. James? Mr. Brownell has already told us that in his opinion the characteristic attitude of Mr. James is that of scrutiny; "his inspiration is curiosity." Certainly the inspiration of Mr. James's criticism is curiosity in the better sense of that much abused word; and while the critic needs to feel other inspiration, he needs none more than that. In criticism Mr. James's curiosity forces him to explore every nook and cranny of an author's work to discover his secret, to find the password, the

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key, that will admit the critic to the inner citadel wherein the essential quality of the subject stands revealed at last. Mr. James does not scorn criticism of detail, on the contrary, but he is never satisfied with that except as it may guide him to the centre of the labyrinth. He is never willing to quit an author until he has been able to extract and to express the secret which explains that author as a whole, the mainspring of all his manifestation.

For the benefit of those readers, not a few, who have shrunk away from Mr. James's later stories because they were recondite in theme and involute in style, it ought to be noted here that this volume of criticism is neither recondite nor involute. These papers seem to disclose a keener enjoyment on the writer's part, a finer rapture than could be detected in certain of Mr. James's more recent and more attenuated novels. And as a result of this superior zest, there is more gusto in the writing. The style is not tortuous or mystifying; it is clear almost to transparency. These essays prove again the validity of Mr. Brownell's assertion that Mr. James's "vocabulary is remarkable, both in range and in intimate felicity; and it is the academic vocabulary, rendered vigorous by accents of raciness, now and then, the acme of literary breeding, without, however, a trace of bookish aridity."

On the score of style, only a single protest must be filed. In general Mr. James's writing is grammatically impeccable. Twice in this volume he employs what is probably in his hands a Gallicism; on page 2 and again on page 45 he writes *"and which"* when there is no earlier *which* and when the *and* is therefore needless and annoying. But this is a linguistic trifle. What is more serious, is to discover Mr. James dropping into a Briticism and employing *directly* in place of *as soon as* (pages 286 and 308). If this linguistic lapse is the result of his residence in Great Britain, his fellow-countrymen have an added reason for desiring his speedy return to the deserted land of his birth. *Brander Matthews.*

## II, III, IV, V

### Great Families

Social philosophers have doubtless overworked the principle of heredity. It does not explain everything, and it leads into a moral *cul-de-sac* when it is offered as a substitute for personal responsibility. Man is in truth "his own star," and "our acts our angels are, for good or ill." Yet in the history of more than one family there appears a dominant strain. No matter how great the diversity of individual character, ancestral traits are perpetuated from generation to generation. This phenomenon may easily be attested by personal experience. But it arrests the attention more quickly when the family that illustrates it has gained great prominence in public life. Instances in our own country will readily occur to the reader. In the nature of things, however, no American family has yet been able to play so conspicuous a part on the world's stage as those played by the families—three English and one French—who have now found historians.*

It may be questioned, perhaps, if triumphant democracy will offer to any family in the future the opportunities which these families, and others no less distinguished, enjoyed in the past. The recent legislation in Great Britain against the House of Lords seems to foreshadow a great change in the social and political structure of the nation—a change the consequences of which are yet unimaginable. "The governing classes" is already becoming an empty phrase. Yet in England, at least, they governed well. So long as the royal power could be freely exercised, it was, in the main,

*The Seymour Family. By A. Audrey Locke. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Cavendish Family. By Francis Bickley. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The House of Cecil. By G. Ravenscroft Dennis. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

La Trémoille Family. From the Crusades to the French Revolution. By Winifred Stephens. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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a democratic force. That is to say, the King used the people against the nobles, and fought feudalism by defending popular rights. But when, after the downfall of the House of York, the old nobility was almost destroyed, and the House of Tudor began to build up its tyranny with the aid of "new men," these men themselves, by a natural political evolution, became the chief bulwarks of English liberty. They had no conception of government by the masses and no altruistic ideals; they represented in the main, under whatever name, the principle of Whiggism; in other words, enlightened selfishness. But by their resistance to the Stewarts, by their ensuing encroachments on royal rights, ending in what is somewhat illogically described as "constitutional" monarchy, they built up an aristocratic system which worked smoothly and effectively, and to which the present British Empire owes its very existence. A roster of the British ministries down to the end of the nineteenth century shows how truly the great families governed the country, despite such notable exceptions as were furnished by statesmen like Gladstone and Disraeli. And, before the Reform Bill of 1832 enhanced the political consequence of the middle classes, scarcely any exceptions could be named.

None of the three great families with which we are concerned have any clear claim to Norman blood. Their biographers all confess that the reputed genealogies are somewhat mythical. They are not comparable in this respect to families like the Howards. No doubt there are tenth transmitters of a foolish face who can boast a more splendid ancestry. But this is a minor matter. Every one of them has played a conspicuous part in public affairs for nearly five centuries; and that is a long time in the history of either a family or a nation. The Cecil family, it is true, had its period of obscuration. From the first Earl to the third Marquess of Salisbury it enjoyed little political influence. The founder of the family greatness, of course, was William Cecil, Lord Burghley. The most trusted of Elizabeth's counsellors, and the one most worthy of trust, his is not a romantic or inspiring figure. His genuine devotion to his sovereign and his country need not be doubted; but he was neither hero nor martyr, though he had opportunities to become both. He was at least "indifferent honest" and, according to the standards of the age, humane. "Very astute, false, lying and full of artifice," is the description of the Spanish Ambassador; but this is obviously a prejudiced view. Of his two sons one became Earl of Exeter and the other Earl of Salisbury. Thus the present Marquesses of Exeter and Salisbury are alike Cecils, although it is the latter who is the more closely associated with the name. Robert, Earl of Salisbury, played an eminent part in public affairs; but he was an enigma to his contemporaries, and his character is even yet open to controversy. His cousin, Francis Bacon, hated him, as we know; but he had personal reasons. It must be said in Robert Cecil's favour that, whatever his lack of generous feeling, he was genuinely patriotic, free from the corruption so rife in his day, and with a judgment which seldom went astray. Why his descendants failed so miserably to measure up to his abilities is an interesting subject for speculation. Nevertheless, the principle of heredity was more than vindicated by the career of the third Marquess—"the" Lord Salisbury of our time. Perhaps he has hardly yet had full justice done to him, though in some respects his services to his country were greater than those of either Disraeli or Gladstone. Those who study carefully his labours as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, or read his writings, will be impressed by the commanding quality of his intellect.

That the Cavendish family is a great family no one will dispute, and it has kept well in the public eye ever since the days of William Cavendish, a *protégé* of Thomas Cromwell. His older brother, George, it will be recalled, was the author of that *Life of Cardinal Wolsey,* which may fairly be reckoned among our prose classics. William's chief exploit,

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so far as the fortunes of the family were concerned, was his marriage to "Bess of Hardwick," who, though she married the Earl of Shrewsbury after his death, continued to care for the fortunes of the Cavendishes. The story of her relations with Mary Stewart, of whom for a time Lord Shrewsbury was unwillingly forced to take charge, is well known. Both women had bitter tongues, and they did not love each other. The first-born son of Bess left no lawful heirs, and the estates passed to his brother. William Cavendish, first Early of Devonshire, was a prudent sort of person. But his immediate descendants more often acted on impulse. The William Cavendish who was made Duke of Newcastle was known as "the loyal Duke," and served Charles I well in the Civil War. It was he who married the lady known as "the learned Duchess." His father was the youngest son of William Cavendish and Bess of Hardwick. His estates, by a series of marriages, came into the possession of the Dukes of Portland. The first Duke of Devonshire, one of the peers chiefly responsible for the coming of William of Orange, was the originator of the Whig tradition which has since characterised the house. Indeed, for two centuries in its history there has been very little variation from type. The late Duke of Devonshire—still best known as Lord Hartington—was an almost perfect example of Whiggism. It may be doubted if the brilliant Duchess Georgiana, who was the stay of the house in her day, would have approved him or have known quite what to make of him. But his political career offers an excellent illustration of the kind of service a member of the governing classes was able to do for his country.

Mr. Bickley, the historian of the family, naturally takes the most favourable view of the late Duke's attainments; but with all his ingenuity he cannot make these appear more than respectable. Lord Hartington—to distinguish him by the title which he held during the greater part of his career—was a man of intelligence and sound judgment. But he owed his advancement to his family connections rather than to his own abilities. If he had not been Lord Hartington no one would have thought him as the successor of Gladstone in the leadership of the Liberal party. The writer has seldom had the misfortune to hear so dull a speaker as he. Yet he did genuine service to his country. He was more valuable to it in a crisis than a man more brilliant but less trusted would have been. He might be narrow; he might be obstinate; but he was undeniably sincere. No selfish motives inspired his conduct. He was always true to the traditions of his position. There will be a loss to English public life when such traditions lose their force.

The Seymours have been a family of another sort. Although the other form of the name, St. Maur, suggests a French origin, it is impossible to trace the ancestry clearly beyond the thirteenth century. The children of Sir John Seymour, who lived at Wolf Hall in Tudor times, were the first to make the family famous. These children were the Jane Seymour who become the third Queen of Henry VIII and the mother of Edward VI, and her two brothers, Edward, Duke of Somerset and Lord Protector when his nephew came to the throne, and Thomas, Lord Seymour of Sudeley, Lord High Admiral. Both men were ambitious and unscrupulous and both came to violent ends. It was Thomas, of course, who was once a candidate for the hand of the Princess Elizabeth, though he afterward married the widowed Queen Katherine, Henry's sixth and last spouse. Even after that there were love passages between him and the future Queen, how serious is still a matter of speculation. It is difficult from the evidence to believe in Elizabeth's innocence. The Seymour family, like the others, branched off in various directions. There were, for example, the Seymours of Trowbridge and the Seymours of Berry Pomeroy. The title of Duke of Somerset remained with the former; the fourth to hold it was known as "the proud duke." He was esteemed "the

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most ridiculous man of his time," so arrogantly did he carry himself. It is related that he rebuked his second wife for touching his arm with a fan by saying, "Madam, my first duchess was a Percy, and *she* never took such a liberty." Yet he had some substantial virtues. He was one of the strongest supporters of the Hanoverian succession, though Burnet called him "rather a ministry spoiler than a ministry maker." The Earls of Egremont are among his descendants.

There is more interest in the story of the Seymours of Berry Pomeroy. They are descendants of the son of the Lord Protector by his first wife, whom he repudiated on the ground of unfaithfulness. The third Edward Seymour became Baron Seymour. The sixth Edward and fourth Baron Seymour was "the great Sir Edward," Speaker of the House in the days of his cousin, "the proud duke." He had his share of pride, too. When the Prince of Orange landed Sir Edward was among those who greeted him. "You are of the Duke of Somerset's family?" asked the Prince. "Pardon me, sir," the Speaker replied; "the Duke is of *my* family." His second son by his second wife was responsible for notable extensions of the family tree; he was the ancestor of the Marquesses of Hertford and of various distinguished Conways, including the General. It was the third Marquess of Hertford who sat for the portrait of Lord Monmouth in *Coningsby* and who suggested to Thackeray the character of the Marquis of Steyne. The Seymours have contributed liberally to the British navy, as the names of not a few admirals and other officers of high rank indicate.

A curious illustration of the vital difference between the English and the Continental nobility is offered by the story of the great French family of La Trémoille. It is a pity that Miss Winifred Stephens begins her narrative with a split infinitive and continues it with almost every vice of style it is possible for a single writer to achieve; for she has a subject of the utmost interest. One of the early members of the family, Georges de La Trémoille, was among the worst men of his time. Many will recall him as one of the enemies of Jeanne D'Arc (whom Miss Stephens persists in calling Joan of Arc), but this was by no means the only injury he wrought on France. His descendants, fortunately, did better service for their country; they held up the hands of Louis XI in his efforts to check the power of Burgundy; they fought in the Italian wars; they took part in the Crusades. They became great feudal princes; they intermarried with famous houses—Montmorency, Nassau, Aragon, Stanley, Condé, Sobieski—and when the Revolution broke out they were striking examples of the faults and merits of the Ancien Régime. But of any real understanding of the national life, of any real sympathy with the people as a whole, they, like the members of every nobility which becomes a caste, showed little comprehension. The great English families, however haughty in bearing, have never admitted the principle of caste. The commoner of to-day may be a peer to-morrow; indeed, there are certain families of long descent which boasts of never having had a title in their possession. Thus we find the English nobility, even as far back as the summoning of the first Parliament, truly an integral part of the nation. The old French nobility, on the other hand, stood as a class apart.

It would be interesting to trace in the history of the two countries the results of this radical distinction. A reading of these interesting volumes, however, will suggest to the reader where such an investigation would lead us.

*Edward Fuller.*

## VI

### Maeterlinck's "The Unknown Guest"*

A lady, on being handed a scarf, foretells therefrom in detail a sad event that actually happens to the owner at an hour prestated. An Ampère at the age of

*The Unknown Guest. By Maurice Maeterlinck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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three does unexpected sums in arithmetic. A horse, suddenly stopping in the midst of his lesson and on being asked why, answers "because I am tired" by tapping out this meaning with his hoofs in accordance with a special alphabet. These are examples of the innumerable evidences of that strange "unknown guest" which would really seem to be dwelling with us on earth.

The testimony is as undeniable as ordinary human testimony can well be. For two centuries and more men toyed and jested with electricity without realising at all the immense and beneficial force which we know by that term today. May we not thus be toying and jesting with a still more miraculous and powerful agency within our brains and souls, and which our author designates by the title of his book? Veridical apparitions and hallucinations, haunted houses, the "fire walk" of the Orient are also varied illustrations of that weird visitor whose presence, so little acknowledged, is perhaps without any ulterior significance, and yet perhaps is capable of bringing all the universe into our laps.

To set these examples more vividly before the mind, Maeterlinck describes the famous "rope-climbing trick" of the Far East: "The juggler takes his stand in an open space, far from any tree or house. He is accompanied only by a child; and his only impedimenta are a bundle of ropes and an old canvas sack. The juggler throws one end of the rope up in the air; and the rope, as though drawn by an invisible hook, uncoils and rises straight into the sky until the end disappears; and soon after, there come tumbling down from the blue two arms, two legs, a head and so on, all of which the wizard picks up and crams into the sack. He next utters a few words of magic over it and opens it; and the child steps out, bowing and smiling to the spectators."

Equally strange, and very charming, is the account also of the wonderful horses of Elberfeld. The resolute doubter might not forever deny the likelihood of the "psychic flash" in man. What about its kindred evidence in four-footed animals? For "behold, one fine day, without any perceptible transition, he (one of the cunning Elberfeld horses) seems to know the meaning of a host of words which possess no interest for him; which represent to him no picture, no memory; which he has never had occasion to connect with any sensation, agreeable or disagreeable. He handles figures which even to a man are nothing but obscure and abstract ideas."

Is our subliminal akin to that of brute creation? Is there a direct bridge across between their subconscious minds and ours? Would brutes, like boys and girls, become reasonably our equals if we only trained them as carefully as we do children? If an infant of three, like Whateley or Gauss, can perform arithmetical triumphs which are quite outside their experience or lives as babies, why may not horses do things indicating an educated intelligence quite outside their hitherto recognised plane as horses?

As to humans, this book of psychometric manifestations, which cause the reader to rub his eyes oft and anon as if to wipe them free from the diamond dust of the miraculous, leads us intelligently and plausibly along the border realms of those phantasms of the living and the dead whereat the more sensitive members of mankind have always marvelled. Yet no one has ever been able clearly to read the meaning here, if real meaning there truly is. All persons have acquaintances who seem to present a thin shell toward infinity. When they die, one says, "well, they never seemed to belong to earth." In literature Shelley perhaps first comes to mind as having this distinction.

Through these "sensitives" mankind has felt at times that a contact with the Beyond might become direct and undeniable. If we hand a letter to a friend, are all that we are about to do, see, suffer, already irrevocably contained and inscribed in the letter at the moment when we last handled it? If we do impregnate with our human "fluid" all that we are in touch with, and were we able as "sensitives" or psychometers to read its message, could we not at once know the past and future of our fellows?

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Says our author: "It seems more and more certain that, as cells of an immense organism, we are connected with everything that exists by an inextricable network of vibrations, waves, influences, of nameless, numberless and uninterrupted fluids. Nearly always, in nearly all men, everything carried along by these invisible wires falls into the depths of the unconsciousness and passes unperceived, which does not mean that it remains inactive."

All recorded phantasms of the living and the dead leave of course a doubt as to whether the dead play a part. The neo-spiritualist holds that they remain as an active entity around and about us. But we may be in contact with undetermined forces which are quite apart from the existence of the dead. The "unknown guest" may perhaps ignore them quite as much as does the force of electricity. Or if this "guest" shall become as fully identified and harnessed-up as are electrical forces, it may be the connecting link to prove the deathlessness of man and the eternity of immortality.

The great bent of modernity has been toward the study of matter rather than mind. We know more about mechanics than about the soul. We know more about the life of the stomach than the life of the brain. We know a vast amount about material laws and nothing very precisely about any spiritual laws or whether there really are any such for this globe. What would have happened if the modern bent, instead, had been toward the development of the mind and spirit? How different would then have been our present civilisation? The "unknown guest" might now be as familiar as are now the steam engine and the electric light. And at the same time we *might* be without either locomotive or dynamo. We would be more spiritual, more full of faith and hope, but still *perhaps* not less poor in material wealth, material comforts and conveniences.

Maeterlinck and his manifesting world of the strange visitor belong to the great minor current of modern drift, while the great major current has been toward materialism as the result of this study of matter. The present European war apparently will increase the strength and volume of the latter's dominion. The horrible materialism of gigantic battles, the dominance of iron and cannon over human happiness, the threatened engendering of a new and terrible output of concrete hatred that will require decades to be reduced and transmuted into new faith and hope, seem singularly and overpoweringly to appear at this time when the visits of the unknown guest among humans were beginning to be somewhat scientifically and sanely recognised, if still extremely diffident and uncertain.

If man could become more or less a psychometer as he is more or less a mechanic, might he not more rapidly, widely and effectively be able to marry the past and the future into a single unit, and establish himself as a potent organic soul identified and unified with the great All? Our modern mechanical and electrical bent has erased to some extent the limitations on human existence, but how relatively small and painfully slow the process! If the unknown guest had already been proven to be a valid potentiality and we had been cultivating its acquaintance with like assiduity during all these modern generations, we might now be grander and loftier individuals, dominating life with a puissant magic and sweep instead of feebly quivering under its lash.

The most difficult of all these phenomena is conceded to be precognition or foretelling the future. Were we psychometers, able to translate these peculiar manifestations, we would not be spiritualists or telepathists or positive religionists or theosophists or fakirs. We would simply be annihilators of time and space. For, time may be the father of space or space the father of time. And we might become the father of both as we are now their creatures.

At any rate it is time and space that have always overpowered man. To solve and conquer them, to bring them into our tame and narrowed domesticity, is the final and total aim of all science and all

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philosophy. Could we destroy the effects of their fearful stretches, the past and future would merge into the easy embraces of the present, and the distant would unite with the near-at-hand and come meekly within the borders of our daily consciousness.

If man is so important in the universe that all his doings and the scenes of his daily endeavours are forever preserved as "astral negatives," prints from which may be reproduced at will like prints from a photographer's negative, is it not logical to suppose that he may be able in time to read the future as the past, *provided* the future does in fact preëxist? If "everywhere" and "always" are one and the same thing, it would seem that man must discover and develop, out of his subliminal hypersensitiveness or elsewhere, a higher power that will permit him to identify and unify Now with forever and Here with everywhere.

But does the human race wish to be able to foretell what is unavoidably fated to come about? Would not that destroy progress? Would it banish hope and joy? The baffling fact is, meanwhile, that the recorded precognitions and premonitions thus far have related to unimportant or frivolous matters or to unpleasant incidents or dread catastrophes. They never or very rarely refer to anything desirable or happy, not to say anything vital or profitable that might be yoked up advantageously to human progress or that might galvanise human felicity. After all, as Maeterlinck asks, "can the great soul of the universe be (but) the soul of a great baby?"

No explorer or populariser of the mystic senses, of the Beyond, is better adapted for the feat than Maeterlinck, as illustrated in the five essays comprising the present volume. The translator, Teixeira de Mattos, is a kindred, Dutch spirit from just across the Scheldt. He has translated much of Maeterlinck's rarefied French and exercises a practiced hand at the task.

As for Maeterlinck himself, his readers here cannot but be keeping in mind that he is a Belgian with a French education and habit of life. He is thus unique in combining the dreamy mysticism of the more northern country of fogs and mists with the bright French sense of orderliness and lucidity. He was educated a lawyer and studied also as a *philosophe*. His mind is therefore trained to reason and balance.

And above all he is a great poet, master of language: a supreme artist. This means that he writes to produce a permanent impression, an enduring mark. He can make a page graceful in flight, befluttered with thrilling dashes of colour. The shadowy brush of unseen wings from the thin upper atmospheres can visit his pictured paragraphs whenever he wills. His delicate but comprehensive reach and thrust of words, without any appreciable effort, bring to the reader's consciousness a relief and refreshment rather than the weight and fatigue of ingrowing problems, the less soluble the more they are solved.

And so he is plausible, inviting, as he debouches readily out upon the Infinite. He treads into the domains of the Uncharted in such a gentle manner that one is persuaded to follow him, whereas the under-languaged dogmatiser or the dull technical expert dismay and drive one back into his hard shell of material doubt and stubbornness. A philosopher and zoölogist, a mild stoic educated as a Catholic, drifting back and forth with the annual seasons between perfumed Grasse and the magnificent mediæval ruins of Saint Wandrille, where the dainty pastures of Normandy lie, Maeterlinck, now fifty-two, is still tapping hauntingly at the gates of the Unknown.

*Stuart Henry.*

## VII

### The Gilbert and Sullivan Operas*

The addition of a fat volume to the literature on the subject of Gilbert and Sullivan will be hailed joyfully by the great army of those to whom the famous

*Gilbert and Sullivan and Their Operas. By François Cellier and Cunningham Bridgeman. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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Savoy operas are a loving and a living memory. Your true Savoyard—and America has them in numbers at least as great as England herself—is insatiable in his greed for information and anecdote about the brilliant little group who contributed so bountifully to the gaiety of nations. The present volume, which is the joint work of François Cellier, musical director at the Savoy Theatre, and Cunningham Bridgeman, a schoolmate of Sullivan and faithful "Camp-follower" (as he phrases it) "of the D'Oyly Carte Army Corps" is replete with personal and intimate glimpses of the trio—librettist, composer and manager. Likened by the authors to the Three Musketeers, the comparison is irresistibly heightened by the fact that there were really four of them! For Mrs. D'Oyly Carte was as closely identified with the group as was Dumas's hero with his three friends.

Of course there is really little new light to be shed to-day on the origin and history of the Savoy Opera, and yet as one turns the pages of the new volume he realises perhaps for the first time what a close bond of sympathy held the family of Savoyards together.

Away from their duties at the theatre they frequently assembled to enjoy some sort of recreation. They had their sports, notably cricket. A strong team was formed under the captaincy of Rutland Barrington (the orginal Pooh Bah) and if I remember rightly, they generally held their own in the field.

Very enjoyable was the annual river picnic to which I was on more than one occasion honoured with an invitation. It took place on a summer's Sunday. The full company, under the supreme command of Mr. Carte, embarked in two commodious steam launches, one bearing the flag of the author, the other that of the composer, both flags suggesting pinafores of different design. During the voyage up-stream the boats exchanged repeated broadsides of chaff and I am not sure that Gilbert and his merry crew always got the better of the playful duel.

The account of a Savoy *premier* with its improvised prefatory concert, in which both gallery and pit united to render the favourite choruses from the earlier works makes most interesting reading. These performances "in front" became a recognised feature of the occasion, so that author and composer and the company behind the curtain used to join in the applause that followed each number. Altogether they must have been jolly affairs.

The jealousy with which the Savoy traditions were guarded by the public sometimes led to amusing results. They discouraged every production in which Gilbert and Sullivan did not collaborate; and when *Haddon Hall,* of which Sidney Grundy contributed the book, was produced they would have so little to do with it, that Grundy wrote a sharp letter to the papers suggesting that a bill be introduced into parliament making it a penal offence to supply the Savoy Theatre with a libretto. It was this strong family feeling which in large measure accounted for the comparative failure of all the Savoy productions for which Gilbert and Sullivan were not jointly responsible. After the breach with Gilbert, Mr. Carte tried his best to supply substitutes—Grundy, Pinero, Barrie and Conan Doyle, but without avail. A pathetic admission of this fact was contained in one of Gilbert's letters to Cellier, written after Sullivan's death:

A Gilbert is of no use without a Sullivan, and I can't find one!

In a desultory and frankly informal way, the history of these days is told, Mr. Bridgeman taking up the pen where Mr. Cellier lays it down. It would be easy to quote at length from the book, but in fairness to the authors the original should be read. *Lewis M. Isaacs.*

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# THE BOOK MART

A list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold by the booksellers throughout the country between the 1st of October and the 1st of November:

## FICTION

| City | 1st on List | 2d on List |
|---|---|---|
| New York (Downtown) | Auction Block | Prince of Graustark |
| New York (Uptown).. | The Raft | Laughing Cavalier |
| Albany, N. Y..... | The Clarion | Bambi |
| Atlanta, Ga..... | The Clarion | Prince of Graustark |
| Baltimore, Md..... | Eyes of the World | Duchess of Wrex |
| Birmingham, Ala..... | Prince of Graustark | Eyes of the World |
| Boston, Mass..... | The Encounter | Delia Blanchflower |
| Boston, Mass..... | Big Tremaine | Kent Knowles, "Quahaug" |
| Chicago, Ill..... | Eyes of the World | Wall of Partition |
| Chicago, Ill..... | Eyes of the World | Big Tremaine |
| Cincinnati, Ohio..... | Clean Heart | Bambi |
| Cleveland, Ohio..... | Eyes of the World | Big Tremaine |
| Dallas, Tex..... | Bambi | Eyes of the World |
| Denver, Colo..... | Eyes of the World | Pollyanna |
| Des Moines, Iowa | Eyes of the World | Personality Plus |
| Detroit, Mich..... | Eyes of the World | The Clarion |
| Indianapolis, Ind..... | The Poet | Clean Heart |
| Kansas City, Mo..... | Winning Wilderness | Walls of Partition |
| Louisville, Ky..... | Auction Block | Love Insurance |
| Memphis, Tenn..... | Auction Block | Twenty-fourth of June |
| Milwaukee, Wis..... | Gideon's Band | Prince of Graustark |
| Minneapolis, Minn.... | Eyes of the World | The Clarion |
| Montgomery, Ala..... | One Clear Call | Eyes of the World |
| New Haven, Conn..... | Saturday's Child | Clean Heart |
| New Orleans, La..... | The Raft | Bambi |
| Norfolk, Va..... | Eyes of the World | The Honorable Percival |
| Philadelphia, Pa..... | Achievement | Clean Heart |
| Philadelphia, Pa..... | Eyes of the World | Wall of Partition |
| Pittsburgh, Pa..... | Bambi | Soldier of Legion |
| Portland, Me..... | The Witch | Kent Knowles, "Quahaug" |
| Providence, R. I. ..... | Bambi | Prince of Graustark |
| Richmond, Va..... | Bambi | Eyes of the World |
| Rochester, N. Y..... | Eves of the World | Auction Block |
| St. Louis, Mo..... | Eyes of the World | Auction Block |
| St. Louis, Mo..... | Eyes of the World | Prince of Graustark |
| St. Paul, Minn..... | Prince of Graustark | Bambi |
| San Antonio, Tex..... | Prince of Graustark | Eyes of the World |
| San Francisco, Cal.... | Perch of the Devil | Last Shot |
| Seattle, Wash..... | Auction Block | Eyes of the World |
| Toledo, Ohio..... | Eyes of the World | Auction Block |
| Toronto, Can..... | Eyes of the World | Prince of Graustark |
| Waco, Tex..... | Prince of Graustark | Auction Block |
| Worcester, Mass..... | Eyes of the World | Kent Knowles, "Quahaug" |

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

| 3D ON LIST | 4TH ON LIST | 5TH ON LIST | 6TH ON LIST |
|---|---|---|---|
| The Salamander | Saturday's Child | Hidden Children | How it Happened |
| Gold Fish | Auction Block | Prince of Graustark | Perch of the Devil |
| Wall of Partition | Delia Blanchflower | Children of Banishment | The Encounter |
| Eyes of the World | Bambi | Little Eve Edgarton | How it Happened |
| Laughing Cavalier | Auction Block | The Climber | Perch of the Devil |
| World's End | Wall of Partition | The Victim | One Clear Call |
| Saturday's Child | Gideon's Band | Big Tremaine | Auction Block |
| Mutiny of the Elsinore | Prince of Graustark | Wall of Partition | Eyes of the World |
| Prince of Graustark | Auction Block | Little Eve Edgarton | Twenty-fourth of June |
| Peg O' My Heart | Diane of the Green Van | Under Cover | Pollyanna |
| Prince of Graustark | Saturday's Child | On Seaboard | Love Insurance |
| Bambi | Saturday's Child | Clean Heart | Duke of Oblivion |
| Auction Block | The Victim | Gideon's Band | Twenty-fourth of June |
| Way of the Strong | Wall of Partition | Prince of Graustark | Auction Block |
| Little Eve Edgarton | Bambi | Wall of Partition | Gideon's Band |
| Auction Block | Love Insurance | Prince of Graustark | |
| Bambi | The Raft | In My Youth | Eyes of the World |
| Prince of Graustark | Clean Heart | Personality Plus | Eyes of the World |
| Prince of Graustark | Mutiny of Elsinore | Eyes of the World | Bambi |
| Perch of the Devil | Clark's Field | Hidden Children | Prince of Graustark |
| Little Eve Edgarton | The Witch | Eyes of the World | Saturday's Child |
| Twenty-fourth of June | Bambi | Prince of Graustark | Perch of the Devil |
| Prince of Graustark | Twenty-fourth of June | Bambi | Perch of the Devil |
| One Clear Call | How it Happened | Street of Stars | Eyes of the World |
| Love Insurance | Wall of Partition | Saturday's Child | Gideon's Band |
| Clean Heart | The Victim | Hidden Children | The Witch |
| Prince of Graustark | Lone Wolf | Duke of Oblivion | Rise of Jennie Cushing |
| Auction Block | Prince of Graustark | Clean Heart | Twenty-fourth of June |
| The Raft | Eyes of the World | Love Insurance | They Who Question |
| Eyes of the World | Prince of Graustark | Way of the Strong | Bambi |
| Saturday's Child | The Salamander | The Clarion | Kent Knowles, "Quahaug" |
| Looking After Sandy | How it Happened | Little Eve Edgarton | World's End |
| Mutiny of the Elsinore | Saturday's Child | Prince of Graustark | Twenty-fourth of June |
| Twenty-fourth of June | Fortunate Youth | T. Tembarom | The Salamander |
| Wall of Partition | Hidden Children | Auction Block | You Never Know Your Luck |
| Eyes of the World | Pollyanna | How it Happened | Laddie |
| Twenty-fourth of June | Personality Plus | Little Eve Edgarton | Pollyanna |
| Love Insurance | Saturday's Child | The Clarion | Twenty-fourth of June |
| Bambi | Prince of Graustark | Wall of Partition | Saturday's Child |
| Hidden Children | Prince of Graustark | Pollyanna | The Wall Between |
| Bambi | The Clarion | The Raft | Wall of Partition |
| Eyes of the World | Bambi | The Salamander | Love Insurance |
| Wall of Partition | Prince of Graustark | Lone Wolf | Big Tremaine |

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## SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

*For the week ending October 7th:*

1. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.
2. Photo Plays. Nelson.
3. Europe Since 1815. Hazen.
4. Pan-Germanism. Usher.
5. Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.

*For the week ending October 14th:*

1. Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
2. War and America. Münsterberg.
3. The Promised Land. Antin.
4. Misalliance. Shaw.
5. Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.

*For the week ending October 21st:*

1. Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
2. Essays. Meynell.
3. Poems. Tagore.
4. Truth About Ulster. Moore.
5. Germany and England. Cramb.

*For the week ending October 28th:*

1. Germany and England. Cramb.
2. Pan-Germanism. Usher.
3. How Germany Makes War. Bernhardi.
4. Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
5. Efficiency and Relief. Devine.
6. They Who Knock at Our Gates. Antin.

### BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

Pan-Germanism. Usher.
Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
Germany and England. Cramb.
The War and America. Münsterberg.
What Men Live By. Cabot.
The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life. Hegermann-Lindencrone.
Poems. Tagore.
The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck.
Eat and Grow Thin. Thompson.

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## BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 470 and 471) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A book | standing | 1st | on | any | list | receives | 10 |
| " | " | " | 2d | " | " | " | " | 8 |
| " | " | " | 3d | " | " | " | " | 7 |
| " | " | " | 4th | " | " | " | " | 6 |
| " | " | " | 5th | " | " | " | " | 5 |
| " | " | " | 6th | " | " | " | " | 4 |

**See GUIDE FOR BUYERS Page 72 Advertising Section.**

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

| | POINTS |
|---|---|
| 1. The Eyes of the World. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35 | 268 |
| 2. The Prince of Graustark. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.35 | 195 |
| 3. Bambi. Cooke. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25 | 137 |
| 4. The Auction Block. Beach. (Harper.) $1.35 | 124 |
| 5. The Wall of Partition. Barclay. $1.35 | 82 |
| 6. Saturday's Child. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.50 | 67 |

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